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From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

De mortuis nil nisi bonum! There is Sam Rogers, a mortal likeness—painted to the very death!

We have often thought that a collection of the ritticisms let off on the subject of Sam Rogers's death, would go near equalling in bulk the vast volume of jokes put into his mouth by a thousand industrious pun-manufacturers. There is Mackintosh's wonder, why when at an election time he could not find an accommodation at any hotel in a country town, he did not try snug lying in the church-yard—the French valet's announcement of him as *M. le Mort*, mistaking him for Tom Moore, and the consequent horror of the company—Scott's recommendation that Sam should try his fate in medicine; where, if there was any truth in physiognomy, he would be sure to shine, on the strength of his having perpetually a *facies Hippocratica*. Hook's friendly caution, when he saw him at Lord Byron's funeral, to keep out of sight of the undertaker, lest he should claim him as one of his old customers. But why extend the roll, when there is not a variety of jest in which "Goodman death, Goodman bones, thou atomy thou," or any other of the complimentary phrases bandied about by Hostess Quickley and Doll Tearsheet, against their inveterate enemy, the beadle, could be twisted, which has not been brought into action against Rogers? He stands all this fire undisturbed, strenuously maintaining, not only that he is alive, but that his countenance is the very beau ideal of beauty. "That's a very pretty girl," said he, one night to Newton the painter, "she has a *tête morte*. I have a *tête morte*—it is really one of the finest styles of the human countenance." Whereupon Sam "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," just as he is doing in the opposite picture.

Independently of the persecution Sam suffers from being dead, a grievance which he has in a

great measure outlived; he is an ill-used gentleman, in being made Pun-master-general to the United Kingdom. How this high distinction originally came to be his, we have no historical documents to prove. It is now settled. Joe Miller vails his bonnet to Sam Rogers. In all the newspapers, not only of the kingdom, but of its dependencies, Hindostan, Canada, the West Indies, the Cape, from the Tropics, nay, from the Antipodes to the Orkneys, Sam is god-father-general to all the bad jokes in existence. The Yankees have caught the fancy, and from New Orleans to New York it is the same—Rogers is synonymous with a pun. All British born or descended people—yea, the very Negro and the Hindoo—father their calembourgs on Rogers. Quashee or Ramee-Samee, who know nothing of Sir Isaac Newton, John Milton, or Fraser's Magazine, grin from ear to ear at the name of the illustrious banker, and with gratified voice exclaim, "Him d—funny, dat Sam."

By this fame, Sam must be known, after he is allowed to be dead by the parish officers. For, after all, the literary glory of Sam will be one of the smallest. His verses are of the petty larceny school of poetry. When Wordsworth read in Don Juan the commandment that

"Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers,"

he remarked very properly that no theft would be more hazardous, because not only Sam might reclaim the pilfered goods, but there would be no small danger of their being looked after by those from whom the said Sam had originally stolen them.

He has a pretty house, with pretty gewgaws in it—he gives tolerable dinners, and says very spiteful things—he is an ugly man, and his face is dead, and his jokes flat. His poetry is poor, and his banking-house rich—his verses, which he purloined, will be forgotten—his jests (which others made for him,) may be remembered. The Pleasures of Memory will go the way of all other Pleasures, but it is not impossible that his name may, like Joe Miller's, be perpetuated as the unwilling godfather of a book of conundrums. *Sic transit gloria Sammi!*

No. 103. A

From the Quarterly Review.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, WITH A LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN. By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D. Illustrated with Engravings, &c. London. 8vo. 1830.

It has been the boast of our ancestors to improve the constitution of their country by the address with which they have infused a new spirit into old institutions, like the skilful architect who contrives to make the turrets of a feudal castle subservient to the accommodations of modern hospitality. Thus it is, that although Gibbon had, with good reason, stigmatized the nature of the task imposed on the poets laureate during the reign of George III. and his predecessors, as the establishment of a stipendiary bard, who, every year, and under all circumstances, was bound to furnish a certain measure of praise and verse such as might be sung in presence of the monarch, the taste of our late amiable sovereign preferred, to the total abolition of the office, substituting for its old routine of drudgery the occasional exercise of varied talent and unequalled erudition in illustrating the antiquities and peculiarities of our national literature. Nor could Mr. Southey have chosen a more interesting point for illustration, than the circumstances under which John Bunyan, in spite of a clownish and vulgar education, rose into a degree of popularity scarce equalled by any English writer.

This 'Spenser of the people,' as Mr. D'Israeli happily calls him, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in the year 1629. His parents were the meanest, according to his own expression, of all families in the land. They were workers in brass, or, in common parlance, *tinkers*, whose profession bore to that of a brazier the same relation which the cobbler's does to the shoemaker's. It was not followed, however, by Bunyan's father as an itinerant calling, which leads Mr. Southey to wonder why it should have come to be esteemed so mean. We believe the reason to be that the tinkers' craft is, in Great Britain, commonly practised by gypsies; and we surmise the probability that Bunyan's own family, though reclaimed and settled, might have sprung from this caste of vagabonds; that they were not, at all events, originally English, would seem the most natural explanation of young John's asking his father, whether he was not of Jewish extraction? (expecting thereby to found on the promises made in the Old Testament to the seed of Abraham.)

Of gipsy descent or otherwise, Bunyan was bred up with, and speedily forgot, the slender proportion of schooling then accessible to the children of the poor in England. He was by nature of enthusiastic feelings, and so soon as the subject of religion began to fix his attention his mind appears to have been agonized with the retrospect of a misspent youth. A quick and powerful imagination was at work on a tender conscience; for it would appear that his worst excesses fell far short of that utter repro-

bation to which he conceived them entitled. The young tinker, in the wildest period of his life, had never been addicted to intemperance, or to unlawful intercourse with women. He seems to have wrought for his family as an honest and industrious man, and early became the affectionate husband of a deserving wife. His looser habits, in short, seem only to have been those which every ignorant and careless young fellow, of the lowest ranks, falls into; and probably, profane swearing, sabbath-breaking, and a mind addicted to the games and idle sports of Vanity Fair, were the most important stains upon the character of his youth:—as Mr. Southey sums it up, John Bunyan had been a *black-guard*. Repentance, however, in proportion to the imaginative power of the mind which it agitates, regards past offences with a microscopic eye; nor can we wonder that such an ardent spirit, speaking, in his own energetic language, of his youthful faults, should paint them in blacker colours than the truth authorised. Bunyan had practised none of those debaucheries by which the heart of the epicurean is hardened against all feelings save those which can tend to his own gratification; and if he had lost the valuable time for instruction afforded by the Christian Sabbath, the hours had been given to folly rather than to vice. We are far, indeed, from desiring to treat these errors with indifference—they are those with which crime almost always begins its career. But it is interesting to discover the exact amount of transgression for which this strong mind was afflicted with the deepest agonies of remorse.

When it pleased heaven to awaken this remarkable man to a sense of his own iniquities, the great civil war was fast approaching; 'the land was burning.' The nation was divided at once respecting the best form of government for their protection on this side time, and the surest means by which they might obtain felicity hereafter. Of John Bunyan's politics we know nothing, except that he was enrolled for a short time in the Parliamentary army;—of his spiritual experience he has left an ample record. A few pious persons, with whom he became acquainted, were of the sect called Baptists, and were esteemed by the new convert, who heard them talk of the mysteries of our religion with joy, hope, and comfort, as a species of saints whose confidence and serenity argued the security of their calling and election; while, on his own condition and prospects, he could look only with a sensation resembling despair.

Such views, natural to an ardent and enthusiastic mind, upon the first awakening of the feelings of conscience, were encouraged by the strict ideas of Calvinistic predestination which formed the foundation of the creed of Bunyan's sectarian friends. He has described at length the wild tumult of his thoughts, when endeavouring to determine a point which all the schoolmen on earth must be inadequate to solve, and in the course of this fearful state of mind Mr. Southey traces the germ of the Pilgrim's Pro-

gress. In a species of vision or waking reverie he compared his own anxious condition with the sanctified repose of the members of the little Baptist congregation which he had joined.

"I saw," he says, "as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow and dark clouds. Methought also betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time. At the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out striving to get in. At last with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head; and after that, by sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body: then was I exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun. Now the mountain and wall, &c., were thus made out to me. The mountain signified the Church of the living God: the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were within: the wall, I thought, was the word, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in the wall I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father. But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not but with great difficulty enter in thereat, it shewed me that none could enter into life, but those that were in downright earnest; and unless also they left that wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin."—p. xix.

Doubts, qualms, fears, returned upon him, notwithstanding the metaphorical assurance which this vision had conveyed to his mind. Whatever wild and wayward shadow streamed across the restless region of his thoughts, was arrested like a suspicious looking person in a besieged city, brought to account for itself, and treated with an attention which the mere suggestion of casual fancy could hardly deserve. It is perhaps in this sense that the human heart is said in scripture to be abominably wicked, since not only without our will, but in positive opposition to our best exertions, sinful suggestions profane the thought of the wisest, and foul emotions sully the heart of the most pure. The wise and well-informed shrink with horror from the phantoms of guilt which thus intrude themselves; and pray to heaven for strength to enable them to reject such portion from their thoughts, and for power to fix their attention upon better objects. But the dark dread of his possible exclusion from the

pale of the righteous rushed ever and anon with such vivid force on the mind of the unfortunate Bunyan, as to make him accept for fatal arguments against himself, the wildest and most transitory coinage of his own fancy, while, to fill up every pause, he was tortured by the equally terrible suspicion that he was guilty of the most unpardonable of crimes, as an habitual doubter of the efficacy of divine grace.

"In an evil hour" (says Southey) "were the doctrines of the Gospel sophisticated with questions which should have been left in the schools for those who are unwise enough to employ themselves in cogitations of useless subtlety! Many are the poor creatures whom such questions have driven to despair and madness, and suicide; and no one ever more narrowly escaped from such a catastrophe than Bunyan."

In this state of anxiety and agony, the victim of his own ingenuity in self-torment, unable to escape from the idea that he was forsaken of God—that he was predestined to eternal reprobation—that the scriptures, the source of joy and comfort to others, were to him only as a roll like that seen by Ezekiel, full of curses and denunciations of evil—John Bunyan was at length induced to lay his case open to the teacher of the anabaptist congregation—Gifford by name, a good man, we doubt not, but little qualified to give sound advice to such a mind so tortured. He had been a soldier among the royalists, and a sad profligate, and was now settled down into about as wild an enthusiastic as our tinker himself. He advised his proselyte to receive no religious conviction or calling as indisputable, which had not been confirmed to his individual self by evidence from heaven!

Bunyan had ere now formed to himself an hypothesis accounting for the blasphemous thoughts which distracted his mind, imputing them in short, to the immediate suggestion of the devil; and how he clung to it we may discover from one striking passage in Christian's progress through the valley of the shadow of death.

"One thing I would not let slip: I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded, that he did not know his own voice; and thus I perceived it: just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than any thing that he met with before: even to think that he should now blaspheme him that he loved so much before: yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence these blasphemies came."—p. 83.

Thus furnished with a theory to account for the black suggestions which (as he says) he dared not to utter, either with word or pen, Bunyan was now taught by his mistaken pastor to look for a counterbalance in the equally di-

rect inspirations of heaven. So strong is the power of the human imagination, that he who seriously expects to see miracles, does not long expect them in vain. He spent hours in debating whether, in the strength of newly adopted faith, he should not command the puddles on the highway to be dry, and the dry places to be wet; and if he shrunk from so presumptuous an experiment, it was only because he had not courage to think of facing the despair which must have ensued, if the sign, which he would fain have demanded, had been refused to his prayer. Mr. Southey thus describes his condition, while engaged in balancing the support and comfort which he received from heaven with the discountenance and criminal suggestions inspired by the enemy of mankind:—

‘Shaken continually thus by the hot and cold fits of a spiritual ague, his imagination was wrought to a state of excitement in which its own shapings became vivid as realities, and affected him more forcibly than impressions from the external world. He heard sounds as in a dream; and as in a dream held conversations which were inwardly audible, though no sounds were uttered, and had all the connexion and coherency of an actual dialogue. Real they were to him in the impression which they made, and in their lasting effect; and even afterwards, when his soul was at peace, he believed them, in cool and sober reflection, to have been more than natural. Some days he was much “followed,” he says, by these words of the Gospel, “Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you!” He knew that it was a voice from within—and yet it was so articulately distinct, so loud, and called, as he says, so strongly after him, that once in particular, when the words Simon! Simon! rung in his ears, he verily thought some man had called to him from a distance behind, and though it was not his name, supposed nevertheless that it was addressed to him, and looked round suddenly to see by whom. As this had been the loudest, so it was the last time that the call sounded in his ears; and he imputes it to his ignorance and foolishness at that time that he knew not the reason of it: for soon, he says, he was feelingly convinced that it was sent from heaven, as an alarm, for him to provide against the coming storm—a storm which “handed him twenty times worse than all he had met with before.”—p. xxv.

The hideous apprehensions of unpardonable crimes committed, and eternal judgment incurred, were from time to time dispelled by texts and promises of scripture, borne in upon the mind of the sufferer with a force so totally irresistible, as, to him at least, had the appearance of undoubted inspiration; and in these violent alternations of mood passed nearly three years of Bunyan's life. He attained at length a more tranquil state of spirit from the practice which he finally adopted, of reading over his Bible with the utmost care and attention, observing how the different passages bore upon him and explained each other; and, to use his own expression, ‘with careful heart and watchful eye, with great fearfulness to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence, mixed with trem-

bling, to consider every sentence with its natural force and latitude.’ The result of this minute and systematic investigation of the scriptures could not but have had a tranquilizing and composing effect on the mind of a man, whose sum of guilt consisted rather in the involuntary intrusion of wicked thoughts, than in the breaking of any known laws or desertion of any acknowledged duty; for his youthful sins of ignorance had been long ere now renounced. He now looked upon the gospel system with more comprehensive views—‘he saw that it was good;’ and although he retained highly enthusiastic opinions concerning the earlier part of his religious career, the same doubts and difficulties do not seem to have disturbed his more advanced or his closing life.

Mr. Scott, a former editor of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, thought it not advisable to dwell upon the fanaticism which characterises the first part of Bunyan's religious life. Mr. Southey, on the contrary, is of opinion that

‘His character would be imperfectly understood, and could not be justly appreciated, if this part of his history were kept out of sight. To respect him as he deserves, to admire him as he ought to be admired, it is necessary that we should be informed not only of the coarseness and brutality of his youth, but of the extreme ignorance out of which he worked his way, and the stage of burning enthusiasm through which he passed—a passage not less terrible than that of his own Pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.’—p. xiv.

We are much of the opinion thus forcibly expressed. The history of a man so distinguished by natural talents as Bunyan, is connected with that of his age, nor can we so well conceive the dangers of fanaticism, as when we behold the struggles of so pure and so powerful a spirit involved in its toils. It may be easily supposed that of those around him there were many who fell into the same temptations, and struggled with them in vain; and that in not a few instances the doctrine which summoned all men to the exercise of the private judgment, as it was called, led the way to the wildest, most blasphemous, and most fatal excesses. Don Quixote's balsam was not a more perilous medicine.

Of this Southey gives one instance, in the case of a poor man who, having the merit of being amongst the first whose conversation called Bunyan to a sense of religion, was himself so unable to endure the illumination of which he conveyed the earliest spark to so notable a person, that he became a Ranter, and wallowed in the foulest vice, as one who imagined himself secure of his election, and whom, consequently, the grossest sin could not debar from predestined happiness. This unfortunate man loved to tell Bunyan that he had run through all religions, and, in his persuasion, had fallen upon the right way at last, a way, namely, which, in assuring to him all unalienable right to heaven, freed him from observing any limits in the indulgence of his passions during the time

he remained on earth. Another instance of the moral danger of indulging such reveries as wrecked the peace of Bunyan for three years, though, fortunately, they were unable either to corrupt his heart or to unsettle his reason, was seen in one of his contemporaries, Lawrence Claxton by name, whose rare treatise, containing the impudent avowal of his vicious life, lies now before us, and is so apposite to the subject, as to claim some notice. This person was prevailed upon, so late as 1660, at the instigation, he says, 'of a man of no mean parts or parentage in this Reason's Kingdom, who had much importuned him to that effect, to publish the various leadings forth of his spirit through each dispensation, from the year 1630 to the year 1660; in order that, as Mr. Claxton expresses it, "he might appear stripped stark naked of his former formal righteousness and professed wickedness, and instead thereof clothed with innocency of life, perfect assurance, and sight for discerning by the spirit of the Revelation. Our limits as well as our inclinations render it impossible for us to give more than a very general analysis. Some of Claxton's debaucheries are too coarse and indecent to permit them being more than indicated. Yet it may not be useless to trace the career of a man, who started under a vague apprehension of an extreme tenderness of conscience, afflicted 'with the toleration of Maypole dancing and rioting, and ascended from one flight to another until he became in principle a materialist, almost an atheist, and in practice a coarse and profligate latitudinarian.

His reformation commenced with an abhorrence to railed altars, the Common Prayer-Book, and the 'Practice of Piety,' together with an envy of those of his own sentiments who exercised with credit a gift of extemporary prayer. In a word, he was a presbyterian puritan. His next quarrel was with the presbyterians themselves, whose system, he now perceived, differed only from the episcopal in a few insignificant rites and ceremonies. He also was, or affected to be, displeased with their eagerness in pressing on the civil war. He therefore left them for the Independents, and, attaching himself particularly to one Dr. Crisp, became an antinomian or express disciple of those who protested against being still considered as under the law of the decalogue. Presently, however, Lawrence Claxton discovered that, as he phrases it, he was still burning bricks in Egypt, and

had not as yet come within view of that uncircumscripted liberty of conscience which it was his aim to obtain. Hereupon he took to the pulpit, where, if his own word can be taken, he turned out not inferior to any preacher of that time. By-and-bye he was put in possession of a parish named Pulem, with a pension of forty shillings weekly; in which position, as he expresses himself, he thought himself very gallantly provided for; 'so that,' says he, 'I thought I was in heaven upon earth, judging the priests had a brave time in this world to have a house built for them, and means provided for them to tell the people stories of other men's works.' But from this paradise he was removed in about half a year—by the envy of the neighbouring clergy, as he insinuates, who called him sheep-stealer, for robbing them of their flocks by his superior gifts. His character had probably overtaken him, for his congregation and he parted with contempt on both sides.

The fifth stage of his history exhibits Claxton as leading a rambling, unsettled life, in the course of which he commenced Dipper, or Anabaptist. He resided at Robert Marchant's, who had four daughters, of which he seems to have had the handsomest for his wife or concubine. Claxton was now apprehended by parliament; but after remaining in custody six months, it appears he formally renounced the practice of dipping, and by this sacrifice of his opinions procured his liberty.

Sixthly, he joined a society of people called Seekers, who worshipped only by prayer and preaching; in which new character he sent out a book, having something in the title analogous to the celebrated work of Bunyan, to wit, 'The Pilgrimage of Saints, by Church cast out, in Christ found seeking truth.' 'This being,' he says, 'a suitable piece of work in these days, wounded the churchers.' At length this unhappy man came the length of affirming, that it was thought and not action which constituted guilt, and therefore if one practised any unlawful act under the belief that it was no sin, to him it became pure and lawful. He was now what was called a *Ranter*, and chief of a company who professed and practised, always under an affectation of religion, the grossest immorality; they had attained they thought, in this outrageous license, the true privilege of enlightened minds. The ground of Claxton's faith at this period was that all things being created originally good, nothing was evil but as the opinion of men made it so; under which belief he apprehended there was no such thing as a theft, a cheat, or a lie, and accordingly murder excepted, this precious proselyte broke the law in every respect without scruple. If the least doubt entered his mind he washed it away, he tells us, with a cup of wine. In London, with his female associates, he spent his time in feasting and drinking, 'so that taverns I called the house of God, the drawers ministers, and sack divinity.' This extrava-

* This rare tract is termed at length, 'The Lost Sheep Found; or, the Prodigal returned to his Father's House, after many a sad and weary Journey through many religious Countries. Where now, notwithstanding all his former Transgressions and Breach of his Father's Commands, he is received in all eternal Favours, and all the righteous and wicked Men that he hath left behind reserved for eternal Mercy. As also every Church or Dispensation may read in his Travels their portion after this Life. By Lawrence Claxton, the only true converted Messenger of Jesus Christ, Creator of Heaven and Earth. London, printed for the Author, 1660.'

gant conduct once more scandalized and offended the parliament, especially the Presbyterians; Claxton was again taken into custody, and at length formally banished from the British islands.

He escaped, however, and forthwith endeavoured to conceal himself under another species of imposture—he aspired to the art of magic, and having found, as he says—

‘some of Dr. Ward’s and Wooler’s manuscripts, I improved my genius to fetch back goods that were stolen—yea, to raise spirits, and fetch treasure out of the earth. However, miseries I gained, and was up and down looked upon as a dangerous man; and therefore have several times in vain attempted to raise the devil, that I might see what like he was, but all in vain; so that I judged all was a lie, and that there was no devil at all, nor, indeed, no God neither, save one Nature.’

Our philosopher, in short, had now found out that the Scriptures were contradictory, that the world was eternal, and arrived at the point of believing neither in revelation, redemption, or resurrection. To this dreadful result was he conducted by the bewildered principles of his metaphysical theology, though he does not stop there any more than at any former stage of his deluded journey, but settles in becoming a follower of the prophet Reeves, and, as he has the audacity to call himself, ‘the only true converted messenger of the Deity.’ Such were the effects on different men of the then prevailing audacity of fanaticism. The same course of study which all but fixed Bunyan in religious despair, hurried into profligacy and atheism the less favourably constituted mind of Claxton.

The religious terrors of Bunyan had been considerably checked by his constant course of scriptural study; but there can be no doubt that he owed much to a new occupation, which necessarily fixed his attention upon the minds of others, instead of permitting him to indulge in his own services. His habitual serious habits and undenied purity of life had not escaped the observation of the congregation of which he was a member, who passed a resolution, after the death of their pastor, Gifford, that some of the brethren, (*one at a time*, as is not injudiciously provided,) to whom the Lord may have given a gift, and among others John Bunyan, be called forth to speak a word or two for mutual edification. Full of scriptural thoughts and language, and having the Scriptures themselves at command, the author of the *Pilgrim’s Progress* was, nevertheless, totally void of that confidence which made so many in those days rush *per saltum* on the task of the preachers. He laboured painfully that he might speak persuasively. His attention to his new duties seems, in some degree, to have relieved his own dubious state of mind; yet he flinched not from the task of preaching the same severely Calvinistic doctrine under the strictness of which he himself still groaned internally. The

“‘This part of my work,” says he, “I fulfilled with great sense; for the terrors of the law, and guilt for my transgressions, lay heavy upon my conscience. I preached what I felt—what I smartingly did feel—even that under which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment. Indeed, I have been as one sent to them from the dead. I went myself in chains to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to be aware of. I can truly say, that when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror even to the pulpit door, and there it hath been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the pulpit stairs, I have been as bad as I was before. Yet God carried me on, but surely with a strong hand; for neither guilt nor hell could take me off my work.”’
—p. xlviii.

Besides his preaching, in which he seems now to have acted as a kind of volunteer auxiliary to one John Burton, he was also engaged in religious controversy, and that with the then frantic Quakers, who, thanks to time and toleration, have now settled down into the gentlest and mildest of religionists. Bunyan accused the quakers of denying some of the most essential doctrines of Christianity; and Edward Burroughs, his antagonist, objected to our author his taking reward for his services, and going shares with his principal, Burton, in one hundred and fifty pounds, which he affirms was received as that pastor’s yearly salary. To this charge Bunyan returned an explicit denial, alleging that he wrought with his hands for his daily living, and for that of his family, and solemnly affirming that he distributed the knowledge which God had given him freely, and not for filthy lucre’s sake.

The quakers could only attack his principles and his character; but the persecuting spirit which had, by a not unnatural re-action, taken possession for a time of the government, imposed direct personal and penal consequences for non-conformity. Considerable efforts was made after the restoration for the suppression of these sectaries, who were held as the principal cause of the late civil war, and of the death of Charles the first. John Bunyan was cited before the justices as a person in the habit of going about preaching, although the charge does not appear to have been mingled with any specific impeachment of his political or religious opinions. He refused to find security to abstain from his itinerant ministry, and he was of course, sent to prison, resigned and contented with his captivity, so—‘it might be the awakening of the saints in the country, or otherwise serve the cause of vital religion.’ The fruit of his submission to the will of God was probably a state of peace of mind and contentment, such as in his lifetime he had not hitherto enjoyed.

This persecution was no sudden storm, which was to pour forth its violence and then be hushed to rest. Bunyan dwelt no less than twelve years in Bedford gaol rather than surrender

as his birth-right; and the manner in which he employed his leisure during this seclusion, constitutes his great distinction as a benefactor to the Christian world; this he has expressed himself, in the first sentence of his memorable work:—"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where there was a den, where I laid me down to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream." The allegorical den is on the margin explained to be the prison where the author sustained so many years' confinement.

It is true, Bunyan's captivity was neither rigorous nor continued. He was, indeed, deprived of the power of working at this usual occupation of a tinker; 'He was as effectually taken away from his pots and kettles,' says one of his former biographers, 'as the Apostles were from mending their nets;' but he learned to make tagged thread laces, and thus supported his family by the labour of his hands. The gaoler of Bedford was a 'gentle provost,' and at length he indulged his respected prisoner with all, and more than all, the liberty which he could grant with safety to himself. John Bunyan was suffered to go abroad at pleasure, visited the various assemblies of his sect, and was actually chosen pastor of the anabaptist congregation in the town. He accepted the office, and being thus only a prisoner on parole, he appears to have been able to exercise its duties freely and usefully—for as it is well expressed by Mr. Southey—the fever of his enthusiasm had spent itself; the asperity of his opinions had softened as his mind enlarged.

About sixteen years before his death, in 1672, he was at length released entirely from a confinement which, for at least five years, had been, in a great degree, nominal. After this his life passed smoothly. His reputation as a preacher stood very high, even in the metropolis, where the chapels were crowded to overflowing when his appearance was expected. A chapel was built for him near Bedford, and he often frequented another at a place called Bentick, where the pulpit which he used is still preserved with pious care. We cannot see in the sermons which Bunyan has left any strong marks of the genius which he really possessed, but the fashion of them is strange to the present day. His elocution must have been warm and fervent; and he himself even distrusted the degree of applause which he excited.

"One day when he had preached "with peculiar warmth and enlargement," some of his friends came to shake hands with him after the service, and observed to him what "a sweet sermon" he had delivered. "Aye!" he replied, "you need not remind me of that; for the Devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit." This anecdote authenticates itself.

He died at no very late period of life, from the consequences of a labour of friendship. He had undertaken a journey to prevail upon a friend not to disinherit his son; caught cold in returning to London, and was carried off by

'Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the Pilgrim's Progress, ob. 12 Aug. 1688, æt. 60.

The Pilgrim's Progress now is finished,
And death has laid him in his earthly bed.'

Of the first appearance of this celebrated parable Mr. Southey's diligence has preserved the following notices:—

'It is not known in what year the Pilgrim's Progress was first published, no copy of the first edition having as yet been discovered: the second is in the British Museum: it is "with additions," and its date is 1678; but as the book is known to have been written during Bunyan's imprisonment, which terminated in 1672, it was probably published before his release, or at latest immediately after it. The earliest with which Mr. Major has been able to supply me, either by means of his own diligent inquiries, or the kindness of his friends, is that "eighth e-di-tion" so humorously introduced by Gay, and printed—not for Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton, but for Nathaniel Ponder, at the Peacock in the Poultry, near the Church, 1684; for whom also the ninth was published in 1684, and the tenth in 1685. All these no doubt were large impressions.'

When the astonishing success of the Pilgrim's Progress had raised a swarm of imitators, the author himself, according to the frequent fashion of the world, was accused of plagiarism, to which he made an indignant reply, in what he considered as verses, prefixed to his 'Holy War.'

'Some say the Pilgrim's Progress is not mine,
Insinuating as if I would shine
In name and fame by the worth of another,
Like some made rich by robbing of their brother;
Or that so fond I am of being Sire,
I'll father bastards; or if need require,
I'll tell a lye in print, to get applause.—
I scorn it; John such dirt-heap never was
Since God converted him. Let this suffice
To shew why I my Pilgrim patronize.
It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled;
Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily.'—p. lxxxix.

Mr. Southey has carefully examined this charge of supposed imitation, in which so much rests upon the very simplicity of the conception of the story, and has successfully shown that the tinker of Elstow could not have profited by one or two allegories in the French and Flemish languages—works which he could have had hardly a chance to meet with; which, if thrown in his way, he could not have read; and, finally, which, if he had read them, could scarcely have supplied him with a single hint. Mr. Southey, however, has not mentioned a work in English, of Bunyan's own time, and from which, certainly, the general notion of his allegory might have been taken. The work we allude to is now before us, entitled 'The Parable of the Pilgrim, written to a friend by Symon Patrick, D. D., Dean of Peterborough;—the same learned person, well known by his theological writings, and successively bishop of Chester and Ely. This worthy man's inscrip-

Mr. Southey's widest conjecture will hardly allow an earlier date for Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, 1672 being the very year in which he was enlarged from prison. The language of Dr. Patrick, in addressing his friend, excludes the possibility of his having borrowed from John Bunyan's celebrated work. He apologizes for sending to his acquaintance one in the old fashioned dress of a pilgrim; and says he found among the works of a late writer, Baker's *Sancta Sophia*, a short discourse, under the name of a Parable of a Pilgrim; 'which was so agreeable to the portion of fancy he was endowed with, that he presently thought that a work of this nature would be very grateful to his friend also. It appears that the Parable of a Pilgrim, so sketched by Dr. Patrick, remained for some years in the possession of the private friend for whom it was drawn up, until, it being supposed by others that the work might be of general utility, it was at length published in 1678. Before that year the first edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* had unquestionably made its appearance; but we equally acquit the dean of Peterborough and the tinker of Elstow from copying a thought or idea from each other. If Dr. Patrick had seen the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he would, probably, in the pride of academic learning, have scorned to adopt it as a model; but, at all events, as a man of worth, he would never have denied the obligation if he had incurred one. John Bunyan, on his part, would in all likelihood have scorned, 'with his very heels,' to borrow anything from a dean; and we are satisfied that he would have cut his hand off rather than written the introductory verses we have quoted, had not his *Pilgrim* been entirely his own.

Indeed, whosoever will take the trouble of comparing the two works which, turning upon nearly the same allegory, and bearing very similar titles, came into existence at or about the very same time, will plainly see their total dissimilarity. Bunyan's is a close and continued allegory, in which the metaphorical fiction is sustained with all the minuteness of a real story. In Dr. Patrick's the same plan is generally announced as arising from the earnest longing of a traveller, whom he calls Philotheus or Theophilus, whose desires are fixed on journeying to Jerusalem as a pilgrim. After much distressing uncertainty, caused by the contentions of pretended guides, who recommend different routes, he is at length recommended to a safe and intelligent one. Theophilus hastens to put himself under his pilotage, and the good man gives forth his instructions for the way, and in abundant detail, so that all the dangers of error and indifferent company may be securely avoided; but in all this, very little care is taken even to preserve the appearance of the allegory—in a word, you have, almost in plain terms, the moral and religious precepts necessary to be observed in the actual course of a moral and religious life. The pilgrim, indeed,

again to meet with his guide, who launches further into whole chapters of instructions, with scarcely a reply from the passive pupil. It is needless to point out the extreme difference between this strain of continued didactics, rather encumbered than enlivened by a starting metaphor, which, generally quite lost sight of the author recollects every now and then, as if by accident—and the thoroughly life-like manner in which John Bunyan puts the adventures of his pilgrim before us. Two circumstances alone strike us as trenching somewhat on the manner of him of Elstow: the one is where the guide awakens some sluggish pilgrims, whom he finds sleeping by the way; the other, is where their way is crossed by two horsemen, who insist upon assuming the office of guide. 'The one is a pleasing talker, excellent company by reason of his pleasant humour, and of a carriage very pleasant and inviting. But they observed he had a sword by his side, and a pair of pistols before him, together with another instrument hanging at his belt, which was formed for pulling out of eyes.' The pilgrims suspected this well-armed cavalier to be one of that brood who will force others into their own path, and then put out their eyes in case they should forsake it. They have not got rid of their dangerous companion, by whom the Romish church is indicated, when they are accosted by a man of a quite different shape and humour, 'more sad and melancholy, more rude, and of a heavier wit also, who crossed their way on the right-hand.' He also (representing, doubtless, the Presbyterians or Sectaries) pressed them with eagerness to accept his guidance, and did little less than menace them with total destruction if they should reject it. A dagger and a pocket-pistol, though less openly and ostentatiously disposed than the arms of the first cavalier, seem ready for the same purposes; and he, therefore, is repulsed, as well as his neighbour. These are the only passages in which the church dignitary might be thought to have caught for a moment the spirit of the tinker of Bedford. Through the rest of his parable, which fills a well-sized quarto volume, the dean no doubt evinces considerable learning, but, compared to Bunyan, may rank with the dullest of all possible doctors: 'a worthy neighbour, indeed, and a marvellous good bowler—but for Alexander, you see how 'tis.' Yet Dr. Patrick had the applause of his own time. The first edition of his Parable appeared, as has been mentioned, in 1678; and the sixth, which now lies before us, is dated 1687.†

* Parable of the Pilgrim, chapter xxx.

† Ibidem, chapter xxxlv.

‡ The Poet Laureate may, perhaps, like to hear that Dr. Patrick introduces into his parable a very tolerable edition of that legend of the roasted fowl, recalled to life by St. James of Compostella, of which he himself has recently given us so lively and

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Mr. Southey introduces the following just eulogium on our classic of the common people:

'Bunyan was confident in his own powers of expression; he says,

thine only way

Before them all, is to say out thy say

In thine own native language, which no man

Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.

And he might well be confident in it. His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one: and what a difference is there between its homeliness, and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English—the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes indeed in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity;—his language is every where level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which his history shows, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing, as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline only of the picture is presented to him, and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers.—pp.lxxxviii, lxxxix.

It may be added, to these judicious remarks, that the most pleasing occupation of the fine arts being to awaken and excite the imagination, sketches in drawing, simple melodies in music, a bold, decisive, but light-touched strain of poetry or narrative in literary composition, (like what is called in the green-room the *touch* and *go* method of acting,) will always be more likely to gain extensive popularity than any more highly-wrought performance, which aspires to afford the mind no exercise save that of admiration, which pretends at once to rouse curiosity by the outline, and to satiate it by distinct, accurate circumstantiality of detail. To understand this, we need only remember having been the visitor of some celebrated scene of natural beauty, under the close guardianship of a pragmatical guide, who will let you find out nothing independent of him, and is so anxious that you should leave nothing unseen, that he makes you almost wish yourself both deaf and blind, that you may neither hear his instructions nor profit by them. The true rule of grace in description and narrative—the *ne quid nimis*—is one which genius often neglects in its pride of luxuriance, and seldom without paying the penalty in popular opinion.

It is not, however, the words and manner of the Pilgrim's Progress alone which have raised

that singular allegory to so high a rank among our general readers. The form and style of composition is safely referred to the highest authority—

'Who spake in parables, I dare not say,

But sure *He* knew it was a pleasing way.'

And, without dwelling on the precedent suggested by the poet, we may observe how often the allegory, or parable, has gained, without suspicion, those passes of the human heart which were vigilantly guarded against the direct force of truth by self-interest, prejudice, or pride. When the prophet approached the sinful monarch with the intention of reproving his murder and adultery, a direct annunciation of his purpose might have awakened the king to wrath, instead of that penitence to which it was the will of heaven that he should be invited. But David listened unsuspectingly to the parable of the ewe-lamb; and it was not till the awful words—'*Thou art the man*'—were uttered, that he found the crime which he had so readily condemned was, in fact, the type of that which he had himself committed. In this respect, the comparing the parable with the real facts which it intimates, is like the practice of the artists to examine the reflection of their paintings in a mirror, that they may get clear of false lights and shadows, and judge of their compositions more accurately by seeing them presented under a change of light and circumstances. But, besides the moral uses of this species of composition, it has much in it to exercise those faculties of the human mind which it is most agreeable to keep in motion. Our judgment is engaged in weighing and measuring the points of similarity between the reality and the metaphor as these evolve themselves, and fancy is no less amused by the unexpected, surprising, and, we may even say, the witty turns of thought, through means of which associations are produced between things which, in themselves, seemed diametrically opposed and irreconcilable, but which the allegorist has contrived should nevertheless illustrate each other. In some cases, the parable possesses the interest of the riddle itself; the examination and solutions of which are so interesting to the human intellect, that the history and religious doctrines of ancient nations were often at once preserved and disguised in the form of such enigmata.

In a style of composition, rendered thus venerable by its antiquity, and still more so by the purposes to which it has been applied, John Bunyan, however uneducated, was a distinguished master. For our part, we are inclined to allow him, in the simplicity of his story, and his very shrewdness, and, if the reader pleases, homely bluntness of style, a superiority over the great poet to whom he has been compared by D'Israeli—which, considering both writers as allegorists, may, in some respect, counter-balance the advantages of a mind fraught with education, a head full of poetic flight and grace—in a word, the various, the unutterable distinction between the friend of Sidney and of Raleigh,

the fascinating poet of fairy land, and our obscure tinker of Elstow, the self-erected holder-forth to the anabaptists of Bedford. Either has told a tale expressive of the progress of religion and morality—Spenser's, under the guise of a romance of chivalry, while that of Bunyan recalls the outline of a popular fairy tale, with its machinery of giants, dwarfs, and enchanters. So far they resemble each other; and if the later writer must allow the earlier the advantage of a richer imagination, and a taste incalculably more cultivated, the uneducated man of the people may in return, claim over Spenser the superiority due to a more simple and better concocted plan, from which he has suffered no temptation to lead him astray.

This will appear more evident, if we observe that Spenser (the first book, perhaps, excepted, where he has traced, in the adventures of the red cross knight, with considerable accuracy, the history and changes of the Christian world) has, in other cantos, suffered his story to lead him astray from his moral, and engages his knights, by whom we are to understand the abstract virtues, in tilts and tournaments, not to be easily reconciled with the explanation of the allegory. What are we to understand by Britomart overthrowing Arthegal, if we regard the lady as the representative of chastity, and the knight as that of justice? many discrepancies of the same kind could be pointed out; and probably some readers may agree with us in thinking that those passages of the poem are sometimes not the least amusing in which Spenser forgets his allegory, and becomes a mere romancer like Ariosto. But, besides the allegory by which Spenser designs to present the pageant of the moral virtues, assigning a knight as the representative of each virtue, by whom the opposing appetites should be curbed and overthrown; he has embodied in his story a second and political allegory. Not only is Gloriana, the imaginary concentration of the glory, sought by every true knight—she is Queen Elizabeth too; not only does King Arthur present the spirit and essence of pure chivalry—he is likewise Spenser's (unworthy) patron, the Earl of Leicester; and many of the adventures which describe the struggles of virtue and vice also shadow forth anecdotes and intrigues of the English court, invisible to those, as Spenser himself insinuates.

'Who n'ote without a hound fine footing trace.' This complication of meanings may render the *Faery Queene* doubly valuable to the antiquary who can explore its secret sense; but it must always be an objection to Spenser's plan, with the common reader, that the attempt at too much ingenuity has marred the simplicity of his allegory, and deprived it, in a great degree, of consistency and coherence.

In this essential point the poet is greatly inferior to the prose allegorist: indeed they write with very different notions of the importance of their subject. Spenser desired, no doubt, to aid the cause of virtue, but it was in the cha-

acter of a cold and unimpassioned moralist, easily seduced from that part of his task by the desire to pay a compliment to some courtier, or some lady, or the mere wish to give a wider scope to his own fancy. Bunyan, on the contrary, in recommending his own religious opinions to the readers of his romance, was impressed throughout with the sense of the sacred importance of the task for which he had lived through poverty and captivity, and was, we doubt not, prepared to die. To gain the favour of Charles and all his court he would not, we are confident, have guided Christian one foot off the narrow and strait path; and his excellence above Spenser's is, that his powerful thoughts were all directed to one solemn end, and his fertile imagination taxed for every thing which could give life and vivacity to his narrative, vigour and consistency to the spirit of his allegory. His every thought is turned to strengthen and confirm the reasoning on which his argument depends; and nothing is more admirable than the acuteness of that fancy with which, still keeping an eye on his principal purpose, Bunyan contrives to extract, from the slightest particulars, the means of extending and fortifying its impression.

Let us, for example, compare Bunyan to a good man, but common-place writer, the author of the rival Parable. Dr. Patrick's *Pilgrim*, in the thirty-second chapter, falls in with 'a company of select friends, who are met at a frugal, but handsome dinner.' This incident suggests to the worthy guide the praises of sociable mirth, restrained by temperance and sobriety. When Bunyan, on the contrary, has occasion to mention an entertainment, instead of the cold generality of the dean of Peterborough, every dish which he places on the table is in itself a scriptural parable; and the precise nature of the refreshment, while described with the vivacious seeming accuracy of Le Sage or Cervantes, is found, on referring to the text indicated, to have an explicit connexion with some striking particular of Holy Writ. At the House of Gaius, for example, not only the wine red as blood, the milk 'well crumb'd,' the apples and nuts, but the carving of the table, and ordering of the salt and trenchers, have each their especial and typical meaning; and while the reader only hears of the entertainment of Dr. Patrick, he seems to feed at that of John Bunyan, and sit a guest to profit by the conversation.* Unquestionably this desire to keep so close to, and hunt down, as it were, the metaphor, may sometimes be held trifling and tedious: but it is a far better fault than that neglect of his machinery which is most likely to enfeeble the texture of a less gifted allegorist.

The parable of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is, of course, tinged with the tenets of the author, who might be called a Calvinist in every respect, save his aversion to the institution of a regular and ordained clergy. To these tenets he has,

* *Pilgrim's Progress*, p. 344.

of course, adapted the pilgrimage of Christian, in the incidents which occur, and opinions which are expressed. The final condemnation of Ignorance, for instance, who is consigned to the infernal regions when asking admittance to the celestial city, because unable to produce a certificate of his calling, conveys the same severe doctrine of fatalism which had well nigh overturned the reason of Bunyan himself. But the work is not of a controversial character—it might be perused without offence by sober-minded Christians of all persuasions; and we all know that it is read universally, and has been translated into many languages. It, indeed, appears from many passages in Bunyan's writings, that there was nothing which he dreaded so much as divisions amongst sincere Christians.

"Since you would know (he says) by what name I would be distinguished from others, I tell you, I would be, and hope I am, a *Christian*; and chuse if God should count me worthy, to be called a *Christian*, a *Believer*, or other such name which is approved by the Holy Ghost. And as for those factious titles of Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians, or the like, I conclude that they come neither from Jerusalem nor from Antioch, but rather from Hell and Babylon; for they naturally tend to divisions. You may know them by their fruits." p. lxxvii.

Mr. Southey, observing with what general accuracy this apostle of the people writes the English language, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which his youth must have been passed, pauses to notice one gross and repeated error. 'The vulgarism alluded to,' says the laureate, 'consists in the almost uniform use of a *for* have—never marked as a contraction, e. g. might a made me take heed—like to a been smothered.' Under favour, however, this is a sin against orthography rather than grammar: the tinker of Elstowe only spelt according to the pronunciation of the verb *to have*, then common in his class; and the same form appears a hundred times in Shakspear. We must not here omit to mention the skill with which Mr. Southey has restored much of Bunyan's masculine and idiomatic English, which had been gradually dropped out of successive impressions by careless, or unfaithful, or what is as bad, conceited, correctors of the press.

The speedy popularity of the Pilgrim's Progress had the natural effect of inducing Bunyan again to indulge the vein of allegory in which his warm imagination and clear and forcible expression had procured him such success. Under this impression, he produced the second part of his Pilgrim's Progress; and well says Mr. Southey, that none but those who have acquired the ill habit of always reading critically, can feel it as a clog upon the first. The first part is, indeed, one of those delightfully simple and captivating tales, which, as soon as finished, we are not unwilling to begin again. Even the adult becomes himself like the child who cannot be satisfied with the repetition of a favourite tale, but harasses the story-telling

aunt or nurse, to know more of the incidents and characters. In this respect Bunyan has contrived a contrast, which, far from exhausting his subject, opens new sources of attraction, and adds to the original impression. The pilgrimage of Christiana, her friend Mercy and her children, commands sympathy at least as powerful as that of Christian himself, and it materially adds to the interest which we have taken in the progress of the husband, to trace the effect produced by similar events in the case of women and children.

'There is a pleasure,' says the learned editor, 'in travelling with another companion the same ground—a pleasure of reminiscence, neither inferior in kind or degree to that which is derived from a first impression. The characters are judiciously marked: that of Mercy, particularly, is sketched with an admirable grace and simplicity; nor do we read of any with equal interest, excepting that of Ruth in Scripture, so beautifully, on all occasions, does the Mercy of John Bunyan unfold modest humility regarding her own merits, and tender veneration for the matron Christiana.'

The distinctions between the first and second part of the Pilgrim's Progress are such as circumstances render appropriate; and as John Bunyan's strong mother wit enabled him to seize upon correctly. Christian, for example, a man, and a bold one, is represented as enduring his fatigues, trials, and combats, by his own stout courage, under the blessing of heaven: but to express that species of inspired heroism by which women are supported in the path of duty, notwithstanding the natural feebleness and timidity of their nature, Christiana and Mercy obtain from the interpreter their guide, called Great-heart, by whose strength and valour their lack of both is supplied, and the dangers and distresses of the way repelled and overcome.

The author hints, at the end of the second part, as if 'it might be his lot to go this way again;' nor was his mind that light species of soil which could be exhausted by two crops. But he left to another and very inferior hand the task of composing a third part, containing the adventures of one Tender Conscience, far unworthy to be bound up, as it sometimes is, with John Bunyan's matchless parable.

Bunyan, however, added another work to those by which he was already distinguished:—this was 'the Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus for the regaining of the metropolis of the World; or, the losing and retaking of Mansoul.' In this allegory the fall of man is figured under the type of a flourishing city, reduced under the tyranny of the giant Diabolus, or the Prince of Evil; and recovered, after a tedious siege, by Immanuel, the son of Shaddai, its founder and true lord. A late reverend editor of this work has said that 'Mr. Bunyan was better qualified than most ministers to treat this subject with propriety, having been himself a soldier, and knowing by experience the evils and hardships of war. He displays throughout his accurate knowledge of the Bible and its distinguished doctrines; his deep ac-

quaintance with the human heart, and its desperate wickedness; his knowledge of the devices of Satan, and of the prejudices of the carnal mind against the Gospel." To this panegyric we entirely subscribe, except that we do not see that Bunyan has made much use of any military knowledge which he might possess. Mansoul is attacked by mounts, slings, and battering-rams—weapons out of date at the time of our civil wars; and we can only trace the author's soldiery experience in his referring to the points of war then performed, as 'Boot and saddle,' 'Horse and away,' and so forth. Indeed, the greatest risk which he seems to have incurred, in his military capacity, was one somewhat resembling the escape of Sir Roger de Coverley's ancestor at Worcester, who was saved from the slaughter of that action by having been absent from the field. In like manner, Bunyan, having been appointed to attend at the siege of Leicester, a fellow-soldier volunteered to perform the service in his stead, and was there slain. Upon the whole, though the Holy War be a work of great ingenuity, it wants the simplicity and intense interest which are the charm of the Pilgrim's Progress.

Mr. Burder (the editor last mentioned) remarks that Bunyan maintains his allegory by assigning to his characters such significant names as introduce them with singular propriety. This was a qualification in great request among the authors of fictitious composition, whether narrative or dramatic, in Charles the Second's days, and no doubt many artificers of plays and novels in our own time would be inclined to join Falstaff though rather in a different sense, in his earnest wish that he knew where 'a commodity of good names was to be purchased.' A happily christened list of dramatic persons is a key note for the easy introduction of the story, and saves the author the trouble of tagging his characters with descriptions, always somewhat awkward, of person and disposition. In some respects it answers the purpose which Textier was wont to achieve in another way. Those who remember, like ourselves, that distinguished reader of the French comedians (and such treats are not easily forgotten,) cannot but recollect, that on first reading over the list of characters with the author's short description annexed, M. Textier assumed in each the voice and manner in which he intended to read the part, and so wonderful was his discrimination, that the most obtuse hearer had never afterwards the least difficulty in ascertaining who was speaking. A happy selection of names has somewhat the same effect in placing the characters who bear them before us in their original concoction.

It is no doubt true that this may be coarsely and inartificially attempted, so as at once to destroy the reality of the tale. When the thrice noble, illustrious and excellent princess, as the title-page calls her, the Duchess of Newcastle,

produces on the stage such personages as Sir Mercury Poet, the Lady Fancy, Sir William Sage, Lady Virtue, and Mimic—the jest is as flat and dull as that of Snug the joiner, when he acts the lion bare-faced. On the other hand, some authors produce names either real or approaching to reality, which, nevertheless, possess that resemblance to the character which has all the effect of wit; and by its happy coincidence with the narrative greatly enhances the pleasure of the reader. Thus, in the excellent novel of Marriage, an elderly dowager, who deals in telling her neighbours disagreeable truths—which she calls 'speaking her mind,' is very happily Mrs. Dene Wright. Anstey, also, whose genius in this line was particular, gives us a list of company, of each of whom we form a distinct and individual idea from the name alone:—

'With old Lady Towzer,
And Marshal Carouser,
Came the great Hanoverian Baron Panmouzer.'

We might also mention the Widow Quicklackit, with 'little Bob Jerome, old Chrysostom's son,' or the parties in the country-dance where the contrasts of stature, complexion, and age are conveyed by little more than the names.

'Miss Curd had a partner as black as Omiah;
Kitty Tit shook her heels with old Doctor Goli-
ah;

While little John Trot, like a pony just nicked,
With long Dolly Louderhead scampered and
kicked.'

Other, and those very distinguished authors, have not ventured to push this resemblance between the names and characters of their personages so far. An ominous and unpleasing epithet, a jarring and boding collocation of consonants form the names of their villains; as for instance, who could expect any thing good from a Bliffl? The heroes and heroines, on the contrary, rejoice in the softest, and at the same time the most aristocratic names, such as aspirants to the actual stage select for a first appearance.

Without permitting our remarks on this head to lead us further astray from the subject, we shall only observe that Bunyan was indifferent to other points, so his names were expressive. Mr. Penny-wise-pound-foolish is not a happy name, and still less Mr. Wise-in-the-hundred-and-fool-in-the-shire, but they serve to keep the allegory before the reader's mind. On the other hand, Mrs. Batt's-eyes, Mr. Ready-to-halt, and Much-afraid his daughter, Fair-speech, By-ends, and the rest, without being very improbable, have the same advantage of maintaining the reader's attention to the author's meaning. As an apology for the length and singular composition of such names as Valiant-for-the-truth, Dare-not-lie, and the like, the reader must remember that it was the custom of that puritanical age to impose texts and religious sentences, for examples of which we

* Burder's Edition of the Holy War, 1824.

may refer to the rolls of Praise-God-Barebones' parliament."

In these observations we have never touched upon Bunyan's poetry—an omission for which the good man, had he been alive, would scarce have thanked us, for he had a considerable notion of his gift that way, though his present editor is of opinion that John modelled his verses upon those of Robert Wisdom, a degree more prosaic than the effusion of Sternhold and Hopkins. His mechanical education prevented his access to better models; and of verse he knew nothing but the necessity of tagging syllables of a certain amount with very slovenly rhymes. Mr. Southey has revived some specimens of verses written by Bunyan (with great self-approbation, doubtless) upon the leaves of Fox's Book of Martyrs. These 'Tinker's tetras-tics,' as Southey calls them, may rank, in idea and expression, with the basest doggerel. But his later poetry excels this humble model: he had learned to soar beyond Robert Wisdom, when he was able to express himself thus in recommendation of the Pilgrim's Progress.

'Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy?
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Wouldst thou read riddles and their explanation?
Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldst thou

see

A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Wouldst thou lose thyself and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm?
Wouldst read thyself, and read thou know'st not
what?

And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? O then come hither!
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.
—p. 9.

In these lines, though carelessly and roughly formed, there are both ideas and powers of expression. Another little sonnet, taken in connexion with the scene of repose, in the prose narrative, has a simplicity which approaches elegance. It occurs on the entrance of the Pilgrim into the valley of Humiliation.

'Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep.—The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well favoured countenance, and as he sat by himself, he sung. Hark, said Mr. Great-heart, to what the shepherd's boy saith! So they hearkened, and he said,

'He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
'I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much!
And, Lord! contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

* That worthy's own brother may perhaps furnish not the worst specimen. He wrote himself 'If-the-Lord-help-me-not-I-am-damned,' but for shortness, was commonly called 'Damned Barebones.'

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'Fulness to such a burden is,

That go on pilgrimage:

Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

'Then said their guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called *heart's-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.'—pp 311, 312.

We must not omit to mention, that this edition of the Pilgrim's Progress is adorned with a great variety of woodcuts, designed and executed with singular felicity, and with some highly finished engravings after the rich and imaginative pencil of John Martin. Thus decorated, and recommended by the taste and criticism of Mr. Southey, it might seem certain that the established favourite of the common people should be well received among the upper classes; as, however, it contains many passages eminently faulty in point of taste (as, indeed, from the origin and situation of the author, was naturally to be expected,) we should not be surprised if it were more coldly accepted than its merits deserve. A dead fly can corrupt a precious elixir—an obvious fault against taste, especially if it be of a kind which lies open to lively ridicule, may be enough, in a critical age like the present, to conceal the merit of wit, beauty, and sublimity.

In whatever shape presented, John Bunyan's parable must be dear to many, as to us, from the recollection that in youth they were endued with permission to peruse it at times when all studies of a nature merely entertaining were prohibited. We remember with interest the passages where, in our childhood, we stumbled betwixt the literal story and metaphorical explanation; and can even recall to mind a more simple and early period, when Grim and Slay-good, and even he

'Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair,'

were to us as literal Anakim as those destroyed by Giant-killing Jack. Those who can recollect the early development of their own ideas on such subjects, will many of them at the same time remember the reading of this work as the first task which gave exercise to the mind, before taste, grown too fastidious for enjoyment, taught them to be more disgusted with a single error than delighted with a hundred beauties.

PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY, *being an attempt to explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by a reference to Causes now in operation.* By Charles Lyell, F. R. S. 2 vols. Lond. 1830.

If the rank which a science should hold in general estimation is to be determined by the immediate applicability of its discoveries to purposes of utility, perhaps we should be wrong in claiming a very exalted station for Geology; though it would be still less correct to under-

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value the advantages which the arts have already derived, or may fairly anticipate from a scientific acquaintance with the nature and disposition of the inorganic constituents of the earth. If, indeed, we consider for a moment the various useful purposes to which minerals are applied—whether looking to the cultivatable soils, whose different qualities are all derived from circumstances which geology alone reveals to us—to the quarries of harder materials employed for domestic purposes, such as the various building and lime stones, slates, marbles, clays, earths—or to the yet richer, though not more serviceable, deposits of coal, salt, gypsum, sulphur, metals, and gems, we shall perceive at once that the cultivation of a science that makes us acquainted with the general laws under which these various matters have been distributed, and the process by which they were formed, must be expected, sooner or later, to contribute very powerfully to the progress of the arts, to which the supply of these substances is of the first importance.

But such is surely not the light in which science should be regarded. Without disparaging those claims which are founded on economical utility, we may also be allowed to estimate intellectual pursuits by other and higher characters—by their tendency to interest the noblest feelings of humanity—to enlarge the views of mankind as to the extent, the diversity, and the richness of created nature—to fill the understanding with sublime and instructive ideas, and elevate the mind to the contemplation of the infinite source of all being, by the knowledge of the grandest and most imposing of His works. In this respect, we cannot allow that even astronomy presents a nobler field of study for rational beings than the science we are at present considering. The former, though one of the sublimest subjects for human meditation, offers but few data upon which to ground any but the simplest and most barren propositions, or else the most shadowy conjectures—and presents to our contemplation ideas of such vague and illimitable vastness, as rather to fatigue than satisfy our curiosity, to damp than encourage our search after knowledge. But, while the student of geology is rewarded by views of equal grandeur, the infinity of time communicating to the discoveries of the one the sublimity which is conferred by the infinity of space on those of the other, the objects contemplated admit of a distinctness of comprehension—are brought before him with a vividness and reality, which is owing as much to their analogy and close connexion with his daily and ordinary impressions, as to the multiplicity of converging facts through which his conclusions are deduced.

Geology, too, has the advantage of bringing its follower into acquaintance with the noblest objects and phenomena of nature. It is among the grand features of mountain scenery—the towering alpine summit, the eternal glacier, the deep cleft-like ravine, the abrupt waterfall, the

river—now tumbling and foaming through a narrow gorge, now gently rippling over an expansive vale, now slowly winding through wide alluvial plains to the bosom of the mighty ocean;—it is amidst the yet more exciting spectacles of the earthquake and the avalanche, the volcano and the flood, that the geologist pursues his study of the changes which have occurred upon our globe, and of the destroying and renovating powers by which they were effected. These powers he watches in their momentary operation, and multiplies them in his imagination by the effects of ages: he traces them equally on the grandest and on the minutest scale—now rounding a pebble, now laying the foundations of future continents. But, above all, he observes with delight the constant progress of *animated existence*, ever varied, but ever adapted to the circumstances which attend it, and sees in all the arrangements, whether of the organic or mineral world, the sure marks of a First Cause, acting by uniform, invariable laws—bringing order and utility out of the seeming elements of chance and confusion—connecting the peak of the mountain and the bottom of the ocean in one chain of mutual dependence, and rendering the whole subservient to the existence of that abundance of life and enjoyment for which all has been beneficently contrived. What nobler pleasure can the mind receive than is afforded by these views? It is amidst such impressive scenes and studies that, in the words of one of our sublimest poets—

Præsentiorum conspicimus Deum,
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorunque noctem.

The time, indeed, is not far distant when natural theology will receive a great accession from the proofs of a Designing Intelligence which geology can unfold.—And yet the cry has been raised against this science, of its leading directly to infidelity and atheism! The *accursed* epithet has been applied to the student of this department of the Divine creation, and the terms geologist and sceptic have, in some minds, been inseparably connected?

We trust we need not, at this day, dwell on so painful a subject as the errors of those well-meaning persons who have thought to fight the cause of religion by assailing such as are really amongst her most effectual supporters; to vindicate the book of Revelation by impeding the examination of the book of Nature; to justify the God of Truth by opposing the study of His works! We need not, in this age and country, recall the fact, that the discoveries of Newton are yet, in some Catholic states, accounted rank heresy. All are now sufficiently aware of the danger and impropriety of bringing the discovery and arrangement of facts, in the physical sciences, into competition with subjects of faith. To the scriptures, true knowledge has never been hostile, nor is it possible that they, when properly interpreted, should

ever be enemies to it. The latitude of interpretation, which has been always allowed by divines on particular passages, may be safely conceded to all those which are connected with the sciences. The history of the introduction of man upon the globe was evidently the sole object of the first chapters of Genesis, and not any revelation of facts in natural history, or of physical events, which, being unaccommodated to the notions of the age, would have withdrawn the attention from those truths as to the moral destinies of mankind, which it was the great purpose of the inspired writer to reveal.

To bring forward the scriptures as the foundation of geology, or geological hypotheses as a support to the scriptural relations, is to degrade the sacred writings, as well as to impede the progress of knowledge—to stake their credit upon the most fallible of all interpretations, that of a rising science, not yet sufficiently furnished with facts—to couple the unchangeable dictates of Revelation with what has hitherto been constantly liable to change. Whenever this has been attempted, the result has been injurious to both science and religion, and the history of geology, up to the present hour, teems with instances of this truth. The first theorists sought to penetrate into the nature of that *chaos* from which the Almighty, by his fiat, created the universe; others left the mysteries of creation untouched, but applied themselves to account for the *deluge*, by suspending the laws of cohesion and gravity, altering the position of the earth in its orbit, and introducing a comet amid some storm in the planetary system. Around any fanciful idea of this kind, the facts known in the mineral kingdom were arranged as its support; and, these being far from numerous, and very uncertain, each theorist resorted to the sacred books for additional proofs of his opinions. The weaker that these were, the more ardent was the zeal for maintaining them, and the controversies between the contending parties more exasperated. The march of science successively overthrew them all, and entailed much disgrace and discredit, in many minds, on the subjects which they pretended to illustrate. Yet, to this hour, some are found who, true to the unphilosophical mode of deduction employed by Burnett and Whiston, continue to vamp up and send forth their stale and ridiculous theories as scientific commentaries on holy writ, and to write on geology as if this branch of knowledge had no other end but to afford conclusions respecting the Mosaic chronology and the phenomena of the deluge. Reverting the Christian religion, and believing it to be degraded by the supposition that its eternal truths require any confirmation from such crude and ill-digested physical theories, we cannot but feel some shame and much astonishment at these attempts. Their character has been long since stamped in the dignified and oracular censure pronounced by the great Bacon on the physico-theologists of his day:—
‘Tanto magis hæc vanitas inhibenda venit et

coercenda, quia ex divinarum et humanorum malesana admixtione, non solum educitur philosophia phantastica, sed etiam religio hæretica.’
‘This vanity merits castigation and proof the more, as, from the mischievous admixture of divine and human things, there is compounded at once a fantastical philosophy and an heretical religion.’

Abstractedly from this stumbling-block, the method of reasoning employed on this subject has almost invariably been the reverse of that which could alone lead to a knowledge of truth. When the theories are examined which have at different times been given out to account for the production and distribution of the mineral masses which compose the known surface of our continents, it becomes evident that the usual method employed in their fabrication, was after collecting a very limited number of facts, to guess at the causes which could have produced them. If, among the suggestions of a fertile imagination, any one was hit upon seeming to answer the conditions of the problem, it was at once decided to be the true cause; the theory was completed; fresh facts, as they presented themselves, were disciplined to support its credit, or negligently slurred over when they resisted that process, and the hypothesis triumphed for a time, till the opposition of some stubborn discovery, that could neither be overlooked nor reconciled with it, gave rise to doubts, the fabric tottered, and fell at length before the novelty and brilliance of some equally baseless and transient invention. Such speculations, too, were naturally coloured by the professional prejudices or predilections of their inventors. Thus the chemist supposed all rocks to be either precipitations from an universal solvent, or the oxygenized crust of a metallic nucleus. The cabinet mineralogist decided that the globe was formed by the laws of crystalline affinity, and is in fact but a huge crystal, of which the mountain slopes are the facets, and the strata the planes of cleavage. The astronomer, on the other hand, considers the planet a condensed nebula, and refers its several changes to the nutation of its axis, or the influence of comets; while he who, by his obstinate blindness and prejudice, degrades the name of theologian, could insist that they all are direct interferences of the Almighty, and that the globe, with all its variety of minerals, its strata full of bones, shells, impressions, and even faces of animals, was created exactly in its present condition by the Divine fiat a few centuries ago!

This defective mode of reasoning on such subjects is likewise in great part owing to the almost instinctive propensity by which mankind are induced to refer to some extraordinary and supernatural cause every event but a little removed from their habitual experience—the same fondness for the marvellous which once erected altars to fortune, which armed the witch and the conjuror with their magic powers, and even yet supplies crowds of votaries to every miracle-working sanctuary. But for this unfortunate

predilection, a better method of arguing from effects up to causes would have been substituted for a *priori* reasoning; investigation would have been less uniformly directed to what *might be*, rather than to what *is*. To illustrate by an example. Suppose we were desirous of ascertaining the process by which a manufactured article of a novel description had been made. By taking it to pieces, examining it in all lights, and guessing at every possible mode of fabrication, we might possibly, after many wrong suppositions and useless trials, succeed in discovering the real method; but how much more securely and expeditiously should we arrive at this knowledge, if we could be admitted to the workshop of the manufacturer, examine his implements and machinery, and witness the process as actually conducted by him. Exactly so is it with the geologist, whose object is to discover the mode employed by nature in the production of the principal classes of rocks on the surface of the globe. He may ransack his imagination for hypothesis after hypothesis, with more or less of plausibility attached to them, but surely the simple and proper mode of inquiry would be to watch the processes which nature is still carrying on in her vast factory, and closely examine the operations by which mineral masses, bearing an analogy to those whose origin he is in quest of, are daily elaborated. If, neglecting these obvious researches, and in complete ignorance of the extent and character of the changes that are actually in progress on the surface of the earth, he has recourse for the explanation of such earlier changes as we can trace upon that surface to the supposition of unexampled causes, differing from all known phenomena, and implying a variation in the laws of nature, is he not a worthy associate of the philosophers who determined the fly in the telescope to be an elephant in the moon?

‘Of those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful instead of true;
Make natural history a gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-fetched;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as *they* please.’*

The necessity of closely studying the changes still going on in the inorganic kingdom of nature, as a first step in geology, would seem so obvious, that it is almost incredible in how great a degree the mass of geologists have, up to this time, neglected what must be reckoned the alphabet of their science. The effects of meteoric agency, the action of rain, rivers, floods, currents, and tides, in wearing away the solid materials of the earth's surface, and redispersing them in the form of beds of clay, sand, gravel, or solid rock—the new mineral deposits continually produced, by springs impregnated with earthy matters, by the labours of zoophytes, or by volcanic eruptions from the interior of the globe—the agency of earthquakes in fissuring

rocks, and altering the superficial levels—have been hitherto reckoned matters foreign to geology, and belonging rather to a subordinate department of geography, than to that science which professes to examine into the physical events of past ages, and almost uniformly with a noble disregard of such physical events as are taking place at the present day!

A disposition to adopt a sounder and more rational system of inquiry has fortunately shewn itself of late, though in this country its appearance has been tardy, and its progress hitherto slow. This may be accounted for through the prejudices excited in the beginning of the century, by the imputed tendency of the arguments urged by Professor Playfair in his able illustrations of the Huttonian theory, the first systematic work, at least since the days of Hooke, in which the solution of the problems of geology was sought in an examination of existing changes. The injustice of such prejudices, and the injury they are calculated to inflict on the cause of knowledge, as well as of religion, have been sufficiently dwelt upon—and indeed are now all but universally acknowledged. Rejoicing in this salutary change, and holding the opinions we have expressed on the true methods of observation and reasoning, by which alone this interesting science can be advanced, we hail with the greatest satisfaction the appearance of Mr. Lyell's work, which henceforward, we can hardly doubt, will mark the beginning of a new era in geology.

The title of the book shews that it is an attempt to place the study of the science on its true basis—‘to explain the former changes of the earth's surface by reference to causes now in operation.’ The mode in which this undertaking has been so far executed, for the first volume only has yet appeared, is most satisfactory, and confirms the high reputation Mr. Lyell enjoys for zeal and accuracy in observation, and an intimacy with many of the branches of science and natural history which bear upon geology. It exhibits, also, together with much literary research and elegance of language, a luminous arrangement, and powers of analytical reasoning which we should be glad to meet with more frequently in the contributions to our scientific knowledge. Incorporated with his arguments, and the details extracted from other sources, Mr. Lyell has, moreover, communicated a great body of original observations of much interest, collected during the tours he has recently made for scientific purposes on the continent.

The volume commences with an able review of the progress of geological study. One of the most striking points in this history is, the acquaintance which the ancients are shown to have possessed with the immense antiquity of the globe, and the powers of nature in destroying and renovating the surfaces of our continents. In the Institutes of Menu, the sacred volume of the Hindoos, to which Sir W. Jones ascribes an antiquity of at least eight hundred

* Butler.—Elephant in the Moon, line 509.

and eighty years before Christ, the alternate destruction and recreation of the world with all its inhabitants, after an existence during each successive period of many thousand years, seems to imply that the sages even of that early day had noticed those appearances of alternate revolutions and periods of tranquillity which form the groundwork of almost every geological theory. The hymns of Orpheus, as reported by Plutarch, attest the same ideas to have prevailed from the earliest times in Egypt. The *annus magnus*, or great cycle of planetary revolutions, was supposed to be the period assigned for the duration of each successive world, and was variously estimated by Orpheus at 120,000, by Cassander and others at 360,000 years. The sect of stoics afterwards adopted the notion of catastrophes, by which the world is destroyed at certain intervals, alternately by fire and water. Pythagoras, if we may judge of his doctrines from the poetic sketch given of them by Ovid, taught the constant destruction and renovation of the surface of the globe, and illustrated his doctrine by an appeal to the great physical changes obviously going on at present—such as the conversion of land into sea, and sea into land, the excavation of valleys by rivers and floods, the growth of deltas, and the effects of earthquakes and volcanos in convulsing and elevating land. Aristotle participated in these ideas, and seems to have considered the agents of change now operating in nature, as capable of bringing about in the lapse of ages a complete revolution. The frequent occurrence of marine shells in the interior of continents and on the summits of mountains, naturally engaged the attention of the ancients, and many hypotheses were formed to account for them. Strabo, in particular, enters at large into these opinions, and after discussing and rejecting many, proposes one of his own, the profoundness of which, modern geologists are only at this day beginning to appreciate—namely, that all land was originally formed beneath the sea, and had been elevated from that situation by earthquakes. Notwithstanding these rare instances of just observation and reasoning, it is, however, clear that the ancients had made no real progress in the study of the ancient history of the globe, and entertained but an imperfect idea of the powers of nature in varying the circumstances of its surface.

Except the work of an Arabian writer, Omar, 'on the retreat of the sea,' which procured for him the persecution of the doctors of the Mahomedan law, owing to his making the world older than it is declared to be in the Koran, no traces are met with of attention having been directed to geological appearances till the beginning of the sixteenth century, when, in Italy, the cradle of all the sciences, a very animated controversy sprang up concerning the true nature and origin of fossil shells, and other organic remains. Among the rest, Fraacastoro, in 1515, declared his opinion that the shells had all belonged to animals which had formerly lived and

multiplied where their exuvie are now found. He exposed the absurdity of having recourse to a certain 'plastic force,' which it was said had power to fashion stones into organic forms; and, with no less cogent arguments, demonstrated the futility of attributing the situation of the shells in question to the Mosaic deluge. [Lyell, p. 24.] From this time, however, the current of geological opinion set strongly against any reference to modern analogy in the explanation of former events; and on its surface the most extravagant and fantastical theories were borne along for a season, as for example—

'Falloppio of Padua conceived that petrified shells had been generated by fermentation in the spots where they were found, or that they had in some cases acquired their form from "the tumultuous movements of terrestrial exhalations." Although not unskillful professor of anatomy, he taught that certain tusks of elephants dug up in his time at Puglia were mere earthy concretions, and, consistently with these principles, he even went so far as to consider it not improbable, that the vases of Monte Testaccio at Rome were natural impressions stamped in the soil. In the same spirit, Mercati, who published in 1574, faithful figures of the fossil shells preserved by Pope Sextus V. in the Museum of the Vatican, expressed an opinion that they were mere stones, which had assumed their peculiar configuration from the influence of the heavenly bodies; and Olivi of Cremona, who described the fossil remains of a rich Museum at Verona, was satisfied with considering them mere "sports of nature."—p. 25, 6.

In our own country the doctrine of fossil shells and fishes being merely *lusus nature* generally prevailed. Dr. Plott attributed them to a plastic virtue latent in the earth. Lister appears to have given in to this idea, but has the merit of being the first who became aware of the continuity over large districts of the principal groups of strata, and who proposed the construction of regular geological maps. Dr. Hooke, in his posthumous work which appeared in 1705, entertained more enlarged views on the subject of fossil remains, leaning to the opinion that they belonged to extinct species, and even suggesting that they may have disappeared in consequence of changes in the surface of the globe, wrought by earthquakes in former ages, to which he attributed the elevation from the sea of the strata containing marine remains. Ray, the celebrated naturalist, a contemporary of Hooke, enlarged upon these suggestions. He first drew attention to the powerful action of running water on the land, and the encroachments of the sea upon its shores. Burnett now published his 'Sacred Theory,' 'a fine historical romance,' as Buffon called it—admirable as a work of imagination, but the climax of absurdity as pretending to profound philosophy. Next, Whiston introduced his comet to deluge the world with the vapours of its tail; and John Hutchinson put forth his 'Moses's Principia.' He and his numerous followers were accustomed to declaim loudly against human learning, and they maintained that the Hebrew scrip-

tures, when rightly translated, and interpreted, of course, by themselves, comprised a perfect system of natural philosophy, for which reason they objected to the Newtonian theory of gravitation, as not to be found there. In 1680, Leibnitz published his theory, the principal features of which, the original incandescence of the whole globe, its gradual refrigeration, and the condensation of its vapours into an universal ocean, were adopted by Buffon and Deluc, and, under different modifications, have been reproduced in a number of succeeding systems up to the present day.

The geologists of Italy still, however, maintained their pre-eminence. The works of Valisneri, published in 1720, are rich in original observations. He attempted the first general sketch of the marine deposits of Italy, their geographical extent, and most characteristic organic remains; and was followed in the same studies and views by Moro, Generelli, Marsilli, and Donati. It must be owned that the Italian naturalists had at this time entered on the true path of geological inquiry, while those of other countries—too many of them at least—were soaring in the regions of invention, with an utter disdain for facts and existing analogies. Towards the middle of the last century Buffon published his *Theory of the Earth*, in which he indulged his imagination somewhat freely at the expense of his judgment. The theologians of France were not, however, prepared to allow that the present continents are due to secondary causes; and the Sorbonne forced Buffon to recant formally. Between 1750 and 1760 Targioni and Arduino contributed much to the advancement of sound ideas on geological subjects: the former by his copious observations and just conclusions on the power of rivers, floods, and the bursting of lakes in excavating valleys, and on the evidence of Italy having been once inhabited by the elephant and other quadrupeds, whose remains are so frequent in its lacustrine deposits: the latter by his remarks on the ancient submarine volcanic eruptions of the Vicentin, Veronese, and Paduan territory, and the distinction he was the first to draw between the primary, secondary, and tertiary rocks—a division which has been of essential service in facilitating the study of the superficial formations. Fortis, Desmarest, and Odoardo followed up and confirmed these observations. Soldani minutely investigated the correspondence of the Mediterranean testacea and zoophytes with the fossil species, and was the first to remark the alternation of marine and fresh water formations in the Paris basin. Testa, Cortesi, and Spallanzani laboured in the same useful line of study, and in the examination of the active and extinct volcanos of Italy, and the effects produced by earthquakes; while their contemporaries in England and Germany, Calcott, Whitehurst, and Wallerius, were wasting their strength in endeavours to support the exploded hypothesis, that all the strata were formed by the Noachian deluge. Our countryman, Mitch-

ell, however, Woodwardian Professor at Cambridge, had in the meantime advanced several original and philosophical views on the effects of earthquakes in fracturing, contorting, and elevating the strata of mountain chains; views which in so remarkable a manner anticipate the theories established forty years afterwards, that Mr. Lyell thinks his writings would probably have formed an era in the science, if his retirement on a college-living had not put an extinguisher upon his researches. Raspe also, a Hanoverian, published in Latin, in 1763, a work of great merit on the same subject, and containing views very similar to those of Mitchell. He adverts to the apparent indications of a higher temperature in the former climate of Europe, and to the occurrence of changes in the species of plants and animals inhabiting it; and urges the examination of the new volcanic islands, for the sake of studying 'nature in the act of parturition.' It is, indeed, astonishing that, after the correct views entertained by the authors we have lately cited, the science should have relapsed during the next half-century into the old errors of substituting hypothetical dogmas for observation and analogical reasoning.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century Pallas and Saussure contributed much to the collection of geological facts, and to the separation of the mineral masses of our globe into separate groups, bearing many general, if not universal, relations towards each other. The systematic and chronological arrangement of formations was soon carried much further, indeed very far beyond its due limits, by the celebrated Freyberg professor of mineralogy, Werner. His eloquence and enthusiasm attracted an extraordinary degree of attention to the study of the relative deposition of mineral masses, which he termed *geognosy*; and, in the disciples who flocked to him from all quarters, he excited a zeal proportionate to his own, giving a stimulus to geological investigations in every corner of Europe, the effect of which has scarcely yet subsided. Werner, however, unfortunately, knew no other country than the small district in which the Saxon mines are situated; and, generalizing from these narrow data, he believed, and, strange to say, persuaded others to believe, that the whole surface of the globe and all its mountain chains, were formed exactly on the model of his own province. What was still more deplorable, when the ingenuity of his scholars had tortured the phenomena of distant countries, and even of another hemisphere, into conformity with his theoretical standard, it was discovered that 'the master' had misinterpreted and misstated many of the facts in the immediate neighbourhood of Freyberg.* In theory, Werner was yet further from truth. His leading doctrine on the invariable order of superposition, has been shown, in a vast variety of instances, to be erroneous; and his hypothetical ideas on the *chemical precipitation of universal formations*, including basalt and pumice, from an

aqueous menstruum, or 'chaotic fluid,' exceeded in wildness all the imaginings of earlier cosmogonists, and are such as would be now passed over as the dreams of a disordered intellect, but for the extraordinary contagion with which they affected the minds of his contemporaries, and the numerous schools of geology by which they were adopted, as established principles of science! This passage, indeed, in the history of geology, presents an interesting problem for those who study the philosophy of the human mind, and an humiliating lesson on the danger of allowing authority and enthusiasm to supersede rational inquiry. When sound opinions had for twenty years prevailed in Europe concerning the true nature of the ancient trap-rocks, Werner, by his dictum, caused a retrograde movement, and not only overturned the true theory, but substituted for it one of the most unphilosophical ever advanced in any science. The continued ascendancy of his dogmas on this subject was the more astonishing, because a variety of new and striking facts were daily accumulated in favour of the correct opinions first established. Desmarest had closely traced the exact analogy of the volcanic remains of France, their cones, craters, and lava-streams, with the older basaltic rocks of that and other districts—the igneous origin of which was denied by the school of Freyberg. Dolomieu, Montlosier, and other writers, accumulated facts and reasonings in support of the same conclusions. The disciples of Werner were prepared, however, to maintain, in opposition to all evidence, the fulness of their faith in his opinions.

"Blinded by their veneration for the great teacher, they were impatient of opposition, and soon imbibed the spirit of a faction; and their opponents, the Vulcanists, were not long in becoming contaminated with the same intemperate zeal. Ridicule and irony were weapons more frequently employed than argument by the rival sects, till at last the controversy was carried on with a degree of bitterness, almost unprecedented in questions of physical science. Desmarest alone, who had long before provided ample materials for refuting such a theory, kept aloof from the strife, and whenever a zealous Neptunist wished to draw the old man into an argument, he was satisfied with replying, "Go and see."—p. 60.

England, and more particularly Scotland, shared in this war of opinions. The Vulcanists acquired here a powerful support in Dr. Hutton, and his eloquent illustrator, Playfair. The *Theory of the Earth*, published by the former in 1795, was the first general attempt to give sound and fixed principles to geology. The igneous origin of granite was first put forth by Hutton, and satisfactorily demonstrated by its analogy to many crystalline volcanic rocks, and its sending veins into, and altering stratified rocks with which it comes in contact; a decisive observation which Hutton was also the first to make. The experiments of Sir James Hall came in support of these conclusions, and they were ably illustrated by the remarks of Professor Playfair,

on the gradual wearing down of the land by rivers and currents, and the deposition of its ruins in the bed of the ocean, as materials for future continents when the elevatory action of earthquakes should take that direction. There were doubtless some defective parts in that theory, as, for instance, the reference of the consolidation of the older strata to the action of subterranean heat? but the fierce opposition which the Huttonian doctrines excited, and the acrimonious controversy which arose upon them, is only to be explained by the circumstance of their militating against certain theories which were then most rashly supposed to have the authority of Scripture in their favour.

Among the writers by whom Hutton was most pertinaciously and virulently opposed, Kirwan and Deluc are conspicuous, from the influence they exercised over the public mind. The former, a chemist of some merit, was an uncompromising defender of the aqueous precipitation of all rocks; while Deluc reiterated the charge of infidelity against Hutton and his followers, objecting most particularly to the high antiquity attributed by them to our present continents, and the slow process by which valleys are supposed to have been excavated. 'At that time the numerous successive changes that have occurred in organic life, prior to the creation of the existing species had not been fully recognized; and without this class of proofs in support of the immense age of the globe, the indefinite periods demanded by the Huttonian hypothesis appeared visionary to many; and some, who unfortunately deemed the doctrine inconsistent with revealed truths, indulged very uncharitable feelings and language towards its author.' Mr. Lyell might have mentioned some external circumstances but too well fitted to support and nourish these unhappy prejudices, in the midst of which the contention of the rival factions was carried to such a height, as produced at length a re-action, in which all theory whatever was forsworn. A new school arose, who discountenanced speculative views, confined themselves strictly to observation of facts, and, carrying their scepticism to the opposite extreme, scarcely allowed an opinion to be formed where no reasonable doubt could exist. To collect and record observations was, however, at this epoch, the great desideratum, and to this end the institution of the Geological Society of London, founded in 1807, contributed very powerfully. Nor were the continental geologists idle. In particular the study of organic remains was advanced by them to a great degree of accuracy.

'It was found that, by the careful discrimination of the fossil contents of strata, the contemporary origin of different groups could often be established, even where all identity of mineralogical character was wanting, and where no light could be derived from the order of superposition. The minute investigation, moreover, of the relics of the animate creation of former ages, had a powerful effect in dispelling the illusion which

had long prevailed concerning the absence of analogy between the ancient and modern state of our planet. A close comparison of the recent and fossil species, and the inferences drawn in regard to their habits, accustomed the geologist to contemplate the earth as having been at successive periods the dwelling-place of animals and plants of different races, some of which were discovered to have been terrestrial, and others aquatic—some fitted to live in seas, others in the waters of lakes and rivers.

The adoption of the same generic, and, in some cases, even the same specific names for the exuvium of fossil animals, and their living analogues, was an important step towards familiarizing the mind with the idea of the identity and unity of the system in distant eras. It was an acknowledgment, as it were, that a considerable part of the ancient memorials of nature were written in a living language. The growing importance, then, of the natural history of organic remains, and its general application to geology, may be pointed out as the characteristic feature of the progress of the science during the present century.—pp. 72, 73.

Having arrived at the era of living authors, Mr. Lyell concludes his sketch of the progress of opinion in geology, and he then passes in review the chief circumstances by which it has been so strikingly retarded. The strongest and the most lasting prejudices against which geology has had to struggle, are those connected with the supposed age of the world, and the date of the first creation of animated beings. Even yet they are not wholly eradicated; and it is possible that there are some amongst our readers who may be startled by the assurance, that no doubt can at present be entertained, from the evidence of organic fossils alone, exclusive of other cumulative proofs, form the igneous and stratified rocks, that before the creation of any of the existing species of animals, of which MAN seems to be the most recent, the earth had been inhabited by innumerable other species, and other genera, successively created and extinguished during a lapse of time wholly immeasurable, but which *must* have comprehended millions of ages rather than of years.

‘It must always have been evident to unbiased minds, that successive strata, containing, in regular order of superposition, distinct beds of shells and corals, arranged in families as they grow at the bottom of the sea, could only have been formed by slow and insensible degrees in a great lapse of ages; yet, until organic remains were minutely examined and specifically determined, it was rarely possible to prove that the series of deposits met with in one country was not formed simultaneously with that found in another. But we are now able to determine, in numerous instances, the relative dates of sedimentary rocks in distant regions, and to show, by their organic remains, that they were not of contemporary origin, but formed in succession. We often find, that where an interruption in the consecutive formation in one district is indicated by a sudden transition from one assemblage of fossil species to another, the chasm is filled up in some other district, by other important groups of strata. The more attentively we

study the European continent, the greater we find the extension of the whole series of geological formations. No sooner does the calendar appear to be completed, and the signs of a succession of physical events arranged in chronological order, than we are called upon to intercalate, as it were, some new periods of vast duration. A geologist, whose observations have been confined to England, is accustomed to consider the superior and newer groups of marine strata in our island as modern, and such they are, comparatively speaking; but when he has travelled through the Italian peninsula and in Sicily, and has seen strata of more recent origin forming mountains several thousand feet high, and has marked a long series both of volcanic and submarine operations, all newer than any of the regular strata which enter largely into the physical structure of Great Britain, he returns with more exalted conceptions of the antiquity of some of those modern deposits, than he before entertained of the oldest of the British series.—pp. 87, 88.

‘There is not one great question relating to the former changes of the earth and its inhabitants into which considerations of time do not enter; and so long as the public mind was violently prejudiced in regard to this important topic, men of superior talent alone, who thought for themselves, and were not blinded by authority, could deduce any just conclusions from geological evidence.’—p. 302.

The part of our author's volume at which we are now arrived, contains a discussion of great interest on the uniformity of the physical laws influencing the surface of the globe, but which, perhaps, is introduced rather prematurely. The object of the work being to account for geological appearances by existing processes of change, we think the description of those processes should naturally precede any discussion on the propriety of supposing former variations in their nature or intensity. For this reason we shall defer for the present our notice of these topics, and proceed to follow our author's interesting relations of the changes now actually in progress on the earth's surface, by which some rocks are destroyed and others produced before our eyes. This portion of the subject is naturally divided into—1. Changes wrought by the action of water in motion, as by rain, springs, rivers, and currents of the ocean. 2. Changes brought about by subterranean forces of an igneous character, as volcanoes and earthquakes. The changes in organic nature are deferred to a subsequent volume.

The aqueous and the igneous agents of change may be considered almost as antagonist forces; the first incessantly labouring to reduce the inequalities of the earth's surface; the latter to restore them, partly by the protrusion of new matter, partly by upheaving or letting down portions of the solid crust of the globe. Many different agents frequently combine, so as to produce results of a complicated character, and this must be kept in view, while, for the sake of arrangement, they are separately treated of. Mr. Lyell first considers the action of running water on the surface of the land. He justly

mentions as a powerful agent of destruction, the enormous expansive force of water, when, after having made its way into the pores and crevices of rocks, it renders or shatters them on freezing. There is another agent of superficial erosion omitted by Mr. Lyell, and indeed seldom sufficiently noticed—namely, the direct descent of rain. Any one who has observed the waste on an exposed surface of clay, sand, or fine gravel, from a single sharp storm of rain, and considers that this effect is not, like that of rivers and torrents, confined within a narrow compass, but extended over the whole face of a country, will readily believe that, upon districts composed of such friable materials, the amount of degradation occasioned in a lapse of ages by this seemingly insignificant force must be far from inconsiderable. We are inclined to rank it among the most powerful agents of destruction; and we are led to this by two general observations that speak strongly to the purpose. It is a universal fact, that wherever groups of the softer strata, as of clay, sand, marles, &c. crop out from below others of a harder material, the former are worn down to a much lower level than the latter, generally so much as to produce a longitudinal valley; though it is not often that rivers flow along the depression, the course of the drainage having been apparently determined when the friable strata possessed a greater elevation. Our second remark is, that whenever projecting eminences rise from a district composed of the softer formations, they are almost invariably capped by a hard stratum or knot of rock, to which their preservation is obviously owing. The well known aspect of basaltic plateaus and peaks is a familiar illustration. But the only erosive force from which a vertical capping can protect a mass of strata, is that of the direct descent of rain. It is this, then, chiefly, that must have worn away the enormous quantity of matter by which such tabular hills were once connected. The most convincing and beautiful example of the powerful agency of rain is the spot called the Pyramids, near Botzen, in the Tyrol, where a large ravine, or rather valley, since it is at least a mile in width, has been excavated in a coarse conglomerate. From the bottom rise a great number of high and needle-shaped cones of gravel, each of which owes its preservation to a large boulder, in most cases remaining upon the apex, often nicely balanced upon a very narrow point, which it overhangs on every side almost like an umbrella. When the stone at length falls, the pyramid soon wastes down to the general level of the valley. It is evident that the boulder capping can have been no protection against the erosive force of a rivulet or torrent, which would have easily undermined it. It follows that the whole of this great ravine must owe its excavation (and it is evidently but of recent formation) to the force of vertical rains. But this power must have been equally active where the effects are not so obviously referable to it alone—over every other part of the Alps, and

of all lands, in proportion to the quantity and violence of the rain which annually falls on them, and the more or less yielding nature of their surfaces.

With regard to running water, no stream, whatever its size, from the smallest rill to the mightiest river, flows for any space straight on wards in the direct line of its general descent. Its *bias* continually oscillates from one side to the other, through the necessary inequality of the lateral resistances. On that side towards which the bias or force of the current sets, lateral erosion takes place, in proportion to the momentum of the stream and the solidity of the materials of the bank. The talus formed by deposits of sand or gravel, or by the fall of matter from an undermined bank, assists in deflecting the bias of the stream, and temporarily shifting its direction. From this oscillatory mode of progression all streams of water tend to wear themselves channels in a zig-zag, or rather a serpentine form, and where the matter excavated is sufficiently uniform, as in alluvial bottoms, the curves eaten out alternately on the right and left bank, correspond with almost geometrical exactness, owing to the angle at which each thread of water is deflected everywhere equalling the angle of incidence, and the force with which it shoots across the channel to impinge upon the one bank corresponding to that with which it has already been urged against the other. When these flexures become extremely deep, the aberration from the direct line of descent is often corrected at once by the river cutting through the isthmus which separates two neighbouring curves on the same bank. But besides the *lateral* abrasion exercised by running water on its banks, it possesses an almost equally active *vertical* force of abrasion, by which the channel is deepened at the same time that it is widened, or shifted on one side. When earthy matter becomes intermixed with running water, a new mechanical power is obtained by the attrition of sand and pebbles borne along by the stream, and impinging with the momentum they acquire against its banks or bottom. The specific gravity of many rocks is not more than twice, very rarely more than three times, that of water; so that the fragments propelled by a stream lose from a third to a half of what we esteem their weight, and are much more easily put in motion than we might imagine. The velocity of a stream determines the size and weight of the solid particles it can either keep in suspension, or drive with a rolling motion along its bottom. It is by the latter mode of action that running water exerts the greatest power in deepening its channel. Every stream, when swollen by sudden rains or the melting of snow, carries along much fine matter in suspension, and drifts coarser particles, as gravel, pebbles, or boulders, along its bottom. During floods there is a continual travelling of drift; the whole bed of the stream being in motion from one end to the other. Stones and gravel are propelled in this way, a greater or less distance, stopping at in-

tervals at the bends of the channel. The bias of the stream is there obliquely deflected to the opposite side, while the superior momentum of the rolling drift carries it into the stiller water beyond, which being incapable of keeping it in motion, it accumulates in a projecting talus exactly corresponding to the concavity excavated in the opposite bank. It is the momentum they possess when once set in motion by water that causes enormous blocks of stone to be rolled by floods, as we sometimes observe them, up inclined banks at the turnings of rivers. The heaviest boulders are, from this cause, often carried furthest, and reach the highest elevation. Part of the drift so deposited remains as a permanent and increasing gravel or sand bank, the stream deserting the talus by eating its way still deeper into the opposite bank; part is taken up again, and carried on further by the next flood. Meantime, by their attrition against the bed of the stream, the transported fragments wear it down, and are themselves rounded and diminished in size, till, if their course be sufficiently long, they are reduced to sand or silt, borne into the sea, and deposited there to await still further changes.

These laws are equally exemplified in the windings of a petty brook, and in those of a Mississippi. Nor do they apply only to the course of streams flowing through valleys composed of soft materials. The valleys of the Moselle and Meuse, among many, may be cited as instances of extreme sinuosity on the largest scale, being from six to eight hundred feet in depth, and often a mile or two in width, excavated through an elevated platform of transition slate and limestone; yet these valleys wind to such a degree, that the rivers occasionally return, after a circuit of fifteen or seventeen miles, to within a few hundred yards of the point they passed so long before. It has been justly remarked that such windings prove valleys, however large, to have been entirely excavated by slow fluvial erosion. Any great debacle, or diluvial current, might produce a straight trough-shaped channel, in the direct line of descent; but the idea of a sudden and violent rush of water excavating a channel in which it must have frequently wound its way back, in lazy flexures, towards the point from which it started, is absolutely unintelligible. We may mention the curvatures of the Wye, particularly that beautiful bend which almost encircles the promontory of Lancaut, opposite Piercefield, as an instance, nearer home, of the same convincing character. The general question, as to the origin of valleys, which is still much disputed, is one of a complicated nature, from the usual concurrence of many distinct causes. But when we have considered more fully the power of rain, rivers, and floods, to wear away and carry off the substance of the land, there will remain, we think, little doubt that this, aided by the occasional bursting of lake barriers, and changes of levels through earthquake, has been the main agent in effecting whatever alteration valleys have received

from the force of running water, since the land rose above the sea. The multiplication of the lateral shiftings of a river tends to obliterate all traces of its earlier channels, and reduce the general excavation to a more or less straight trough; for instances must necessarily be rare in which the bias of a stream has remained so constant for ages to one direction as to give a sinuous form to the whole valley. But in all cases the sum of its lateral workings is the general width of every excavated valley (or, according to the popular phrase, valley of denudation,) as its depth may be expressed by the sum of the river's vertical erosion. The vast power of running water, in moving stones and heavy fragments of rock, is illustrated by Mr. Lyell from the effect of the storms which last year devastated the north-east of Scotland.*

The river Don forced, on one point, a mass of four or five hundred tons of stones, many of them two or three hundred pounds weight, up an inclined plane rising six feet in 8 or 10 yards. A large stone, of three or four tons, which Mr. Farquharson had known for many years in a deep pool of the river, was moved about one hundred yards from its place. By a mere rivulet in the Cheviot hills, flowing with a moderate declivity, several thousand tons of pebbles and sand were transported to the plain of the Till; and a bridge, then in progress of building, was carried away, the arch stones of which, weighing from half to three quarters of a ton each, were propelled two miles down the rivulet. On the same occasion, the current tore away from the abutment of a mill-dam a large block of green stone, weighing nearly two tons, and transported it to a distance of a quarter of a mile. Instances are related, as occurring repeatedly, in which from one to three thousand tons of gravel are, in like manner, removed to great distances in one day. When we consider how insignificant are the volume and velocity of the rivers and streams in our island, when compared to those of the Alps and other lofty chains, and how during the various changes which the levels of different districts have undergone, the contingencies which give rise to floods must, in the lapse of ages, be multiplied, we may easily conceive that the quantity of loose superficial matter, distributed over Europe, must be very considerable. That the position, also, of a great portion of these travelled materials should now appear most irregular, and should often bear no relation to the existing water-drainage of the country, is a necessary consequence, as we shall afterwards see, of the combined operations of running water and subterranean movements.—p. 175.

Some proofs, afforded by the volcanic districts of central France, of the power recently exerted by running water in excavating the hardest materials, basalt, and granite, were

* Mr. Lyell would, probably, have enlarged more on this subject had the very lively account of these devastations by Thomas Lauder Dick been sooner published. We cannot at present do more than direct attention in a passing manner to a volume which will be found full of instruction and interest, and illustrated by spirited etchings, which makes every statement clear to the least scientific reader.

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given in a former Number of this Journal. Mr. Lyell confirms these from his own observations, and adds some similar facts from rivers flowing at the foot of Mount Etna: one of them, the Simeto, has, in the course of about two centuries, eroded a channel, from fifty to several hundred feet wide, and from forty to fifty deep, through a mass of compact lava, which flowed into and obstructed the valley in 1603.

On descending into this exceedingly recent excavation in a modern rock, a geologist, Mr. Lyell, observes, 'who is accustomed to associate the characteristic features of the landscape with the relative age of certain rocks, can scarcely dissuade himself from the belief that he is contemplating a scene in some rocky gorge of a primary district. The external forms of the hard, blue lava are as massive as any of the most ancient trap-rocks of Scotland. The solid surface is, in some parts, smoothed and almost polished by attrition, and covered, in others, with a white lichen, which imparts to it an air of extreme antiquity, so as greatly to heighten the delusion.'—p. 179

The fall of Niagara is an instance of the power running water may exercise in altering the features of a country. It is calculated that, by the sap and fall of the hard limestone rock, over which the river is precipitated into a softer shale formation beneath, the cataract retrogrades towards Lake Erie at the rate of fifty yards in forty years. The distance already travelled by it, from the lower opening of the narrow gorge it has evidently cut by this process, is seven miles, and the remaining distance to be performed, before it reaches Lake Erie, is twenty-five. Had the limestone platform been less extensive, this enormous basin might have been already drained, as it must ultimately be, when the fall has receded to its margin, its average depth being far less than the height of the cataract. The changes going on in the basin of the Mississippi, through the action of that magnificent river, afford Mr. Lyell equally striking examples in favour of his principles. His description of the deep and symmetrical curves of the river, the *cut-offs*, the immense erosion going on upon its borders—several *poes*, thickly covered with wood, being precipitated at a time into the stream—the islands and banks formed lower down by the accumulation of these materials, and again washed away, perhaps, by the next flood, to be again deposited still nearer to the ocean, confirm and illustrate our remarks. One of the most interesting features of this river is the enormous rafts of drift timber it floats towards the sea, occasionally depositing them for a time, together with vast beds of mud and gravel, in some of its deserted channels. One of these rafts is described by Darby, in 1816, as *ten miles* in length, about two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet deep. It is continually increasing by the addition of fresh drift-wood, and rises and falls with the water on which it floats; evidently waiting only an extraordinary flood to bear it

off into the gulf of Mexico, where far greater deposits of the same kind are in progress at the extremity of the delta. The Mississippi offers an example of a remarkable hydrographical law, namely, that the width of a river is by no means proportioned to its volume of water, but, on the contrary, after the junction of two or more confluent streams, the united stream often occupies less space than *either* of them did before; the increase of depth and velocity, caused by the greater volume, compensating for the diminished surface.

'The Mississippi is a mile and a half wide at its junction with the Missouri, the latter being half a mile wide; yet the united waters have only, from their confluence to that of the Ohio, a medial breadth of about three-quarters of a mile. The junction of the Ohio seems also to produce no increase, but rather a decrease, of surface.—The St. Francis, White Arkansas, and Red rivers, are also absorbed by the main stream, with scarcely any apparent increase of its width; and on arriving near the sea at New Orleans, it is scarcely half a mile wide.'

Its depth there, however, is enormous, being no less, at the highest water, than one hundred and sixty-eight feet. Those who have remarked how widely streams spread themselves when they drift much fragmentary matter of a large size (like the Var, the Durance, the Trebin, &c.,) and, on the contrary, their habitual depth and narrowness when flowing through vales formed of very fine alluvium (as the Gari-gliano, the Tiber, the Severn, &c.,) will attribute the power possessed by the Mississippi, and most other rivers, of deepening their channel, and consequently, lessening their surface, to the greater subdivision of the matter through which they flow the nearer they approach to the sea.

The basin of this mighty stream exhibits, also, the co-operation of subterranean movements with the power of water, in altering the surface of continents. So late as 1812, the whole valley, from the mouth of the Ohio to that of the St. Francis, was convulsed to such a degree, as to create new islands in the river, and lakes in the alluvial plain, many of which were twenty miles in extent. Yet, however great the scale on which alterations are here daily going on before our eyes—however enormous must be their combined result during a series of ages—there is no region more richly endowed with the powers of supporting both animal and vegetable life.

'Innumerable herds of wild deer and bison feed on the luxuriant pastures of the plains.—The jaguar, the wolf, and the fox are amongst the beasts of prey. The waters teem with alligators and tortoises, and their surface is covered with millions of migratory water-fowl which perform their annual voyage between the Canadian lakes and the shores of the Mexican gulf. The power of man begins to be sensibly felt, and the wilderness to be replaced by towns, orchards, and gardens. The gilded steam-boat, like a moving city, now stems the current with a steady pace—now shoots rapidly down the descending stream through the solitudes of the forests and

prairies. Already does the flourishing population of the great valley exceed that of the thirteen United States when first they declared their independence. Such is the state of a continent where rocks and trees are hurried annually, by a thousand torrents, from the mountains to the plains, and where sand and finer matter are swept down by a vast current to the sea, together with the wreck of countless forests and the bones of animals which perish in the inundations. When these materials reach the Gulf, they do not render the waters unfit for aquatic animals; but on the contrary, the ocean here swarms with life, as it generally does where the influx of a great river furnishes a copious supply of organic and mineral matter. Yet many geologists, when they behold the spoils of the land heaped in successive strata and blended confusedly with the remains of fishes, or interspersed with broken shells and corals, imagine that they are viewing the signs of a turbulent, instead of a tranquil and settled state of the planet. They read in such phenomena the proof of chaotic disorder, and reiterated catastrophes, instead of indications of a surface as habitable as the most delicious and fertile districts now tenanted by man. They are not content with disregarding the analogy of the present course of Nature, when they speculate on the revolutions of past times, but they often draw conclusions concerning the former state of things directly the reverse of those to which a fair induction from facts would infallibly lead them.—pp.189, 190.

We have not space to follow Mr. Lyell in his description of the effects produced by floods, and the bursting of lakes, caused through the damming up of a valley by landslips, avalanches, earthquakes, or volcanic ejections; and must refer our readers to the work itself for several very interesting examples, of a late date, in North America, Switzerland, and Italy. Indeed the far greater number of the illustrations our author produces throughout his whole volume of the alterations in progress on the surface of the globe, are drawn from accounts of *very recent* occurrences, mostly within the last half century; and this, in truth, is a matter of necessity to one who rejects all ill-authenticated facts, since it is but of late that the attention of men of science, or of travellers competent to describe them correctly, has been drawn to such natural operations. But hence the reflection continually arises—if, with our still most imperfect means of information, such is the extent of the changes observed within so brief a period, how vast must they have been even since the introduction of man upon the earth, and what ought we not to expect of the same forces acting through the countless ages which have certainly elapsed since the primary elevation of the continents we inhabit from the bosom of the deep?

The next chapter treats of the abundance of mineral matter brought to the surface of the earth by springs, in a state of solution, and precipitated, on exposure to the air, either along the course of rivers, or in the marshes, lakes, and seas, into which they are discharged. Mineralized springs abound generally in the vicinity of active or extinct volcanoes, and are probably,

for the most part, owing to the condensation of vapours rising from the subterranean reservoir of intensely heated matter, whose existence is attested by the volcanic phenomena. Calcareous deposits are the most plentiful of any. The travertin of Italy is still produced, on a prodigious scale, in the valley of the Elsa, at San Vignone and San Filippo in Tuscany, and in the Campagna of Rome near Tivoli. At San Filippo, a hard stratum of stone, about a foot in thickness, is deposited by the stream every four months, and has, within a short period, produced a mass stretching down the hill on which the baths are situated, a mile and a quarter in length, the third of a mile in breadth, and in some places two hundred and fifty feet thick at least. This recent rock is highly crystalline, and exhibits in places the globular-concretionary, the cellular, and the laminated structures, exactly in the manner of the magnesian limestone of Sunderland. These tufas, or modern limestones, occasionally envelop reeds, leaves, shells, and other organic matters, and preserve their impressions when the substance decays and is carried off by infiltrations, which frequently replace it by fresh mineral matter. In the marshes of Hungary, extensive horizontal beds of such travertin are continually deposited, and are quarried largely for building-stone. Near the shores of the Lake Urmir, between the Black Sea and Caspian, a *marble*, much used in ornamental architecture, is *hodie*, produced rapidly from a thermal spring. The quantity of calcareous rock deposited by mineral waters in volcanic districts, conspicuous as it is, must be considered insignificant in comparison with that which is conveyed by rivers to the sea, or produced by springs issuing out into the low levels occupied by the ocean.

Our inability to observe subaqueous accumulations resulting from this source, is one of many causes of our inadequate conception of the changes now in progress on the earth's surface. It has often been supposed, that a greater part of the coral reefs in the Indian and Pacific oceans were based on submarine volcanoes—which seems indicated by the circular shape so frequently assumed by them; but perhaps a still stronger argument in favour of this theory might be deduced from the great abundance of carbonate of lime required for the rapid growth of zoophytic and shelly limestones—an abundance which could only be looked for where there are active volcanoes and frequent earthquakes, among the isles of the South Pacific. We may confidently infer, the development of organic life would be promoted in corals, sponges, and testaceous mollusca, by the heat, carbonic acid, lime, silica, and other mineral ingredients in a state of solution, given out by submarine springs, in the same manner as the vegetation was observed by Sir H. Davy to be quickened in the lake of the Solfatara, in the Campagna di Roma.—pp.211, 212.

Calcareous rocks are dissolved by spring water percolating through them, particularly when charged, as nearly all springs are, more or less, with carbonic acid; and to this cause are to be attributed the innumerable subterranean cavi-

ties and winding passages which exclusively occur in limestone formations, in our own as well as in other countries. A subterranean rill of water flowing through the frequent fissures of such rocks must gradually have enlarged them into caverns or galleries, which, after the stream had shifted to some other channel, afforded a retreat to wild animals. Should any further change, occasioned by the processes of excavation or elevation going on in this district, have permitted the waters of any neighbouring rivulet or river to find their way into these winding caves, the animals will have been expelled, mud washed in, and after the water had again drained off, covered with the Stalagmitic incrustation that drops from their roof. Thus simply may we explain the bone caves of limestone districts, which have generated so many wonderful theories. Springs which deposit *silex* are exclusively thermal, and only met with near active volcanos. Vegetable and animal matter is not merely enveloped by them, but by degrees completely silicified. The Geysers of Iceland are noted and copious sources of this mineral. Should such break out, as is probable, in a region of submarine volcanos, we may expect beds of chert, and layers and nodules of *silex*, to be spread far and wide over the bed of the sea, and interstratified with shelly and calcareous deposits, or with matter derived from the wasting of cliffs or volcanic ejections. Iron is held in solution by most springs, and acts as a frequent cementing and colouring principle in the subaqueous deposits now in progress. 'When we find, therefore, that so many sandstones and other rocks in the sedimentary strata are bound together or stained by iron, it presents us with a striking point of analogy between the state of things at very distant epochs.' Brine springs are also common in the vicinity of volcanic rocks, as well as sources of bitumen and naphtha; and the bituminous shales and limestones of earlier formation seem to attest the former impregnation of the waters of lakes and seas from similar sources. We may, indeed, remark generally, that a large portion of the finer particles and the more crystalline substances found in sedimentary rocks of different ages, are composed of the same elements as are now held in solution by springs, just as the coarser materials bear an equally strong resemblance to the alluvial matter deposited in the beds and deltas of torrents and rivers, and, as far as we can observe them, in the basins of existing lakes and seas.

Mr. Lyell next proceeds to the consideration of these alluvial formations, or, according to his division of the subject, the *reproductive* effects of running water. The formation of *deltas*, that is, deposits of alluvium at the openings of rivers into *stagnant* water, goes on equally in lakes as in the ocean, with this difference only, that they tend much more rapidly to fill up the former, from the inferiority of their area and depth. The completion of this process transforms the lake into an alluvial plain, watered by

the river, which previously deposited all its drift and sediment there, but now carries them forward into some lower lake, which it proceeds to fill by the same process, or, in default of such, into the sea. The lake of Geneva is thus being gradually filled up by the deposits of the Rhone, which have created a tract of land, a mile and a half in width, between the ancient town Port Vallais, once, as the name implies, on the lake, and its present margin. Mr. Lyell's remarks on the ascertained horizontality of these and similar alluvial beds, and their division into layers or strata, are important, but we cannot find room for them. Almost every transverse valley in mountainous countries affords proofs of its having once consisted of a string of lakes, which have been filled up, one after the other, in this way, and now appear as so many basins containing an expanse of flat alluvial land, separated from each other by narrow and rocky gorges, in which we trace the former barriers of the lakes. At these points, the river is gradually wearing down the rocks it runs over, by help of the detritus drifted from the plain above; and as fast as the barrier is cut through, the lowering of the river channel above takes place, and remnants of the alluvial beds of the former lake are left in a series of terraces, at different heights, above the actual water level. This filling up of hollows, and cutting through of rocky barriers, is the universal process by which running water ever labours to produce a more uniform declivity. Though the Rhone has not yet obliterated, as it sooner or later will, the Lake of Geneva, many *hundreds* of alluvial tracts of equal and some of greater area, once evidently lakes likewise, may be seen as we follow up this river and its principal tributaries to their sources.* Mr. Lyell justly remarks on the absurdity of Deluc and Kirwan, who brought forward the marine deltas, and particularly that of the Rhone, as exact chronological data for measuring the time that has elapsed since the birth of our continents. It is evident, that till every lake along the course of a river has been filled up, its whole transporting power will not operate in enlarging the delta at its opening into the sea. After this process has been accomplished, the stream may in a few years carry to the sea as much matter as it previously conveyed there in as many ages.

The shores of the Baltic, and still more of the gulf of Bothnia, are rapidly gaining upon these seas by the accession of new land. To this gradual shallowing of the water near the shore is probably to be attributed the opinion that the surface of the whole Baltic is being annually lowered, an opinion which, in spite of the powerful support of Von Buch, has been at length satisfactorily refuted. The delta of the Rhone advances fast into the Mediterranean. Places which were islands in the ninth century are now two leagues from the sea; and a tower, erected as a lighthouse, on the shore, so lately as 1737, is now a mile from it. The deposit of this river consists chiefly of *solid rock*, not loose matter

* Lyell, p. 224.

In the museum of Montpellier is a cannon, taken up from the sea near the mouth of the Rhone imbedded in a chrystalline limestone. An arenaceous rock, cemented by calcareous matter, including multitudes of broken unmineralized shells, is also taken up in large masses, for use as building stone. The delta of the Po is pushed forward still more quickly. Adria was a seaport in the time of Augustus—it is now *twenty miles inland*. Donati, by dredging the bottom of the Adriatic, between Dalmatia and the mouth of the Po, found the new deposits to consist partly of mud and partly of rock, the latter calcareous, and inclosing shells. He ascertained, also, that particular species of testacea are grouped together in certain places, and are becoming slowly incorporated with the mud or calcareous precipitates. In fact, there seems to be a complete identity of composition between the beds now slowly forming in the Adriatic and the strata of the sub-Apennine hills. From the abrupt manner in which the high land bordering this gulf rises from the alluvial flats on its coast line, Mr. Lyell suggests the probability that its basin was at first of great depth, and that the sedimentary beds which have accumulated over its bottom equal in mass the tertiary marls of Parma or the conglomerates of Nice, which measure a thousand feet in thickness.

The delta of the Nile offers circumstances of equal interest; but that of the Ganges is yet more remarkable, from the extensive scale and vast rapidity of its transformations. Its coast line is two hundred miles in length, and, according to Major Rennell, the most newly formed portion of it, a wilderness of islands and creeks inhabited by tigers and alligators, equals alone in area the whole principality of Wales. So great is the quantity of mud and sand poured into the gulf in the flood season, that the sea only recovers its transparency at the distance of sixty miles from the coast, and the mud is found, by soundings, to be carried at least sixty miles further. Here, then, is a marine formation now in progress, horizontally disposed over an area of at least two hundred miles, by one hundred and twenty! In the branches and at the mouth of this mighty river, new islands are constantly forming, and old ones swept off. Mr. Colebrook mentions tracts of land *forty square miles in extent*, and more than one hundred feet in thickness, as having been washed away within a few years, in one locality. Some of the new islands, says Rennell, formed within a very short period, rival in size and fertility the Isle of Wight. No sooner are they thrown up to the level of the highest floods, than they are overrun with reeds, long grass, and shrubs, composing jungles, where tigers, buffaloes, deer, and other wild animals, take shelter. Crocodiles also swarm on the mud banks and islands at the extremity of the coast. It is easy to perceive that both animal and vegetable remains must be continually imbedded in the sediment which subsides in the delta.—How uncalled for, then, are the general catas-

trophes and revolutions resorted to by cosmogonists, to account for the entombing of successive races of animals in the older strata, when the same process is obviously going on at present amidst the general tranquillity and order that reigns throughout the rich and populous delta of Bengal!

The delta of the Mississippi, as might be expected, increases rapidly. It has advanced many leagues since New Orleans was built. Great submarine deposits are also in progress, stretching far and wide over the bottom of the sea, which is become very shallow throughout a vast area. Opposite the opening of the Mississippi large rafts of drift timber are met with, matted into a network many yards in thickness, and stretching over *hundreds of square leagues*. They afterwards become covered with a fine mud, on which other layers of trees are deposited the year ensuing, until numerous alternations of earthy and vegetable matter are accumulated. The geologist will recognize in this relation of Darby the type of the formation of the ancient lignites and coal-fields.

The immense deposits of mud and sand at or near the mouths of great rivers will not astonish us, if we reflect on the large proportion of sedimentary matter which their waters carry down, and which never finds its way back again; while the water, on the contrary, is eternally raised by evaporation, and returned in rain upon the land. Manfredi, the celebrated hydrographer, calculated the average proportion of sediment in all the running water on the globe to be 1 in 175. Supposing this to be correct, in every 175 years a quantity of sedimentary matter would be carried into the ocean, equal in bulk to the aggregate volume of water contributed to it in a year by all the streams of the world, which every one will perceive must be enormous. But the late Major Rennell actually reckoned the quantity of mud held in suspension by the Ganges during floods, as one-fourth of its bulk. If this were true, as well as the estimate the same eminent hydrographer formed of the volume of the Ganges, this river alone, during the flood season, carries down *daily* into the Indian ocean upward of 8641 millions of cubic feet of mud! Even if we suppose this greatly exaggerated, there will remain enough to prevent our continuing to make light of the prodigious formations hourly accumulating at the sides and bottom of the ocean, or of the power of running water to excavate and carry off the materials of the land. Few geologists would be found any longer to speak of the actual erosive agency of water as insignificant, were the immense volume of matter carried into the sea in a given time duly ascertained, since all must admit that the whole, with slight exceptions, is subtracted from *valleys*; in other words, that ancient valleys have been excavated, and new ones formed, to the extent of the space which the new deposits, when consolidated, would occupy.

When torrents flow directly into a sea or

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lake, as along all mountainous coasts, the transported matter consists of coarse gravel, pebbles, and boulders. Vast deposits of this kind are probably forming at present in the deep sea, at the base of the Ligurian Alps, for example, and levelled by the marine currents and waves which wear away this rocky coast. By periodical changes in the rapidity and volume of rivers, or in the direction of marine currents, such coarse deposits are often made to alternate with finer. When two rivers meet in one mouth, the common delta is often successively the receptacle of different sediments derived from the converging streams, whose periods of flood do not always coincide. The one is perhaps charged with calcareous, the other with argillaceous matter, or one may sweep down sand and pebbles, the other mud. These differences may be repeated with considerable regularity, until a thickness of hundreds of feet of alternating beds is accumulated. Again, among the infinite shiftings which occur at the mouths of deltas, it must frequently happen that the same area is alternately, during a considerable period, covered with salt water, and with fresh; and hence occasional alternations and admixtures of fluvial and marine deposits must be expected in such situations.

(To be continued.)

From the *London Athenæum*.

RETROSPECTIONS OF THE STAGE. By the late John Bernard, Manager of the American Theatres, and formerly Secretary to the Beef-steak Club. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

There is a large class of young men who idle about theatres, lounge in lobbies and green-rooms, and live in the steam and stench of hot oil and orange peel—frequent coal-holes, cider cellars, and harmonic clubs—play practical jokes, and have a loose sort of wit and morals, to whom these volumes will be abundantly entertaining; to more respectable persons, men of informed minds and refined taste—one fourth would be pleasant reading, if it were not alloyed by the other three. It is a work of anecdote and story; but the stories are often exceedingly silly and trifling; and the anecdotes are related of persons, many of whom we cannot but despise. We pronounce this judgment with hesitation and reluctance, not because we have any doubt in our own mind, but that we are conscious the news-room talkers will differ from us, and the public press will countenance their dissent. It is an excellent book for newspaper paragraphs; and the editors will find an apology in commendation. One good will result from this—if any man has the patience to wait a month, he will have read in the newspapers all that is readable, and, if he have any wholesome natural appetite, a great deal more than he desires; even if his taste be corrupted down to the flash and balderdash of theatrical conversation, he may still be assured nothing will remain in the volumes worth the cost of them.

While all that relates to the drama is of high interest, much that has reference to actors is below contempt;—of all trash, the vilest is the floating gossip of a green-room. Cibber has immortalized himself by his Autobiography, because it is the history of the drama of his age and of those who best illustrated it—not their personal, but their dramatic history; and what is there in critical skill and discrimination that equals his notices of Betterton, Kynaston, Sandford, and twenty others—but, above all, Mrs. Montfort?—His genius has given permanency to the fame of those whose fame is usually so perishable. Mr. Bernard, on the contrary, is the chronicler of actors—of personal anecdote, gossip, practical jokes, and nonsense;—throughout a great part of his work, of provincial actors, mere strollers, who often filched for a meal, and whose contrivances to cheat their landlady occupy, upon occasions, two or three pages: he hardly ever ventures on a critical opinion; and when brought into immediate contact with any one for whom we feel the least interest, he shrinks from them on the extraordinary plea that they are well known: we believe that, throughout the whole work, Mrs. Siddons is only once, and then only incidentally, mentioned—and this in "Retrospections of the Stage!" Having given this general judgment of the work, we shall do our best not to support it by proof, but to bring forward such extracts as may seem to contradict it; for we feel bound to consult our readers' entertainment rather than defend our opinion; and we have said before, that one-fourth of these volumes is pleasant reading.

Mr. Bernard was the son of a lieutenant in the navy, and born at Portsmouth in 1756. His passion for theatricals broke out so early as ten years of age; and the personal sketch of Mr. Mattocks, manager of the theatre, is one of the best in the volume, and gave us promise, which we have acknowledged the work did not realize:

"Mr. Mattocks, to my infant fancy, was the *beau idéal* of a hero and a fine gentleman. * * * I can remember very well how I used to stand staring at him with a company of kite-flying urchins, as he came sailing down the principal street of a morning to rehearsal, arrayed in a gold-laced suit of green and white, with a bagwig, three cornered cocked-hat, a silver mounted cane, and a silver handled hanger. There was such a swan-like dignity about him, such a fascinating glitter, and 'stand-out-of-the-way' consequence; his feather floating, his skirts flying, his sword dangling, and his stick thumping, as he proceeded."

His father's return induced the family to remove for a short time to town; and here again Mr. Bernard plays the critic much to our satisfaction and subsequent disappointment;—what follows is when speaking of Barry in Othello:—

"His gradual preparation for the volcanic burst of—I'll tear her all to pieces, and the burst itself, in its exquisite agony, as well as power, surpassed the grandest of the effects which the stage in those days saw so frequently. You could observe the muscles stiffening, the veins

distending, and the red blood boiling through his dark skin—a mighty flood of passion accumulating for several minutes—and at length bearing down its barriers, and sweeping onward in thunder, love, reason, mercy, all before it. The females, at this point, used invariably to shriek, whilst those with stouter nerves grew uproarious in admiration; for my own part, I remember that the thrill it gave me took away my sleep the entire night. The very antithesis of this, was the manner in which he gave the words 'Oh, Desdemona!—away—away—away!'—Instead of blustering them out, as I have mostly seen done by a gentleman with a bosom of adamant and lungs of leather, he looked a few seconds in Desdemona's face, as if to read her feelings and disprove his suspicions; then, turning away, as the adverse conviction gathered in his heart, he spoke them flusteringly, and gushed into tears."

This opportunity of seeing the great actors only strengthened his passion for theatres; and after the customary offences of private theatricals, he ran away from home and a solicitor's office—joined a strolling company in Somersetshire—and made his *debut* with such success, that, "on the second night of my appearance, the manager followed me to my lodging, to present me with a share of the receipts, viz. eight shillings of the king's current coin, and three tallow-candles of Bristol manufacture."

The following anecdote of the manager is extremely well told; and, as Mr. Bernard says, well illustrates how skilfully a man of talent may combine the duties of actor and manager:—

"It was his general practice to take the money at the pit door, another actor officiating at the boxes. One evening, when committing a dramatic homicide on Richard, the half price was coming in. Never, in the sublimest of his historic illusions, was he altogether so enveloped in Shakespeare that he forgot himself; his vigilant right eye was cocked upon the pit entrance, to see that his substitute fulfilled his duty, or that the unprincipled bumpkins of the village did not confound their individuality, and pass in a group. He had concluded the soliloquy in the tent-scene, and, rousing at the words of Catesby, had repeated the line—'Shadows, avaunt! you threaten here in vain!'—when he suddenly espied a malefactor stealing in unobserved; the interest of Richard's situation was instantly forgotten in his own;—substance as well as shadows departed; and, with a distinguishing gesticulation, he exclaimed, 'That man in the grey coat came in without paying!' He then subjoined, with a burst of truly rational triumph, 'Richard's himself gain!'"

Of the expedients of a strolling company, and the discriminating judgment of a country audience, we have the following in proof. Upon some occasion they were disappointed of an actor, who was to have played the Colonel in the 'Bold Stroke for a Wife.' The play was announced, a full house expected, and therefore a general council was called to decide what performance should be substituted:—

"After canvassing the merits and peculiarities of twenty pieces, 'The Orphan' appeared to be

the least difficult, and we fixed upon it. Two other queries were now to be considered, whether, and how, we should acquaint the publick with a change. Mr. Osborne remarked, that as we expected a full house to the Comedy—(the title, as well as that of 'A Bold Stroke for a Husband,' being very attractive in small country towns, where there are a great many unmarried young people)—he feared that the announcement of a Tragedy would turn money from the doors; and as that event was less desirable to the company than the public enlightenment, it was decided on, *nem. con.*, that 'The Orphan' should be presented instead of the 'Bold Stroke,' but without any promulgation; thus leaving it to the critical acumen of our audience to distinguish between Thalia and Melpomene!

"The night came—the house filled—the curtain went up—the play went on—moreover, it went down: not a whisper was breathed—not a fan agitated—not a hand struck its fellow: one would have thought not a heart beat—all was observation and quiescence as usual—dead and deep—the spectators gazing upon us as though we were certain unearthly appearances, or more exactly like the people of a city in the 'Arabian Nights,' who were suddenly converted into stone: the same raising of the brow, dropping of the jaw, propping of the chin, and settling of the eye, continuing from the commencement to the close of the act. On this occasion, however, we were not inclined to murmur at their silence, fearing, on the contrary, that the first exclamation would be to our detection, and, consequently, the rousing of the sleeping lion to our disgrace. But fate willed it otherwise. The play proceeded—the actors went on and off—and nothing occurred to disturb either the looks or positions of the audience, till in the midst of the fourth act, when I, (as Castalio,) addressing Monimia's maid, exclaimed in reply to her refusal to admit me—

By heaven! I'll scale the window, and get in by force,
Let the glad consequence be what it may!

at which an old maiden lady, in a high-crowned critical cap, with spectacles on her nose, and her peaked chin propped on an ivory-headed cane (who had sat as mute and motionless all the evening as the rest) suddenly relaxed her fixidity, and exclaimed, giving three emphatic taps with her staff—'Bravo, young man—bravo—that's a "bold stroke for a wife," indeed!'—Whether it was the example of so respectable a person, or a general concurrence in the justice of her criticism, I know not—but the impulse was electrical—the train was fired; tongues, hands, and heels, were loosened to their welcome office, and a universal explosion of approbation took place. Castalio was at length obliged to rise from his supplications to Monimia, and return thanks to the public: thus eminently consoled in the extraordinary warmth of one mistress, for the extraordinary aversion of the other." i. 108—111.

At this time Mr. Bernard was trooping it in Essex and Suffolk; and at Needham he became acquainted with Miss Macklin, who had retired there from public life. She was not then upon good terms with her father, and we think there were sufficient grounds for the quarrel: "their

original disagreement, as she informed me, grew out of a reading in Portia—she always said that 'mercy was mightiest in the mightiest;' but he, maintaining it 'was mightiest in the mightiest,' showed her no mercy, but instantly renounced her."

Mr. Bernard now joins the Norwich company, marries Mrs. Cooper, a widow, and tells some of the silliest stories we ever read. One, however, of a strolling manager, whom he calls Jemmy Whitely, may be excepted:—

"One of his expedients to invigorate the business when it was getting into a 'decline,' was to advertise what he called his 'Chinese Conjuror,' the phenomenon of a figure, which, by internal machinery, would not only walk, move, and look like a man, but speak also—being capable of answering any question that was put to it, upon two minutes' consideration. The figure was made of pasteboard, with very ample habiliments, rather exceeding in dimension the human form, and was managed upon the following system. After taking off its head, pulling aside its garments, and opening its breast, to show that it contained no human being, it was placed over a trap, up which an actor ascended, and took possession of its interior unobserved. It then moved about, to the astonishment of the spectators, and sat down to be questioned.—Meanwhile, the company having studied a series of questions and answers with the unseen confederate, had disguised themselves in their plain clothes, and dispersed about the front. By the variety and frequency of their inquiries, the mouths of the audience were sealed; and as each one, before he made an interrogation, took care to inform those about him of its nature, the truth of the replies involved the assembly in a sentiment of profound astonishment. This took very well at first; but if the voice of the machine, or the persons of the confederates, did not betray the artifice, on a succeeding evening some infernal Yorkshireman found his way into the pit, which answered the same end. On one occasion, a countryman, who happened to be suspicious, hearing a good deal of 'Troy, and Rome, and Greece, and the Muses, and the kings of England, and Shakspeare,' asked after and answered, suddenly got up and inquired of the figure what was his mother's grandmother's name? Whitely, who officiated on the stage during this, was not confounded at the fellow's subtlety, but whispered the image, which immediately howled out in Irish, '*Oh! one Gruish kin agrany!*'—There, my darling," said the manager; "there's your grandmother's foldediddle for you." All eyes were bent upon Tyke, who shook his head and replied:—Na, it beant—ma moother's grandmother's neam be Deborah Dykes!"—Well, you bogtrotter!" replied Jemmy, "and isn't Ohil one Gruish kin agrany, the Chinese for Deborah Dykes? and if you hadn't interrupted the jontlemans, wouldn't he have come to the dirty English of it presently?" i. 160—63.

Mr. Bernard afterwards visits Ireland, and we think this by no means the worst part of the volumes. There is occasionally something of graphic power—something beyond the mere nonsense of what this worthless fellow and that other ragabond did or said. We never object to what is merely low,—because low life is often full of

character, and low language full of vigour—but we object to what is vulgar, which means commonplace, and has no reference to the rank of the parties. The following is a genuine piece of Irish logic:—

"His landlady was what was termed a 'general dealer,' and, among other things, sold bread and whiskey. A customer entering her shop, inquired if she had any thing to ate and drink. 'To be sure,' she replied; I have got a thimbleful of the crature, my darling, that comes only to twopence; and this big little loaf you may have for the same money!'—Both twopence?'—Both the same—as I'm a Christian woman, and worth double the sum.'—Fill me the whiskey, if you please.' She did so, and he drank it; then rejoined:—It comes to twopence my jewel: I'm not hungry—take back the loaf,' tendering it.—Yes, honey, but what pays for the whiskey?'—Why, the loaf, to be sure!'—But you haven't paid for the loaf?'—Why, you wouldn't have a man pay for a thing he hasn't eat?' A friend going by was called in by the landlady to decide this difficulty, who gave it against her; and from some deficiency in her powers of calculation, she permitted the rogue to escape."

Again, the breaking up and departure of the strollers is to our taste, and with it we conclude:—

"Our measures were accordingly taken, and on a clear autumn morning, by daybreak, we quitted Cork, with our luggage-loaded car—the driver, an especial 'cracher, at the horses' heads; Mrs. Taplin seated at the top, with all the dignity she infused in Queen Elizabeth; and ourselves marching out two-by-two, with bundles, foils, and stage properties under our arms.

"The first day of our journey passed over without much event; but we derived sufficient amusement from the peculiarities of the carman, a mop-headed, lark-limbed beauty, whose clothes were so ragged, that as he strode along with his coat, shirt, and breeches fluttering behind him, he put us in mind of a persevering ship making its way against a head-wind. This gentleman never whipped his horses when they were low-spirited and lazy, but reasoned with them as though they had been a pair of the Hounyhms, mentioned by Gulliver, or intelligent Christian beings. 'Arrah, Barney,' he'd say to the leader, 'arn't you a pretty spalpeen to suffer your own brother Teddy to lug the car up the hill by himself? Haven't I set you before him as an example? Have you any heart to forgit a friend becase you don't see him? Oh! bad luck to your faalings! Arrah, Teddy, (to the other,) don't you see, my darling, what Barney is at? he wants to rin away from you, and get to the little shebeen-house half a mile off, and ate up all your corn before you come. Hurry, hurry, my darling, or divil the mouthful will he lave you?"

"Strange as it may seem, these addresses produced the desired effect, and Barney and Teddy, as shaggy as a pair of lions, would pluck up courage, and pull along like a couple of camels. Observing that one of them was lame, we noticed this to their owner, as an infringement of our contract. 'Lame, your honour!' he replied—'No sich thing—the boy's quite parfect; only, you see, it's a way he has of resting one leg till the other three are tired."

The following is a graphic description of Irish travelling:—

"Our journey to Belfast partook of the common characteristics of Irish travelling in those days. A machine called a buggy was our conveyance, (which in the vermin it contained seemed to justify its designation, (drawn by a non-descript collection of bones and hairs, termed in Ireland, with some humour, a horse, before whom the driver used to run with a wisp of hay in his hand, to induce the beast to go forward and bite it, (wearing out whips being expensive.) The road itself was diversified with ponds of water, called puddles—and cut up into tolerable footpaths, under the name of ruts; whilst the immense masses of stone and clay, with which Irish ingenuity, in covering a ditch, had created a hill, made it resemble nothing so much as the hump-distinguished back of the sea-serpent, which it was my fortune to see in America many years afterwards."—i. 306—7.

"Our stay at Londonderry, after paying all expenses, and receiving a sum to proceed with, enabled me to remit five-and-twenty pounds to Atkins.—Our next destination was Sligo, which we reached in every description of vehicle, with the aid of every description of the animal called horse! in every description of weather, and upon every description of road—thoroughfares which, to use a permissible pun, we found to be thorough foul. Notwithstanding this, and that we were bogg'd very often, and trusted for instruction to finger-posts, which, from the capacity of their clay sockets, blew round like weathercocks, and only pointed right if the wind was, our difficulties were lightened by the humours of the shebeen-houses we stopped at, and the ideas of natives distinguished by all the innocence and nakedness of Adam." i. 330—1.

The Assembly Rooms at Sligo.

"At the Castle Inn in Sligo we put up; and the landlord, having been formerly an actor, paid us great attention. His house contained the Sligo Assembly-room, the wainscot of which I observed to be perforated in numerous places with bullet-holes, under which were written different names. I naturally requested an explanation; and my host informed me, that this room being the 'largest and natest in the town,' whenever its gentlemen fell out, here they took occasion to fall in, and settle their differences in a gentlemanly way. I need not point out the advantages of such a place for such a purpose over the open field, both as respected its retirement and security, and the means it afforded the parties of recording their claims to honour. I would merely assure my reader hereby, that the old joke of 'pistols and coffee for two' originated in a very serious truth."—i. 331.

A Shebeen-house.

"Having taken our fill of the beauties of Nature, we then began to think of satisfying another sense—the palate, and rode to a shebeen-house situated on one corner of a common, with the usual distinctions of a red stocking, pipe-stem, and certain characters chalked on a board, signifying to those who could read them, that entertainment was to be had within for man and beast.

"The furniture of these caravansera consisted of a large iron pot, two oaken tables, two benches, two chairs, and a whiskey noggin: there was a

loft above (attainable by a ladder,) upon which the inmates slept: and the space below was divided by a hurdle into two apartments—the one for their cow and pig, the other for themselves and guests.

"On entering the house, we discovered the family at dinner, (eleven in number,)—the father sitting at the top, the mother at the bottom, and the children on each side of a large oaken board, which was scooped out in the middle, like a trough, to receive the contents of the pot of 'paratees.' Little holes were cut at equal distances to contain salt, and a bowl of milk stood on the table; but all the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives, and dishes, were dispensed with. They ate as Nature dictated, and as God had given;—they ate, and were satisfied.

"The landlord was of the ordinary broad-backed, black-browed breed, with a leg like an elephant's, a face as round as the shield of Douglas, and a mouth which, when open, bore the same proportion to his head, that the sea does to the land. His wife was a sun-browned but well-featured woman, and his young ones (but that they had a sort of impish hilarity about them) were chubby, and bare enough for so many Cupids.

"When we asked the landlord what he had to eat—he said, 'Whiskey!'—What he had to drink—'Whiskey!'—What we could contrive to stay our stomachs on—his answer was still—'Whiskey!' There was nothing to be had at this place of entertainment but the one commodity."—i. 349-50.

Irish Poetry and Circumlocution.

"Observing one day an unusual commotion in the streets of Derry, I inquired of a bystander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner:—'The reason, Sir! Why, you see that Justice and little Larry O'Hone, the carpenter, have been putting up a picture-frame at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of "Adam's copies" in it.'—'What's that?'—'Why, poor Murdock O'Donnel.'—'Oh, there's a man to be hung?'—'Do they put up a gal-lows for any other purpose?'—'What's his offence?'—'No offence, your honour; it was only a liberty he took.'—'Well, what was the liberty?'—'Why, you see, Sir, poor Murdock was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback; and so having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock; and no sooner was he on its shoulters, than the Devil put it into the cracher's head to go over to Kellogree's cattle-fair, where he had a good many acquaintances; and when he was got there, Murdock spied a friend at the door of a shebeen-house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went in to have a thimbleful of whiskey; and then, you see, they got frisky and had another, and another, till poor Murdock went to slape on the binch; and when he wouke up, he found the cracher gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money.'—'In short,' said I, 'you mean to say he has been horse-stealing?'—'Why, Sir,' he replied, stammering and scratching his head, 'they call it so in England!'

The following anecdotes of the early life of the two most celebrated singers of their time,

Mrs. Billington and Madame Mara, are not without interest.

Mrs. Billington.

"This lady made her *debut* in Dublin with Daly, and failed; she now accompanied her husband (who was engaged in our orchestra) to Waterford, with a view of merely singing for benefits and at concerts. Billington was a pleasant and clever man, and I introduced him to the house of a great musical amateur in Waterford to whom Mr. Rice had given me a letter. Cubit our singer I also took there; and as we were beginning to get up some difficult pieces of music, and wanted a female voice, Billington asked permission to bring his wife, whom till this moment no one had heard of.

"Young and lovely as she was then, I need hardly describe what was the impression she produced on our party, by a union of the most musical science with the greatest natural gift which the annals of English singing can boast of. Our astonishment was equal to our admiration: and the next day I told Vendermere, who went with me to Billington's lodgings, and heard her sing. There, without an instrument and in a low room, she pleased him sufficiently to obtain the immediate offer of an engagement; but her failure at Dublin had so discouraged her, that she was fully convinced at this period she should never succeed on the stage. The cause of her failure being very obvious, (that timidity which people of genius at all times feel in their outset,) I volunteered my services to read to her one or two singing characters, as a means of inducing her to study them: my offer was cordially accepted; and but a few mornings had elapsed before she was not only perfect in the words, but the spirit of Rosetta and Clarissa. A stage-rehearsal was now resorted to, and she soon became *au fait* to the business. On this acting groundwork, she collected confidence, and gave the manager leave to put her name in the bills. Her success at Waterford was equal to her deserts; yet, strange to say, at the conclusion of the season she was unprovided with an engagement; and Billington, knowing my destination, came to me, to use my interest with Mr. Palmer in procuring him (only) a situation. I accordingly wrote to Bath, and received an answer that the arrangements for the orchestra had been long since completed, but that if Mr. Billington and wife would join the company, on the ground of making themselves useful, Mr. Palmer could give them three guineas a week, till something better presented itself. Billington carried this letter to his wife, with the view, as I imagined of accepting the offer: what circumstances interfered, I know not; but in the Passion-week of the winter following, when I rode up to London to shake hands with some old friends, I met Billington accidentally, and went home with him to congratulate his wife: she had appeared in London, and established herself as the first female English singer of the age." i. 378—380.

Madame Mara.

"Previous to his residence at Bath, Doctor Harrington lived at Wells; and one day after dinner, whilst entertaining a circle of musical friends, a German family came under his window, of whom the father played the flute, the mother a guitar, a girl sung, and a boy carried round the hat. The tones of the girl's voice, and her

brilliant execution of a piece of music they were well acquainted with, startled and delighted them. The Doctor sent out to desire they would come into the hall and repeat it: his family were now made partakers of his surprise and gratification. The Doctor, whose heart was as open to the cry of necessity, as his ear to the finest harmonies of Haydn, then inquired into the circumstances of the family, and was informed that the father, a Mr. Schemling, being disappointed of employment in London, whither he had proceeded from the Continent, had been compelled to this itinerant resource, as the only means of support. The Doctor could do little for him at Wells, which was not a musical place, but gave him letters to some influential persons in Bath, as a means of procuring patronage to undertake a morning concert. There, the girl's abilities did not fail to divest the Doctor's recommendation of its appearance of enthusiasm. She was heard, wondered at, and talked of; some amateurs instantly tendered their services to carry the father's project into effect; bills were printed, tickets issued and purchased; and the Doctor rode over to superintend in person the musical arrangements. The proceeds of this concert were sufficient to enable the family to return to London and thence to Germany, where their daughter, being placed under proper masters, began to develop her powers, grew up, married, and in a few years after revisited England, and, with a comet lustre, blazed upon its public as Madame Mara." ii. 19, 20.

Mr. Bernard now settles at Bath, and we have a great many anecdotes of various worth, but one relating to the celebrated Herschel is something better than a bald anecdote, for it shows the early and passionate bent of the thoughts and feelings of that clever man to a science with which his name became afterwards so well and so honourably connected—we only regret it is too long to extract. From Bath he proceeds to London, becomes Secretary to the Beef-Steak Club, and his descriptive sketch of the members is not among the worst part of these volumes. Take Sheridan, Fox, and Bannister as specimens, and, with these we close.

"Sheridan sometimes brought Fox with him: they were then another Damon and Pythias. Of the comparisons that were instituted between these gentleman in public, I pretend to no opinion; but in society no two men could present a greater contrast. The "Champion of the People" appeared to be the stupidest person at the table, till he had imbibed his bottle; and then he woke up, to put the whole room to silence with his laughter; whilst Sheridan kept firing and blazing away for the evening, like an inexhaustible battery.

"Fox had all the taste for this society, but not the talents: no man could be more affable, or more completely satisfied with his company. If he did not throw fuel on the flame, he enjoyed all its light and heat: if he spoke not till he was spoken to, he evidently felt and understood every good thing that was said, by the nature of his applause, which was a lengthened roar, in no bad imitation of thunder. From this latter peculiarity, combined with the truly John Bull Characteristics of his face and figure, I should cer-

tainly have taken him for an alderman of the old school, had we not been introduced.

"Sheridan, I observed, never exerted himself so palpably as when Fox was present; there was a perceptible effort on these occasions, which implied he had a higher object in view than that which the Society usually afforded. It struck me, however, that his spontaneous sallies were equally successful.

"Sheridan was not, in the truest sense of the word, a convivialist; he had no *bonhomie*, or what an Englishman understands by the word—good-humour; he was a satirist, and fonder of detecting the follies of his companions than admiring their talents or virtues: in lieu of good humour, he had great vanity. He went into society, not to sympathize with even clever men, but to find an audience. He required to be the centre of the circle: he seldom laughed, but in the manner of Sir Archy M'Sarcasm; and he could only talk under the excitement of the general attention; so that he secured this attention, I don't think he was particular as to the grade of his companions (provided they were not fools): but his comparative coldness and indifference to the general sources of merriment, his evident absorption in himself, led me to think that he did not come among us in the way of other men, but rather to play a part, in which he concerted his startling brilliancies, and derived his gratification solely from the effect they produced.

"His wit, with all the effervescence and pop of champagne, had undoubtedly too often the sour sharpness of cider. I have heard it rather happily compared to a steel, which is polished and pointed—and to an icicle, which is pointed also, but cold and glittering. I think that, personally, he bore the most resemblance to a torpedo, which can electrify without being electrified.

"After Sheridan, Fox used to be most pleased with Charles Bannister, whose quiet and sustained humour contrasted strongly with the sudden flashings of the manager's wit. It was the difference of daylight and lightning. One evening, I remember, Fox was seated between Sheridan and Bannister, and did nothing but fill their glasses and listen to their conversation; whilst they, making his head a kind of shuttlecock, hit it on each side with such admirable repartees, that he roared aloud like a bull."

JAMES LAFITTE,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES,
AND MINISTER OF STATE TO LOUIS-PHILIP I.

This individual, who has risen into celebrity and affluence as much by his eminent talents as his high integrity and indefatigable activity of mind, is one of the principal bankers at Paris, a member of the Legion of Honour, and regent of the Bank of France. He has sat in the Lower House, or Chamber of Deputies, (with the sole intermission of 1825 and 1826,) during the last fourteen years, and in his public career, as member for the department of the Seine, has acquired universal esteem amongst the enlightened and moderate of all parties, by the consistency of his conduct and the soundness of his views, particularly on questions of finance. He was born

at Bayonne in 1768; thence removed to Paris, with a mind well stored with commercial knowledge; and, after raising the house of Perregeaux to the highest rank among the banking establishments of the French capital, became its leading conductor in 1805. Four years subsequently, the French ministry appointed him Deputy-governor, and, in 1814, Governor of the Bank of France, in which capacity he afforded a noble proof of disinterestedness, by declining the handsome allowance attached to that important station. Besides these appointments, he was raised to the Presidency of the Board of Trade in 1809; and in 1813, was called to discharge the honourable functions of one of the Judges of the Tribunal of Commerce. During the stormy period of the year 1815, when public credit was shaken to its foundation, Lafitte came forward with an advance of two millions of francs, and enabled the French government to relieve themselves from the pecuniary difficulties which stood in the way of the capitulation of Paris. His firm and prudent advice was no less instrumental in upholding public credit under the pressure created by the indemnity which France had contracted to pay to the several governments, by whose interference the Bourbons had been restored a second time to kingly power. Within another twelvemonth, however, he was become obnoxious to the French court;—for his ardent and manly resistance to the doctrines of passive obedience, the pretensions of an ambitious hierarchy, and the undisguised attempts to infringe upon the Charter, had impelled him to take part with the opposition, or *cote gauche*, in the Chamber of Deputies; and the ministers felt no scruple in subsequently avowing their angry feelings, by the appointment of the Duke of Gaeta to the directorship of the Bank of France in Lafitte's stead. This occurred in 1819, and it produced such confusion in the affairs of that establishment, as to induce the proprietary, by an unanimous vote, to call him back to its management under the title of "Regent," or acting director. In his conduct as a public legislator, few members of the Lower House have ever commanded an equal degree of attention and influence—whether on occasions when he has delivered his sentiments on subjects of finance, or when he has discussed questions connected with the general welfare of his native country. The eloquent philippic he pronounced against the murder of young Lallemand by the gendarmerie in 1820, and the brutal conduct in the streets of Paris, where old men, women, and children were, on that occasion, trodden under foot, produced a sensation which can never be forgotten. Lafitte, however, lost his popularity for a few moments by the share he took in the unsuccessful attempt to reduce the French five per cents. to a three per cent. stock, in the year 1824; but he triumphantly vindicated his own conduct, as well as the propriety, soundness, and utility of the measure itself, in a pamphlet, remarkable for its financial intelligence, which he gave to the world under

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the title of "Reflections on the Reduction of the Public Annuities (Rentes), and the State of Public Credit."

The same confidence, to which his public career has entitled him, has been equally the recompense of his integrity in private life. No further proof of this eulogy can be required beyond that which we shall now adduce.

Before Louis the Eighteenth quitted the Tuileries, in 1815, he sent for Lafitte, and made over to him in trust the whole of his private property. Three months after this occurrence, Bonaparte honoured him with the same unlimited confidence, embarked for St. Helena, and, at his death, left Lafitte sole executor and administrator of the handsome fortune he had accumulated. To the honour of all parties we are bound to add, that Napoleon showed as scrupulous a determination to respect Louis's property, during the eventful period of the hundred days, as Louis afterwards evinced to assist in giving effect to his opponent's last will, in opposition to the base and resentful remonstrances of Napoleon's enemies.

But there is no part of Lafitte's character which throws a more amiable light upon it than its active benevolence. Desert under poverty has ever found him a generous and a willing benefactor. Learning and science are indebted to him for constant and liberal patronage: and here, we need quote but one instance out of a thousand: the splendid edition of the Latin classics, which has recently conferred so much honour on the Parisian press, would never have seen the light, but for the munificent advances made by James Lafitte.

The days of revolutionary fervour are gone by: had that been the existing disease of the French mind, such a man as Lafitte would neither have been called to take a part in presiding over the proceedings of the Chamber of Deputies, nor have consented to accept the responsibilities of its Vice-presidency, at so critical a moment as the present. He has occupied a prominent station in the recent convulsions, because he considered them calculated to establish the liberties and prosperity of his native land on a rational, a solid, and a permanent basis. His sovereign has appointed him of his council, because—independent of his talents and experience as a financier—he has steered one unvarying course betwixt opinions, which would sacrifice France either to the ambition of an autocrat, or the tyranny of a multitude. Indeed, his political views cannot be mistaken, for they stand recorded in his speech to the Chamber of Deputies, in 1821. "*The security and prosperity of France*," said he, "*depend upon an enlightened consolidation of the representative system, an honest observance of the charter, a reasonable deference to public opinion, a firm repression of party spirit, and the estrangement of all just motives for suspicion against the government.*" We, therefore, hail Lafitte's promotion to a seat in his sovereign's council, as one of the surest pledges Louis-Philip could have given of the

sound, moderate, and honourable principles by which his government will be characterized.*

From the London Athenæum.

ANECDOTE OF BRANDT, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

SOME time ago, the English publick were favoured with a view of the son of this celebrated man. Many were mortified, that the appearance of Brandt did not inspire all the fantastic horrors of a chief of the Cannibal Islands. Indeed when in this country, he threw aside the native costume of the wilderness, surrendered the tomahawk, and walked our streets without exciting more curiosity or alarm than is daily experienced at the feverish sight of a savannah-faced planter of St. Domingo. It is well known, that his father's services in the British cause, during the late American War, were valuable and well-tried. He was present at many of the engagements fought by the contending parties; and at the battle of Lundy Lane, a singular instance of the pride and fierceness of this North American Indian, is recorded. General Brown, who commanded the American forces, having been disabled by a severe wound in the shoulder, was taken prisoner, and conducted to the English quarters. At the close of the conflict, Brandt, accompanied by his warrior-tribe, repaired to the spot, no doubt, for the purpose of exterminating by the tomahawk, the unfortunate victims of captivity. But the humanity of the British General had taken the proper precautions to protect the prisoners from the usual indiscriminate slaughter of the Indians. Brandt, observing this, surveyed the scene before him, with savage wildness in his eye, and disappointed fury in his gestures; and, suddenly going up to General Brown, thus accosted him: "You're a fortunate fellow."—"Indeed!" said the General, who did not seem to think captivity a sign of good fortune. "I levelled my rifle at you," resumed Brandt with stern composure, "took a steady aim, and thought I never had a better mark, but I missed you—never missed before in my life."—"Then I agree with you," replied General Brown, "that it was fortunate you did miss me."—"But that is not all," continued Brandt: "I reloaded my rifle—found you again an excellent mark, took aim at you and fired, but the ball a second time wouldn't take effect."—"Then," replied the General, "you must be a d—d bad shot." Brandt, who could calmly speak of the chances that spared his intended victims could not, in the fierceness of his pride, brook the charge of unskilfulness in the use of his

* His active and resolute bearing under the afflicting crisis in which France has been recently involved, is well known. It was he who first noticed publicly the heroic conduct of a Mr. Knight, who headed a party of the Parisian populace against the cannoniers of the Royal Guard—rushed to the cannon's mouth—compelled their defenders to a precipitate flight, and captured two pieces of artillery. Lafitte sent for our countryman, made him a captain of the National Guard on full pay, and desired him to look upon his hotel as his home.—En.

death-dealing weapons. Seizing his tomahawk, which trembled by the fury of his grasp, he sprung upon the wounded General, and the instant stroke of death was with difficulty arrested by the hasty interference of those who had been appointed for his guard and protection. Brandt was forcibly led away, and General Brown owed to his enemies the preservation of his life. The General is still living, and holds a high rank in the American army—he is commandant of the port of New York.

From the London Athenæum.

A FRENCH CHATTERTON.

A recent *Revue Encyclopedique* contains an interesting notice of a "poet in his misery dead," offering several points of resemblance to the unfortunate "boy of Bristol." Unquestionably, A. E. Gaulmier had less genius and died considerably older, he was a milder and tenderer spirit; his trials though severe, were less bitter; and from the aberrations and evil opinions of Chatterton he seems to have been free. Yet there is a family likeness between the young poets, and after reading their respective biographies, we feel that the muse was equally the mother, and misfortune the rough nurse of both. Both were provincials; Chatterton was born in decidedly low life, and Gaulmier was confined to the laborious occupation of giving instructions in rhetoric in a country seminary. From his early years, he seems to have been one of those spirits that realized the fable of the nightingale, and sing with their breast against a thorn;—one of those who pine after ideal perfection, and find nothing in this world responsive to the voice of their imagination and sensibility;—one of those, to whom

A voice in every whisper

Of the tree, the wave, the air,
Comes moaning for the beautiful,
And asking—where, oh where?

We continually see the affectation of this spirit of sadness—but in Gaulmier it was real; melancholy had "marked him for her own;" and that, which many put on and off like a mode, was in him a disposition that nothing charmed or corrected. His best poetry was elegiac, because then he was most at home, and could speak from his own heart. He was, as we have said, sombre-hearted, but a peculiar circumstance of a romantic nature gave permanence to his melancholy, and embittered the remainder of his life. At the early age of seventeen he formed an attachment, which had nothing in it of the vague sentiment we are apt to attribute to our friends over the channel—it was unhappily too earnest, too long-lived. It was unfortunate, also, for it seems the lady (*la divinite qui precide a toutes ses actions*) married, and from his own admission that had he loved less, he could have told his love, it seems doubtful whether he was more than a silent worshipper. If so, his worldly condition, and sensitive feelings, embodying a good deal of pride, were probably the cause of his silence. It is, however, to the honour of this young poet, that when the indulgence of his

passion became wrong, he vanquished its dominion even at the expense of his health; but the impression remained, and when, many years afterwards, he partially formed another attachment, willing to make love cure the ills that love had inflicted, it seems that a chance meeting re-animated his old affection—

Tu parus, je te vis, et je devins parjure.

It is somewhat remarkable, that, whilst in dramas and romances we perpetually find that unhappy lovers regard the grave as their asylum, the fear of death was, to Gaulmier, a source of additional trial. Melancholy ought ever to be treated and considered as in some measure a bodily disease, and this fear of death is by no means one of its uncommon forms in disorders of the spleen and stomach. It is a grievous, but frequently providential affliction;—happy had Chatterton felt it, and then he would not have "perished in his pride," and by his own hand—the hand of a mere youth. But Chatterton's was a fiery and determined spirit; his affections were subordinate to his ambition; he flung himself into the furnace of party politics, and even had he lived and been prosperous, it is doubtful whether the pursuits of literature would have afforded him sufficiently strong excitement, when the novelty of fame had passed away. There was much of Byron in Chatterton—in his reckless satire—in his burning desire "to be for ever known"—in his alternations of excess and abstinence; but the balance is in favour of "the marvellous boy." A charity scholar; an apprentice sleeping up in an attic with the footboy; an adventurer in London, writing by night what brought him his day's mouthful of bread; neglected, yet self-consumed by consciousness of genius, and a passion for distinction that could only be likened to hunger and thirst; with no guide during a gleam of success better than his own wild heart's yet wilder hopes; in depression, without any refuge or consolation except those afforded by dark deistic views of death; with no single friend, or even companion, to pray him to forbear either his foolish schemes or sinful doubts; none to calm his vexed spirit, or even assist his body with food and raiment; the booksellers and periodicals of that day grinding him to powder; steeped in poverty and steeled in pride; far be it from us to "call evil good or good evil," but deep anguished pity is always our predominant feeling when we rise from glancing over the life (it was only seventeen years and nine months) of the most unhappy and most highly endowed—Thomas Chatterton.

To return to Gaulmier. With the hope of recovering his self-possession, he alternately addressed himself to the study of medicine and divinity, but he had not nerve enough for the business of the dissecting-room, and he carried with him even to the foot of the altar his perturbations of spirit; yet, as he well expressed it, "*Dieu seul pouvait remplir la vaste solitude.*" In a case like this it is pleasant to remember, that a heart may be healed and yet remain unhappy: a moral

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cure may be effected, yet the voice of joy and melody never more echo through the deserted mansion; just as the earth continues to bring forth thorns and briars, though a DELIVERER has descended from heaven. The short life of Gaulmier had one brief space of comparative happiness—that in which he suffered himself to be persuaded into an endeavour to become a second time attached. About this time he composed an ode (*"sur le devouement de Malesherbes"*) which won the poetical prize decreed by the French Academy. It is a rare occurrence for an unknown author, living in the heart of the provinces, to receive in Paris so high an honour; but, unfortunately, this prize-ode is one of the feeblest of Gaulmier's productions;—nevertheless, in that moment of success, the poet condensed the happiness, and forgot the misery of a whole life. Here he reminds us forcibly of Chatterton; for both were devoted sons, and desired to render their own triumphs productive of comfort to their friends at home; and both were equally elevated into enthusiasm by a transient sunbeam of prosperity. Thus writes Gaulmier to his mother—*"Ah, si cet instant des plus vives sensations de bonheur m'a coute cher, je suis pret a en acheter le retour au meme prix. De telles jouissances ne peuvent se payer. Ainsi, je suis roue pour la vie a la litterature."* And, writes Chatterton in the first glow of his arrival in London—"I am settled, and in such a settlement as I could desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine and shall engage to write a History of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers will more than support me. What a glorious prospect!"—And thus to his sister—"Assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage. I will send you two silks this summer: my mother shall not be forgotten." But Gaulmier's hopes of laurels, like Chatterton's of gold, were destined to know disappointment. The following year he wrote again—*"Sur le devouement des medecins Francois et des Sours de Ste. Camille, a Barcelonne,"* and the poem merely obtained honourable mention, although it was every way superior to his prize-ode of the former year. It would make our notice too long to give an extract from this piece, but his picture of "The Sisters" is graphic and interesting. Another poem, *"Sur l'abolition de la traite des negres,"* also obtained honourable mention, but no more academic prizes fell to his share. It was unfortunate for Gaulmier, that he confounded the love of liberty with the love of virtue; since, obliged by rigorous necessity to conceal his sentiments in order to preserve his situation, and from his natural temperament, rendered wretched by such concealment, he lived under a restraint that wore out his existence. It was the moth fretting a garment. Independent too of the trials which proceeded from his own disposition, he had others of a tangible nature.

Buried in an obscurity from which he could not emerge, he had the mortification of seeing

poems founded in folly and bad taste rise into celebrity. Soon after he was called to mourn the death of his father, and the diminution of his mother's patrimony: and here again, like Chatterton, he wrote to her in the most generous and touching strain. This last stroke, whilst, in combination with other misfortunes, it affected his health, already delicate, roused him to one more effort—one last hope, that fame and fortune might yet be kind. The French Academy gave as a subject for a poem, *"L'invention de l'imprimerie;"* and Gaulmier flattered himself that, by gaining this prize the attention of those in power might be drawn towards him, and he might obtain some place that would permit him to finish his studies in Paris, and, in time, render his name distinguished. In this, the last of many hopes, he gathered up his little remaining strength, with the resolute determination to succeed. The possibility of a reverse never occurred to him; and when after all his labours news was brought him that his production had not even been mentioned, the courage of life was struck to the dust; his bodily frame gave way; he grieved and died. Gaulmier was modest, but he had the quick feeling inseparable from genius; and even a person uninterested in the decision must admit, that the work condemned by the Academy to be forgotten was worthy of a better fate. But to be forgotten, has not been the lot of Gaulmier: his poems are now collected into three volumes, together with his translations from Tibullus; and if, during his life, he had no power to put in motion *"les coteries et les journaux,"* he has been compared since his death to Petrarch, and in the pen of his biographer has found *"la plume d'un tendre frere."* It was thus with Chatterton: safely buried in a shell in the burying-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse, "honours began to gather round his memory.

The learned Tyrwhitt published his poems with a preface introduction, and glossary; a few years after, a very splendid edition was published by Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter—with a dissertation and commentary, and incidental tributes without number have been offered by great names at the pauper shrine of the 'boy of Bristol.'

We have always thought that some verses of his Minstrel's Song in "Ella," were mournfully applicable to himself; and in their light melodious rhythm affording full proof of modern and not antique composition. We quote a few verses subtracting only some crabbed spelling and black-letter phrases;—all the world are pretty well agreed as to the fact of Chatterton's having forged the poems pretended to be Rowley's; and it is needless to spoil to the eye, what to the ear is tender and harmonious. In doing so, we repeat, that we consider them as a kind of personal elegy.

O sing unto my roundelay;
O drop the briny tears with me;
Dance no more at holiday—
Like a running river be!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night ;
White his brow as the summer snow ;
Red his face as the morning light ;
Cold he lies in the grave below.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as the thrush's note ;
Quick in dance as the thought can be ;
Deft his tabour—cudgel stout—
O he lies by the willow tree !

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
In the briared dell below —
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go !

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree !

From the London Athenæum.

THE POET'S MISTRESS TO HER LOVER.

BY MISS PARDOE.

BREATHE me a lay of old romance,
A festive or a battle strain ;
Tell me of knightly steed or lance,
But never sing of love again.
For while I hang upon thy lute,
And feel it to my spirit cling,
I wish thy lip of passion mute—
I'd have thee feel too much to sing !

I hearken till a spell appears
Enwreathed about my soul the while ;
And I look up to thee in tears,
When I should greet thee with a smile.
Then strike a livelier chord for me,
Of marshalled hosts and tented plain—
Of pomp, and pride, and pageantry—
But never sing of love again !

Proud one ! thy lute has many strings :
Why wilt thou always waken one,
And fether thine imaginings.
As since I've loved thee thou hast done ?
There are a thousand beauteous flow'rs,
The gentle breath of spring has blown ;
Wreath them, I pray, and make them ours,
Nor let the rose be twined alone.

If I could touch the lute like thee,
I'd tell thee tales of fairy-land ;
And forms of light and witchery
Should wake to life beneath my hand :
But, didst thou ask a gentler lay,
And bid me sweep love's trembling string,
I'd put the lute in haste away,
For I should feel too much to sing !

From the London Literary Gazette.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs, by William Jerdan, Esq. No. XVIII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

VISCOUNT MELVILLE, Mr. Abernethy, and Viscount Clifden, are the three subjects of the eighteenth number of the Gallery ; the first two from pictures by Lawrence, the last from a pic-

ture by Hayter. They are all striking likenesses, and are engraved in a style worthy of their predecessors. The following anecdotes of Mr. Abernethy will, we think, amuse our readers:—

“ Mr. T—, a young gentleman with a broken limb, which refused to heal long after the fracture, went to consult Mr. Abernethy ; and as usual, was entering into all the details of his complaint, when he was thus stopped almost *à limine*—‘Pray, sir, do you come here to talk, or to hear me ? If you want my advice, it is so and so—I wish you good morning.’ A scene of greater length, and still greater interest and entertainment, took place between our eminent surgeon and the famous John Philpot Curran. Mr. Curran, it seems, being personally unknown to him, had visited Mr. Abernethy several times, without having an opportunity of fully explaining (as he thought) the nature of his malady : at last determined to have a hearing, when interrupted in his story, he fixed his dark bright eye on the ‘doctor,’ and said—‘Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas ? but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I am resolved, sir, not to leave this room till you satisfy me by doing so.’ Struck by his manner, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back in his chair, and assuming the posture of a most indefatigable listener, exclaimed, in a tone of half surprise, half humour, ‘Oh, very well, sir, I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole—your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure ; go on.’ Upon which, Curran, not a whit disconcerted, gravely began:—‘My name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, being a native of Newmarket, county of Cork, in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman of small fortune, in that neighbourhood, obtained my entrance into one of the Protestant Free-schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble sphere of a *sizer*,’—and so he continued for several minutes, giving his astonished hearer a true, but irresistibly laughable account of his ‘birth, parentage, and education,’ as desired, till he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. Abernethy’s attention to his gifted patient was, from that hour to the close of his life, assiduous, unremitting, and devoted.” Again, “Mrs. I— consulted him on a nervous disorder, the minutæ of which appeared to be so fantastical, that Mr. Abernethy interrupted their frivolous detail, by holding out his hand for the fee. A one pound note and a shilling were placed in it, upon which he returned the latter to his fair patient, with the angry exclamation of, ‘There, ma’am ! go and buy a skipping rope—that is all you want.’ Mr. Abernethy’s strong point in prescribing is generally addressed to the relief of the bowels, and to the lowering and regulation of diet and regimen. He is, consequently, much sought in dyspeptic disorders ; and, it is stated, often refers to such or such a page in one of his books, where he has already given the remedy. The patients have only to buy the work, where they will find an exact de-

scription of their symptoms, and a recipe for their cure. On one occasion, a lady unsatisfied with this amount of information, persisted in extracting from Mr. A. what she might eat, and, after suffering from her volubility with considerable patience for a while, he exclaimed to the repeated 'May I eat oysters, doctor? May I eat suppers?' 'I'll tell you what ma'am, you may eat any thing but the poker and the bellows; for the one is too hard of digestion and the other is full of wind.' The reported fashion of his courtship and marriage is extremely characteristic. It is told, that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter, which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport: 'You are now so well, that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But, in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now about to make. It is abrupt and uncereemonious, I am aware, but the excessive occupation of my time, by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to £—, and I can settle £— on my wife: my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is: I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of a family: such a person must be all that a husband could covet; and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for really I have not time for the routine of courtship.' In this humour, the lady was wooed and won: and, we believe we may add, the union has been felicitous in every respect."

Any one who has ever been engaged in the composition of contemporaneous biography, will bear testimony to the truth of the subjoined remarks:—

"We would say, frankly, that there is no kind of authorship so beset with impediments as contemporaneous biography. Many volumes have often to be consulted for a single date; which, obtained upon the highest authorities, the chance is, that as they have copied one from the other, through a long line of error, it may in the end be wrong. The same remark applies to circumstances; and we have been astonished to find, on seeking, as we invariably do where it is possible, undoubted confirmation of our data, that all who have preceded us have altogether mistaken or misrepresented even things apparently of the utmost notoriety. This applies to cases where there are former publications to refer us to as guides; but, in the majority of instances, the whole substance of our sketches is to be procured from oral testimony; and we need hardly dilate upon the patient industry and delicacy required, in order to steer a clear and faithful course through the conflicting elements thus brought into action. The very matters of which we, after mature examination and comparison, are most certain, are liable to be cavilled at by

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others who have received different accounts of the same story:—things either unknown to us, or unrelated, are considered to stamp our notice with imperfection; and, in short, the difference of opinions among our judges, precludes the possibility of our obtaining, as in by-gone lives, the general assent and approbation of our readers.

Yet we do not put forth this statement to disarm the justice of our friends; it is a simple explanation, for the purpose of setting our design and its execution upon a right footing."

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

REFLECTIONS SUR LA FRANCE; *Vices de son Gouvernement; Causes du Mecontentement des Français sous le Ministère de Polignac, &c.* Par M. St. Maurice. 8vo. London: 1830.

SINCE the breaking out of the French Revolution, excepting, perhaps, the failure of Napoleon in Russia and the downfall of his enormous power, no event has occurred on the continent of Europe that will stand in any kind of comparison with the late proceedings in Paris. The influence which they are calculated to exert, both upon the condition of the great people over whose name they have shed the lustre of an imperishable renown, and the more wide-spreading consequences that must speedily flow from them in every other country, forcibly arrest our attention at the present moment, and demand a calm discussion. If all mankind are interested in this glorious achievement, Englishmen surely have of all others the deepest concern in its effects, not merely as well-wishers to the liberties of other nations, but as feeling watchful of every encroachment upon their own; for with the fullest disposition charitably to construe the feelings and principles of our own rulers, we take it to be abundantly manifest, that the battle of English liberty has really been fought and won at Paris. Under the influence of these impressions, we advance to the contemplation of this mighty theme; and we deem it a sacred duty to view it, deliberately and candidly, indeed, but with entire freedom, and without even the least respect of persons, or the most remote care to whom our remarks may prove offensive. Our purpose is certainly to speak the truth, and not to give offence; but if the truth prove unpalatable to any, be theirs the blame, not ours.

As soon as the Prince Polignac was called to the head of the French king's councils, the disposition to favour the Jesuits, to undo the effects of the Revolution, and to counteract the current of liberal opinions, long enough apparent in the conduct of Charles X. and his bigoted daughter-in-law, broke forth without any restraint, and kept no terms with any antagonist. The Dauphin, if indeed he really differed from his family in point of sense, and thus perceived the precipice towards which they were hurrying, was silenced, and borne along by the imperious passions of his fanatical consort. Among the old nobility who surrounded the throne, none had the wisdom to discern or

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the virtue to point out the perils which beset it. The priests ruled supreme over the monarch, or divided their dominion with the Dauphiness. Nor had they the sense to see, in their thirst for revenge, that the impetuosity of the pursuit might frustrate the attainment of their object. One or two military men, of Napoleon's school, were in some credit with the court; but their habitual disregard of the people, and confidence in the steadiness of the army, made them the worst of all advisers, while they gave encouragement to those who looked for their services, as tools at once unprincipled and submissive.

The description of the colleagues to whom the Prince was associated, further betrayed alike the dispositions and the blindness of the court. Labourdonnaye was a man of honour and principle; but, from the sustained violence of his political opinions, all avowedly in favour of arbitrary power, and against every vestige of the evolutionary improvements, his name was regarded as the synonyme of the ancient *regime*, in church and in state—old parliaments—old feudal privileges—an insolent nobility—and a bloated priesthood. His extreme violence in debate had marked him out still more for general dislike; and he was the object of unceasing animosity to one party, without securing the good will of the other, whose distrust was excited by his intolerent presumption, and unheeding temerity. A few unknown and insignificant men, such as Ranville, were the make-weights of the junto; but one there was besides Labourdonnaye, for whom it would have been well could he have been unknown. General Bourmont was hated, if not despised, by the army; but his treachery to it was sufficient to win the confidence of the Bourbons; and, whether from the disposition, too common with kings, to trust those who are thrown as it were into their arms, by being left at their mercy, in the universal distrust and hatred of the rest of mankind, or because such an arrangement would insult and degrade the French army, this person was selected from among its gallant captains, and placed at the head of the war department. He had, moreover, served with the Dauphin in the shameful war against the liberties of Spain; and having enabled one branch of the Bourbons to trample upon freedom abroad, he might be employed in helping another to crush it at home.

The announcement of such names completed the impression which the elevation of Polignac was calculated to excite, and it spread consternation through all France. Reflecting men saw on the throne a prince of weak understanding, but furious bigotry, the declared enemy of all liberty, civil and religious, and blindly bent, under the dictation of his confessor, upon working out his own salvation, by rooting up every vestige of the blessings which his people had gained, at the price of so much suffering for a quarter of a century. Around him they perceived a younger brood of the self-same charac-

ter, who shut out all hope of better times, because the fanaticism of the old king's successors was quite as furious as his own. The chief minister was a weak and reckless bigot; a man of no pretensions to capacity, or knowledge, or experience: whose dulness and frivolity made his mind impervious to reason; whose fanaticism made it proof against fear. His colleagues were one or two obscure and desperate adventurers, the Coryphæus of the ultra royalists, and the deserter of his post on the eve of the battle which had inflicted on the French the unmitigated evils of the Restoration. Among the tools with which this portentous cabinet had to work, were some of the most unprincipled of Napoleon's generals, men grown grey in the career of cruelty, profligacy, and oppression; practising in the court of the Bourbons all the suppleness which they had learnt in their riper age under the despotism of the Usurper; and ready to rehearse once more in the streets of the capital, the early lessons of butchery which had been familiar to their more tender years, under the Convention and the Directory. So prodigious a combination of evil designs, blind violence, and unprincipled instruments, had seldom been arrayed against the happiness of any people. The firmest beholder could not contemplate it without alarm, nor could the most sanguine desecy any ground of hope, save in the chance of fatal errors being committed by such adversaries. These errors we will not say rescued, but enabled the people to rescue their country.

For a while there were no grounds of discontent or of opposition afforded by the proceedings of the new ministry; and, accordingly, the slavish doctrine, so full of mischief, and so calculated to gain the favour of feeble, thoughtless, and spiritless natures, was every day echoed in our ears: 'Measures, not Men.' We were told not to condemn the ministry without a trial; we were bid to wait until they should do some act deserving of reprobation; we were asked what harm they had done or attempted, that justified such an universal clamour as was raised against them? 'Only be quiet for a little while,' it was said significantly, 'and you may find their measures exactly such as you would yourself approve.' But the more reflecting and sagacious did not choose to wait until it should be too late to resist with effect—too late for anything, except to be laughed at by the deceiver. They knew full well that if you suffer men unworthy of confidence to rule, they can always choose their own time for undermining your defences; that they may, by slow degrees, by carrying little encroachments at a time, gain power no longer to be resisted; that, if opposition is delayed until their time comes—until they shall do some act deserving of reprobation—they may be enabled to do the act, and may leave you, its victims, nothing for your consolation except to reprobate. The French had the sense to prefer effectual prevention while it was yet time, to unavailing blame when the time was past; they rejected the kind, and judicious, and, as

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it was termed, temperate counsel of their worst enemies on both sides of the Channel; and they raised all over the country one loud cry for the removal of a ministry at once odious and contemptible. The firmness of the court was not shaken by this universal expression of public opinion; the vain, feeble creature who had become prime minister, held his ground; the Chambers were dissolved, that a new election might improve their subserviency; and the friends of despotic power in both France and England, fondly and foolishly hoped that the day was their own. Every engine of influence was set in motion; praise to whom praise was due, honours to whom honours, threats to whom threats, and bribes to whom bribes. The existence, at least the peaceful existence, of the dynasty was staked upon the issue of the contest; and no pains were spared, and no scruples were allowed to intervene, and no means were either neglected, or despised, or rejected, which might further the return of a more complying legislature. The constant cry of 'Measures not Men,' was repeated—that cry which so often bewilders honest, weak men in England, leads to such remediless mischief, and stands in the way of so much solid improvement, enabling the enemies of all amendment in every branch of our system to maintain their ground, and resist every good measure:—that cry which, beyond every other, is in its operation self-contradictory, and in its effects self-destructive, inasmuch as, under the vain and flimsy pretext of making measures every thing, means are afforded of frustrating all measures, and making all good intentions nothing. This cry, so plausible, so perilous among the ignorant, so well adapted to mislead the unwary and inexperienced, was echoed wherever two or three were gathered together to vote for deputies, or electors, or presidents. It was everywhere attempted;—thanks to the good sense and the firmness of the people, it everywhere signally failed;—and they wisely chose the men who were most sure to promote the measures which the public safety demanded, by wresting the power of putting that safety in jeopardy from the men who were bent upon the worst of measures, and those measures would inevitably carry, if power were left in their hands. This hypocritical, this canting pretext, sustained a defeat everywhere, from which it has not yet recovered; and a representative body was elected, resolutely bent upon doing its duty in the only manly, rational, and effectual manner by which France could be rescued, and her liberties saved.

The new Chambers met, with the eyes of the whole civilized world anxiously bent towards them. The first step showed how much the government had gained by the dissolution. In England, had the most weak and despised ministry that ever ruled the state dissolved the Parliament, and a new House of commons been returned, the most adverse to their continuance in office, we much fear that a thousand follies—squeamishness in some—alarm in others—po-

liteness towards individuals in one—indolence and idleness in others—the wish not to offend the court or the minister before it was necessary—the love, or the pretence, or the cant of candour—the desire of being, or appearing, moderate—the influence of wives and daughters loving courts and parties—the slowness to commit themselves unnecessarily—fox-hunting, if the weather was mild—Newmarket the alternate weeks—customary residence till Christmas in the country—a condescending visit and shooting, performed by some duke—a gracious one accorded by some prince—letters, half-chiding, half-tender, from some lady of influence and activity—would, altogether, have made the attempt quite hopeless to bring forward in the very beginning of the Session all the force gained by the Opposition during the elections. A new speaker might be proposed; the man least popular with the House, least suited for the station. But in vain would the leaders of the Opposition expect their followers to muster on so fitting an occasion, and display their strength, so as at one blow to crush the common adversary. 'The question is too personal'—It is beginning too early to oppose the government'—Wait till some measure is brought forward'—Why take the field before even the King's speech'—Wait till after the holidays'—Any measure of economical reform I will support'—I am against Negro Slavery, in a temperate way'—I would even give Manchester members'—This looks too like a party measure;—such would have been the answers of the stout and independent members of an English Opposition, to the proposition not to let an incapable minister dictate to a strong and a discontented parliament. Such are the causes of misrule in England, by ministers with neither influence in or out of doors—such are the glaring, rather let us say, such have hitherto been the glaring, the inexpiable breaches of all public duty, committed by men chosen to protect the interests of the people, and professing themselves to be the independent friends of right government. From the tools of the ministry, of course, nothing is expected, and no blame is imputed to them. On the contrary, they are steady to their purpose, and ever at their post. Their employer finds them worthy of their hire; the government has no right to complain of them. It is the people that have a right to complain; it is the pretended friends of the people that are wanting to their employers; it is the loud pretender to patriotism and independence that slumbers at his post, or is never found near it, and wilfully suffers the men to domineer, whom he was sent to oppose, and the measures to languish and to fail, which, on the hustings, he vowed to support. Hence it is, that the weakest of Cabinets has ceased to dread even the most powerful Opposition; and that the least popular of monarchs has found it an easy matter to choose his ministers, almost with as little regard to the public voice, as if he were choosing his household servants.

Not such was the manly, and ever to be respected, demeanour of the French Opposition. No silly, effeminate fear of being thought hasty or rash, or factious—no preference of personal to public considerations—no listening to the voice either of sloth, or flattery, or cant—could turn these sagacious and firm-minded men from their honest and avowed purpose. They were as mild in their converse as our weak patriots—as civil, as refined in the drawing-rooms—as well-disposed to set a just value upon the intercourse of social life, as the most subservient of our emasculated, or superannuated frequenters of ‘fashionable circles’ can be for the little lives of them. But in the Chambers they knew they had a duty to perform, and a country to watch them; and they threw off the fribble when they entered those halls, whither they had been sent under a pledge to rid the nation of a government which oppressed and disgraced it. The Chambers met—the Presidents were proposed—the Opposition mustered on the first vote—the Ministry were signally and shamefully beaten—and all men saw that either the fate of the ministry, or of the dynasty which supported it, was irrecoverably sealed. We ourselves predicted this result of the dissolution. ‘The elections,’ we said in our last number, (p. 565,) ‘are closed; the result has disappointed none but the purblind minions of power; and nothing seems to await the ill-advised monarch, but the choice of abandoning his throne, or retracing the steps by which he has lost the confidence of his people, hazarded the existence of his dynasty, and endangered the tranquillity of France, and the peace of Europe.’

It was now that the character of both the royal family and its ministers broke out in all its force, and in all its frailty. They were persons manifestly beyond the reach of those motives and instincts, which provided for the safety of ordinary mortals. They were inaccessible to rational apprehensions of approaching danger, because they were impenetrable to reason; they were incapable of instinctive fear, because their minds and their feelings, and almost their senses, were hardened and perverted by fanaticism. Among the rest, the Prince Polignac stood conspicuous—towering over all in folly and presumption; calmer than any in the midst of perils from which no genius could escape, and difficulties from which all the art of man could not extricate itself; and yet shining in the full vigour of an incapacity, wholly without example in any European minister, or potentate, from the days of the Idiot Kings—presenting to the astonished gaze of the world, a union almost preternatural of serene, self-complacent confidence, in the negation of every human qualification for his place, and the absence of all chance of unravelling the toils wherein he had entangled himself.

All men were aware of the desperate situation of the government; all saw too that it was utterly incapable of grappling with even the

most ordinary difficulties. But no one could have divined the remedy which was actually applied for its relief. A majority against the ministry had occasioned the dissolution: when that majority, in consequence of one general election, had been nearly doubled, who could have fancied that the remedy would be another dissolution and another general election? Who could have fathomed the depths of that moon-stricken folly, which should dream of lessening the disadvantage accruing from one appeal to the people, by a second appeal, in contempt of the first—the senseless stupidity of expecting that the people would be gained over to the government and choose obsequious representatives, in return for the insult of rejecting those first selected, and rendering void and of none effect the whole elections which the people had deliberately made? Yet such was the expedient to which the government had recourse. Nor is the din yet out of our ears of the applause bestowed upon this act of insanity, by the clamorous advocates of despotism, both in England and in France. ‘The firmness of purpose displayed by the Bourbons!’—‘That unshaken resolution, not to be moved by threats, exhibited by Prince Polignac!’—‘The extraordinary vigour of this distinguished minister, fitting him for the troublous times he lives in!’—‘The statesmanlike capacity shown by the French Premier, who, had Louis XVI. been fortunate enough to possess such a minister, would speedily have put down the Revolution:—’ Such was the language of the ministerial advocates in both courts, for in both they made common cause. Never did they consider the second dissolution as any thing other than as a mark of transcendent genius, and an augury most favourable to the grand struggle now making in France for legitimate rights, against the insolence of popular pretensions. It was, however, more than insinuated by those wise adherents of government on both sides of the Channel, that the Bourbon ministers had other resources to support them besides their prospect of overawing the country by their undaunted front. ‘They were resolute in their purpose of not yielding; and determined not to be defeated without a struggle.’

The dissolution having been proclaimed, men anxiously waited for the next step of those inflated creatures. Nor was the interval long—so short indeed, that to this day it is an inexplicable mystery what could be the meaning of the second dissolution—for it had not been made known above a week, when the memorable Ordinances were issued, which at once brought on a crisis never to be forgotten till time shall be no more. The insensate mortals who ruled thirty millions of freemen, by one stroke of the pen abolished the constitution, changed the law of election, and destroyed the liberty of the press. The troops which filled and surrounded Paris, were charged with the execution of this Decree.

Attempts have since been made by the friends

of the French ministers, to shift from them to their master the frightful responsibility of this measure. In vain! For did not those ministers draw up that prolix and elaborate statement, submitted by them, and signed with their names, detailing all the arguments upon which they thought fit to ground their earnest recommendation of the measure they were calling down from the throne upon the nation? That document surely is not so swiftly forgotten, which was hailed with so much rapture by the sycophants of despotism all over Europe—and which, even in England, gladdened a few of the most noisy, but most despicable creatures that are suffered by Providence to crawl upon the face of the earth. They have not, assuredly, forgotten that 'firm and manly document'—that 'highly statesmanlike paper'—'that vigorous and decisive instrument, so well worthy of the great occasion which called it forth.' But if they have, others have not; and its authors may not find it so easy to wriggle out of it, as its admirers now do to cast it into the shade.

The shameless and profligate measure thus entirely acceptable to the lovers of despotism, produced an immediate resistance on the part of the people. All men saw that the worst of designs menaced them, and felt that there was not a moment to lose in resisting the audacious attacks upon their liberty. They stopt not to argue on the niceties of the case; they waited not the effects of discussions and publicity; they rejected, with a just and a memorable indignation, the vile proposition which some slaves dared to make, of having the question between them and their oppressors tried in the Courts of Law. Exercising the sacred and inalienable rights of freemen, they instantly flew to arms, well aware that they who stop to parley with tyranny, above all with military tyranny, are already subdued and enslaved. They acted at once on the sure principle, that the only way of meeting a tyrant is in the field and the fight. They were tried, and were not found wanting. The wretches who had framed the Ordinance, backed it with armed men. The slaves of Napoleon, now of the Bourbon despot, headed the mercenaries, which Switzerland infamously hires out to shed the blood of freemen for the lucre of gain—an enormity which well deserves that those sordid states should be annihilated as an independent power. The Swiss fought against the people; but few indeed of the French soldiers could be induced to join in the fray. Now was seen that glorious sight which has filled all Europe with ceaseless admiration, and will hand down the name of Parisian to the gratitude of the latest posterity. The peaceable citizens of the capital closed their shops; left their daily vocations; barricaded the streets: tore up the pavements; armed and unarmed confronted the enemy, and poured on every side the swift destruction that awaits troops acting in a town thickly peopled by men determined to be free. The awful lesson now taught to all soldiers—the bright

example now held up to all freemen—is the more worthy of being had in perpetual remembrance, because there was no discipline, no concert, no skill of any kind displayed, or required. All men had one common object, to slay the troops that dared oppose them—to embrace those soldiers that still remembered they were citizens. Several regiments of the line at once refused to act; but few joined the people. The refusal, however, was of the last importance, for it spread among the ranks of the whole army, filling the tyrants with despair, and animating the people to new feats of valour. The courage of these gallant men surpassed all belief. Many rushed upon the loaded guns that were pointed with savage barbarity by the bloodthirsty tyrants down streets crowded to excess. The old and the young vied with men of mature years, and women bore their share in the strife. From behind the barricades, the boys of the Polytechnic School, braving the cannon, and only seeking shelter from the musketry and the bayonets, maintained a constant fire. The multitude loaded and handed them their guns; and so steady was their aim, that of one regiment, they killed five hundred men, and all the officers save three. The slaughter of the people, indeed, was great; three or four thousand fell; but as many of the mercenaries were made to bite the dust. The victory declared every where for the citizens; the soldiers retreated; the National Guard was formed as in 1789; and under the command of the same gallant and venerable chief, the patriarch of the revolution in both the old world and the new;—and the Bourbons ceased to reign.

But where were the vile authors of this atrocity, while slaughter reigned on every side? Where were the men who had let loose the soldiery upon the multitude, to maintain their own power? Where were they, those 'firm and vigorous statesmen,' whose courage had been extolled in all the haunts of despotism? Where were they, when the danger was near, and there was a possibility of their lives being made the forfeit of their unheard of crimes? This question no man can answer. No man knows where the person of the wretched Polignac was, while the battle raged which he had ordered to begin. This only is known, that he was nowhere seen in the battle, and that he and his colleagues all fled to a distance from the scene of action, in various directions. Some of them have since been taken; and if they are suffered to escape condign punishment, a premium is held out to treason against the liberties of the people, while all men know that unsuccessful efforts on behalf of those liberties lead to an inevitable fate.

The conduct of the French people on this occasion was truly above all human praise. Their moderation in victory even exceeded the bravery that gained it. No one act of cruelty stained the glorious laurels which they had won. Even plunder was unknown among the poorest classes of the multitude. A most affecting cir-

cumstance, which cannot be told without emotion, is related of those who opened the banker's and goldsmith's shops. The lowest of the mob were for hours among untold treasure, and unwitnessed; not a farthing—not a trinket was touched. The same persons were seen, after the fatigues and perils of the day, begging charity, that they might have wherewithal to purchase the meal of the evening; and when the purses of the admiring bystanders were pressed upon them, a few pence was all they would accept! No Greek, no Roman virtue ever surpassed, ever equalled this.

In casting our eye over the magnificent picture of which we have only been able to sketch a faint outline, we must again, as in reviewing the contests of the senate which preceded the battle in the field, acknowledge the superiority of our neighbours over ourselves. It can hardly be doubted that, were any marked attempts made against the liberties of this country, the English people would in some way resist, and would sooner or later, make an effectual stand against oppression. But it is to us equally clear, that despotism would have far too good a chance of being successful in the first instance. So many would go about preaching up prudence, moderation, peaceable measures; so prodigious an effusion of cant would be made in favour of our 'immaculate tribunals,' that the tendency would, we fear, be pretty general to have the question between the government and the people brought to issue in a court of law. Yet who can pretend to doubt, that almost all courts of law lean habitually towards the existing government? Who can doubt, the judges are in their nature well wishers to what they term a firm or strong government, and regard with a jealous eye all popular feelings and popular rights? Who is so ignorant of judicial proceedings, as not to know that a little new law is always forthcoming for any pressing occasion; sometimes raked up from old authorities or long-forgotten cases—sometimes derived from vague and common-law principles—sometimes boldly, and even impudently, made to suit the purpose of the hour? Who does not know that the learned judges have a way of just grinding a little law for present use—so that, though you may not always be able to tell beforehand by what route they will arrive at their conclusion, you have a pretty good guess of the side they will decide for—namely, the crown or its officers against the people and their friends? Verily, we do fear greatly, that an appeal made to such guardians of the constitution in this country would have led to a decision in the oppressor's favour, and that at all events the House of Lords, in the last resort, would have determined in favour of the 'Noble Duke,' or the 'Noble Lord in the blue riband,' at the head of his Majesty's government. We are far from believing that this would have ended the dispute—new encroachments would have begotten fresh remonstrance, till in the end the resistance would have been effectual, the tyrant would have

been overthrown, and the successors of Judge Jeffries would have justly shared his fate. But a very long time would have been required for all this, and much would in the meanwhile have been endured. Nay, had the government only been content with a considerable encroachment on the rights of the people, and not pushed matters to the utmost extremity, no resistance at all would have been offered; and, aided by the courts of law, the rulers would have triumphed in security, so they were only moderate in their oppressions. If no such thing can now so happen, let us be well assured, that it is because of the glorious example set to us, and the fatal warning held out to our rulers, by the French people. But we deem it a duty to state these matters, painful and mortifying though they be to national pride. We are not the first of nations, perhaps, in all qualities; but in that of self-praise, self-complacency, self-exaltation, we surely far excel every people that ever existed. It is but right that, where a case occurs to mortify this pride—to set before our eyes the reality—we should meditate upon it, in justice to the merits of other nations, and in order to learn a lesson of humility and wisdom ourselves.

It is fit that we should now pause upon the extraordinary crisis, over the history of which we have thrown a rapid glance; and we are to consider what reflections are principally suggested by it, in two respects; first, as regards France herself; and, secondly, as regards other countries and especially our own.

I. Nothing can be more important to the interests of France, to her liberties, and to her tranquillity, than the exemplary good conduct of the people, in both the trying predicaments in which they were placed—at the beginning, namely, and at the close of the revolution. The great promptitude with which they met the aggression upon their freedom, and the marvellous temperance with which they used their victory, almost cast into the shade the brilliant courage that secured it. Both the one and the other will be productive of inestimable benefits to France. The swiftness with which punishment followed crime, will for ages to come operate as a salutary warning to all tyrants, that they can no longer hope with impunity to encroach upon the liberties of their subjects. Men who are touched by no feelings of compassion for their fellow-creatures, influenced by no principle of public virtue, are found accessible to fear; but when a prince once permits himself to plot against his subjects, he is armed with some resolution, and he can face remote dangers, of slow approach and uncertain arrival, in the pursuit of a favourite object. His advisers, too, may be disposed to run some such risks, or at any rate to let their master encounter them. 'Things will last my time at all events,' say they; and thus mischief is hatched or counselled. But such persons have now learnt that they have no breathing time, no respite, no opportunity of escape; they must lay their account with an instant crisis; make up their minds to the combat, at a moment not

chosen by themselves; and the combat in question is the real, actual operation of being bodily attacked, and either slaughtered, or banished, or imprisoned and speedily hanged. It follows, that responsibility in France has become real, from being nominal; and the people of that country will not be long in finding the important advantages of the change.

But the moderation of their late proceedings is almost equally beneficial in its tendency. Had any needless violence, any bloodthirsty excesses, been committed, the natural aversion to cruelty would have produced a re-action like that of the first revolution, and made it almost impossible again to excite resistance against unjust rulers. What gave the oppressions and extortions of the Directory their unchecked course?—nay, what enthroned Napoleon on the ruins of the republic, and then sustained his despotic authority at the cost of so much suffering to the whole of the people—what but the awful recollections of the far more hideous reign of terror, and the resolution to suffer any thing rather than plunge again into such dismal scenes? The tyranny of Napoleon and his conscription gained in like manner a much longer respite for the crimes and follies of the Bourbons, than they otherwise would have had. But now the people know, that treason against the constitution may be resisted without any criminal excess; that the sacred duty of self-defence can be performed without needless violence; that the people can exact condign punishment from evil rulers with as much deliberation as the government can from rebellious subjects. The lesson upon resistance which Mr. Fox wisely inculcated, is now taught in a way too striking to be erased from the memory of the French rulers. He said, that resistance was a right which the people should as seldom as possible remember, but which the government ought never to forget.

The stability of the new government will be mainly secured by the same moderation. It has thence happened, that a revolution of great extent, and carried by much bloodshed, has left behind it no angry feelings, no boisterous triumph, on the one hand—no needless humiliation on the other. A people so demeaning themselves, are worthy of their rulers; and armed with the strength thus conferred on them, those rulers will do their duty by the people, trusting them liberally, but governing them so as to secure the tranquillity of the state.

It now becomes a most important question, how this tranquillity, and the permanence of a good constitutional arrangement, may best be provided for. We throw out a few reflections upon this point with freedom, but with sincere respect for the illustrious patriots from whom we may in some particulars be thought to dissent.

It seems to us of supreme importance, that the elective franchise should be placed upon a more extended basis. So very few persons have the right of voting at present, that an occa-

sion might arise when intrigues, either of turbulent demagogues prone to change, or of courtiers desirous to extend the royal prerogative, would, in favourable circumstances, obtain a majority in the Chambers, against the sense of the community at large. Both the stability of the throne, and the liberties of the country, would be best secured by such a reform as we are now alluding to.

A serious danger appears to impend over the state from an opposite quarter. There is an absolute necessity for arming the executive with sufficient power to render it capable of administering firmly the great functions which belong to it;—the conservation of the peace at home, and the proper representation of the nation in its intercourse with foreign powers. On this depends the security of the two greatest blessings which any state can enjoy, domestic tranquillity, and peace abroad. But after suffering so much from the grasping propensity of their princes, and experiencing so largely what their false nature is capable of, it is not unnatural for the French people to be over-jealous of the prerogative, and to close their eyes entirely upon the dangers of too weak a sovereign power, while intent upon counteracting the hazards of one too strong. Some crude, and exceedingly alarming opinions, that have been ventilated in Paris, and partially repeated in this country, suggest to us the apprehensions under which we are now writing. The best and shortest way of pursuing the subject, will be at once to state these.

Much discussion took place previous to the act of settlement in favour of the Orleans branch, upon the important subject of the Nobility. It was proposed to restrain the rights of that order, in a manner unprecedented in any state where Aristocracy is at all recognised; and the abolition of hereditary rank, or confining the peerage to the lives of the persons first ennobled, was very openly proposed, and the farther consideration of the matter only postponed. It is impossible to contemplate such a change without the greatest alarm; but we even view the entertainment of the subject with apprehensions; because it seems to betoken a very superficial acquaintance with the question, and a very light way of treating so weighty a concern. If nobility is to expire with each Peer that is created, what an enormous influence is given to the crown, over the families of the Aristocracy! All men love to transmit their honours in their own blood. What Peer, then, will dare to oppose the court, especially towards his latter years, if he can only hope to leave his son noble, by gaining the favour of the sovereign, or his servants? Then, how few sons of peers will dare do their duty, when it may cost them the fall from their father's estate and privileges? A more certain method, as it seems to us, could not be devised, of rendering all the Peers subservient to the ministry for the time being; and also of enlisting, on the same side, whatever of weight and influence the families of the peers

possess out of the Upper House. Yet, it is in vain to deny that this proposition was grounded upon an over-jealousy of the Crown, and a dissatisfaction with the Peers for leaning too much against the people, and in favour of the court.

We shall not detail the various ways in which it is manifest that such an arrangement would be wholly repugnant to the very nature of a Nobility. It would, in fact, convert all the Aristocracy into so many place-holders for life, without salary: it would be abolishing Nobility, and extending the number of orders of Knighthood, but with this difference, that the Knights would have legislative privileges. Who in England seeks among the Bishops for the stout opposers of the Court? Yet such a measure would make the whole Upper House bishops or peers for life. We must really take leave to say, that as long as the restrictions upon the rights of primogeniture are so opposed to the accumulation of large estates in the Aristocracy, there is no ground for alarm, lest that order should be too powerful: but this plan would not merely annihilate their power—which would be one evil—it would produce a far greater mischief, by annihilating their independence. The order would remain, with much direct legislative power, and some little influence of station; but all this power and influence would be habitually devoted to the service of the court.

Another subject of great alarm to us is the constitution of the National Guard. This is a most important body—for good or for evil, most powerful. It sprang into existence almost in an instant, during the early stages of the first revolution: 100,000 men took up arms in Paris alone, to perform the office relinquished by the distracted government of Louis XVI., protecting the public peace. They have, of late, with the like celerity, been revived; and 60,000 men in arms were lately reviewed by the king and his generals. There are, certainly, not less than a million of these conservators of the peace, and checks upon the executive government, in all the extent of the country. It is because we desire to see them conserve the peace, and by the awe of their power, operate as a counterbalance to the army under the sovereign's command, that we are most anxious for the purity of the establishment. The proposal of giving them the choice of their own offices, fills us with alarm. Are thousands of armed men a fit and safe deliberative body? Is it wise to make the contest for popular favour a canvass for the command of troops? Would it be well for public men, if to gain popularity, and to have an army under their control, were the same thing? Surely these are questions to which but one answer can be given by any reflecting person. Can there be any cause of alarm if the crown shall appoint the officers, while the men are all citizens? We clearly think not; and we fervently pray that this view of so important a point may be taken in France. Far better at once say, 'We can trust no kingly government;' better resolve to have a republic in name and form,

as well as in substance; because then it would be utterly impossible to have it on the principle of military election. The republican who honestly desires to see an end of all knightly rule, is grievously deceived if he dreams that the proposed scheme is the path to this consummation. It is the high-road, no doubt, to the overthrow of any given government—regal, or aristocratic, or oligarchical or democratic; but it takes to a point a good deal farther on—it leads direct to a military despotism.

Some things have been thrown out by way of recommending large restraints upon the royal authority. It has been proposed to limit the power of making peace and war; to restrain the number of troops by a fundamental law; to take away some of the patronage usually vested in the crown. On these and similar topics we say nothing; being quite satisfied that a little reflection, independent of the instruction afforded by our experience in this country, will convince any one how impracticable such restraints are, if the government is to be really monarchical. A free press, a reformed representation, a standing army only large enough to defend the country against foreign enemies, and its internal police in the hands of armed citizens—these form the best and safest checks upon prerogative, the most ample security for the liberties of the people. We are all along assuming, that a limited monarchy is the kind of government best suited to the wishes and habits of the French people, and to their love of military glory—a position which, in our humble judgment, it would be wild to question. A republic would inevitably, as before, begin in anarchy, and end as before, in the despotism of some fortunate soldier.

It is certain, that, in framing a constitution, no regard is to be had to the personal qualities of the individuals who may first be called to administer its powers. But there is one circumstance not to be left out of the account, in providing for the powers of, and restraints on, the crown—we allude to the certainty, that for some generations the King of the French will have a competitor. The ex-King of France will be a *pretender*; and more than the word is unnecessary to remind those who are acquainted with English history, how materially this circumstance tends to keep the reigning family in check, or, in the ordinary phrase, to set them upon their good behaviour.

II. The first consideration that meets us in bringing our regards homewards, and surveying the bearing of the late revolution upon our own concerns, relates to the kind of part which the English government has sustained throughout those events of which we have been sketching the history. That it labours under very grievous suspicions of having befriended the infatuated tyrant and his ministers, unfortunately admits of no doubt; and that these suspicions extend to the French nation as well as our own countrymen, is unhappily equally true. Are they, can they be, likely to rest upon any four-

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dation? or do they merely proceed from the known sentiments of our ministers regarding every thing free, all popular rights, all royal immunities, upon the continent? Certain it is, that, however much they may have yielded to the people at home, or rather, whatever concessions the people may have extorted from them—abroad, where have neither parliamentary opposition, a free press, nor associations, nor public meetings, to wring from them an assent to improvements, they are found the steady and unflinching patrons of all the forms of antiquated superstition and hateful despotism. Theirs is the preference of the Turk over the Greek—over those whom they would rather restrain in their efforts for independence, than gain the benefit of a counterbalance to Russia, where she is likely to domineer the most perilously for our own interests; and yet they hate the Calmuck, in spite of his despotic accomplishments, because, in fighting his kindred Turcoman, he must, whether he will or no, in some measure wage the war of freedom. For them it is to back the savage tyranny by which Austria has been justly said to renew, in fair Italy, the inroads of the Goths.* The faithless and detested Ferdinand, the vile, bloodthirsty Miguel, receive from them—from the ministers of a mild monarchy and a constitutional king, countenance and support; nay, the navy of England is prostituted by her rulers to break the known laws of nations, for the odious purpose of comforting and abetting the worsers of the two most flagitious tyrants of modern times. That men, to whom despotism the most barbarous and atrocious never looked in vain for sympathy, and, as far as they dared lend it, for succour, should be deemed the natural allies of oppression in the milder form, which it put on under the Charleses and the Polignacs, can hardly be deemed very wonderful; and accordingly, we find the belief deeply rooted in every man's mind, first of all, that the English ministry favoured the formation of the late French cabinet, and next, that they approved of its misdeeds.

To these charges very inadequate contradictions, it must be confessed, have been given. One minister, and only one, in one House, and in one only, of Parliament, positively denied that the English cabinet had interfered to make Prince Polignac premier of France. We verily believe this denial. Whoever supposed that such interpositions were the acts of cabinets? Possibly, if a like denial had been given by another minister in another House of Parliament—a minister of somewhat more weight, and who could with something more of authority take upon himself to say what had not been done, the country might have been better satisfied. He, however, held his peace; and yet, if even he (though he sometimes acts like a whole cabinet, and seems to forget what in truth the public can hardly ever bear in mind, that he has any

colleagues at all) had only denied 'the interference of the cabinet,' so plain an outlet for escape would have been left, that Lord Eldon would doubtless have excepted to the answer, and men far less astute in detecting evasions must have desiderated a far more searching denial. The phrase, *interference*, is so vague, and the phrase, *interference to make a man premier*, so much more uncertain, that no one can well say what he may not have done, who solemnly denies having done this. The English ministers were friends of Prince Polignac; they wished well to his promotion. No one denies, no one affects to deny this, even after they all see the disastrous consequences it has led to. It is possible that no direct communication may have subsisted between the English minister and the Prince upon the subject. It is barely possible that nothing may have passed in conference between the English ambassador and the Prince. It is conceivable that nothing had ever been said by the ambassador, nor any hints thrown out to Charles X. It is a thing which a man may imagine to be true—it is not mathematically impossible that the late King of England, who cherished in his latter years a hatred of those principles of liberty in which he was educated; who detested the Spanish Revolution in 1823 to such a pitch, as to pour forth vows for the success of the French arms, and whose minions at Paris encouraged that detestable crusade against liberty by assurances that it was favoured by their king, and would not be opposed effectually in Parliament—it is a thing which a man may bring himself to suppose, who yet could not believe that two and two made ten, that neither such a king, nor any of his personal favourites, furthered the suit of Prince Polignac to be premier of France. All this we will, for argument's sake, admit; and still it remains undenied, that both the court and the cabinet did mightily rejoice in that infatuated creature's accession to office; regarding, and through all their accustomed organs proclaiming, that event most auspicious to the cause of regular government, as it is most hypocritically termed; in other words to the interests of arbitrary power, and the enemies of freedom. Even one or two of the papers once liberal, but of late permitted, or premitting themselves, far wise but inscrutable purposes, to be ranged under the ministerial banners, sedulously defended the appointment, and hailed it as one auspicious to the best interests of England.

As these men and their organs began, so they went on. The opposition in the Chambers was derided by them; the resolution of all France, as well as her representatives, to reject the ministers, was stigmatized as unreasonable and factious; the necessity of the Polignac ministry to internal peace, and the security of the throne, was plainly maintained; and, when the majorities were decidedly against the government, the most sanguine hopes were held out of the results of a dissolution, by the same politicians, who had notoriously (and we now speak of the

* Monti's celebrated Sonnet on the Peace:—*'Che la data Iddio.'* * Gli Austriaci in Italia *Gottizando* 1800.

Earl of Aberdeen's department in an especial manner) conceived the most lively expectations of Old Spain reconquering her emancipated colonies, partly by the prowess of the imbecile Barradas, and chiefly by the Mexicans flocking to join his standard. The new elections having greatly increased the force of the patriotic party, and actual violence being manifestly threatened by the wretched junto in power, we will admit that, for the first time, there was some pause, some hesitation, on the part of their English friends. At any rate, no minister thought it quite safe *now* to avow himself the patron of the Bourbons. They deemed it more expedient to await the event. But if any man will say, he believes the success of their measures would have given pain to our ministry, we will tell that man, that a greater dupe does not breathe the air than he! Nay, we cannot avoid feeling a perfect conviction, that the English cabinet (there may be one or two exceptions, but speaking of the body) hoped to see the *rigour* of the Polignacs rewarded by success, and a firm government, upon *true* *monarchical principles*, established in France. Let but the conduct of their supporters, if not their organs, be examined. The detestable doctrines of a writer, who has escaped from the country he would so fain have given a dictator to, were openly adopted by the chief ministerial Journal. The necessity of silencing the French press, and changing the law of election, was there proclaimed in round terms. It is even said that Cotta's book was originally written in English and in England, and translated into French; and the Anglicisms of the style, and the apparent originality of the passages given as translations, are cited in support of this assertion. Be that as it may, the respectable Journal to which we refer, and which is known to be under the immediate patronage of men high in office, and occasionally assisted by their pens, led the way in recommending that writer's doctrines to the people of this country, and to the French, as adapted to the state of France. The periodical works of less importance, the weekly and daily papers, with a single exception, which espouse the ministerial side of the question, adopted the same line; and weekly and daily laboured in their vocation to vilify all that the French patriots did, to defend the Polignac ministry, and to exhibit the bitterness of their disappointment at the signal failure of its late measures.

In answer to all this, how ridiculous is it to cite the recognition by the English Government of the Duke of Orleans as King of the French? Had they any choice? Could they have refused to acknowledge the King whom all France had with one voice set upon the throne? Were they prepared to summon the new Parliament, and such a Parliament as had just been returned, and to meet it with an announcement of a new war of five-and-twenty years for the restoration of the Bourbons? The idea is ridiculous; but we verily believe that the recognition of Louis-

Philip I. was hastened by the loud expression of public opinion at the elections, and by the gratifying fact that no persons held more decided language against the dethroned tyrant and his ministers, than the staunch Tory supporters of the Government, and of all governments. In the face of such appalling warnings, to have refused the recognition was at once to have signed their own expulsion from office. The recognition, therefore, proves absolutely nothing. The English ministers may have made Polignac minister by direct interference—they may have prescribed his whole conduct—they may have dictated through their ambassador every Ordinance he issued—they may have sent over the draft from Downing-Street of every state paper he signed—and yet, when the whole plot failed—when their tools were driven with ignominy out of France, or detected in the plot, and shut up in the dungeons of Vincennes—they were compelled to submit, exactly as Charles X. was. It would be precisely the same argument as is urged for our ministers, if that sovereign were to deny that he had any concern in the events which brought about the revolution, because he at once yielded to it, abdicated the throne he had polluted, and quitted the country he had vainly attempted to enslave.

The mention of that personage brings to mind another passage in the conduct of our ministers, and one not immaterial to the present enquiry. When a criminal is detected in plotting some foul enterprise, or, having attempted to carry it into execution, fails, and flies from the scene of his iniquity, does the government of this country make it a practice to receive him with open arms—to direct that the revenue laws shall be suspended in his favour, and to give him shelter and comfort, with much deference and respect, on our shores? No such thing—and why? Because our government never avows a patronage of rapine or murder, and regards with just abhorrence the perpetrators of such crimes. Then why, we ask, has Charles and his family been received, not only with courtesy, but with a degree of favour, which no man living believes would have been shown to the most illustrious patriot that ever bled for freedom—the most venerable philosopher that ever enlarged the powers of man, or bettered the lot of humanity? Had Washington sought our shores, after resigning the sceptre which he might have held for life, possibly transmitted to his kindred, but that he loved his country better than all power—would his baggage have been suffered to pass without search at any custom-house quay in all England? No man dreams of such a thing. Suppose Polignac had succeeded, if any of the unoffending Parisians whom the tyrant ordered his artillery to mow down by thousands, had escaped from the slaughter he was destined to, who believes that the wreck of his fortunes would have been allowed to pass duty-free, and unexamined? In deed, had the Alien Bill still armed our ministers with the power, such a refugee would have

been sent back to certain execution by the next tide. Then why was the oppressor so differently treated? This is the question which we ask now; the question which the people of England are asking, and which it is the bounden duty of their representatives to ask. Charles X., by the very act of our government recognising Louis-Philip, is admitted by that government to be no longer a king—is ranked by that government among private persons. What right, then, had that government to treat him as a king? What possible motive could they have for thus flying in the English people's face, and insulting the French people also, except to show ostentatiously their sorrow for his failure, and their fellow-feeling for his fate—a fate brought on by his crimes—a failure in the attempt to perpetrate the most atrocious wickedness of which a monarch can be guilty? But it was not a mere attempt. The abdicated king came among us stained with the blood of his unoffending subjects. He had ordered his soldiers to the charge; the onslaught had been tremendous; the artillery had been, with a cold-blooded cruelty, unknown to the most atrocious tyrants, brought to bear upon crowded streets, and to sweep down thousands of all ages, and of either sex. From the miserable slaughter which he had commanded, the wretched despot had withdrawn his own person to a place of safety; and, providentially, discomfited, he had fled from the scene of his crimes. This is he for whom the sympathies of our ministers are speedily unlocked: for whose accommodation the laws are suspended; who is received with distinctions which would have been denied to the greatest benefactor of his kind who had never been a king, and a tyrant! What right, then, have those ministers to complain, if they are suspected of leaning towards his designs? Do they not become accessories after the fact, by this their conduct?—If any man is seen submitting to a criminal's fellowship, whom all others detest, the conclusion is immediate, that he was a partner in his guilt, and that he has put himself in the offender's power. Are we to infer that our ministers are not turn their backs upon their French allies for fear of disclosures? Certain it is, that a strange alacrity to get into suspicion by their conduct, has been succeeded by as strange a reluctance to disavow the charge by words. The more respectable of the treasury journals announced that the Duke of Wellington would deny the odious charge at the late Manchester meeting. His Grace made no sign. He listened to some of his adherents expressing their alarms at the progress of public opinion, and their sagacious apprehensions that the people were becoming so well educated, 'as to overwhelm the higher orders.' Without stopping longer than to observe, that if by *overwhelm* be meant *obliterate*, a scanty portion indeed of knowledge might cause such wiseacres to be overwhelmed by any class of the community, at least on the supposition that a man's sense is in proportion

to his information.* No other remark of a political cast was made. Yet, was it beneath the Duke of Wellington's dignity to defend himself by a single sentence of disclaimer? At least, let the ministers keep some appearance of consistency. Sir Robert Peel, in Parliament, distinctly announces, at a time when he feels how extremely insecure the hold over that assembly is, that the ministry will throw themselves upon the country, looking only to the people for support. Well, then; their chief goes to a meeting of the better classes of the people, assembled to do him a civility; and he thinks it beneath him to open his mouth in refutation of the worst charge which could be brought against a public man. He prefers labouring under it for a season, to denying it at the earliest opportunity. Is this the conduct of men who appeal to the people, and throw themselves on the country?

If, however, such be the predicament of the present ministers in respect of French affairs, such is not that of the people. With an unanimity wholly unexampled, they have suffered their delight at the late Glorious Revolution to burst forth, and to reach all the ends of the earth, in accents of applause, of exultation, of heartfelt thankfulness to the French people. The reason why gratitude is felt as well as admiration, may easily be discovered. The cause of the French is that of all freemen. If Polignac had succeeded, there would not have been wanting imitators of his conduct elsewhere. We should ourselves have had our Polignacs. No man of common sense can doubt this. But such a consummation is now, God be thanked, rendered utterly impossible. Several lessons have been taught in the *University of Paris*, which will not soon be forgotten. The soldiers of other countries have taken a degree there; it will be an honour to them, for it will make them remember they are citizens; it will be an advantage to them, for it will keep them from being exemplarily punished, and without any delay, by their fellow citizens. The lessons which all armies have learnt is, first, that their duty is not to butcher their fellow subjects at a tyrant's commands, in order to save a priest's favour, or a minister's place; next, that if in breach of their duty they lend themselves to such treasonable plots of courtiers, they are rushing upon their own certain destruction. For a lesson has also been taught to the citizens of all great towns, that the soldiery cannot succeed in enslaving them by force of arms. A well inhabited street is a fortress, which no troops can take, if the inhabitants be true to themselves; provided there be other streets near requiring a like attack from the military. Far be it from us to suspect the gallant soldiery of other countries of showing less patriotism, less humanity, than those of France lately displayed; but the example is encouraging to the vis-

*The newspapers are supposed to have greatly misrepresented one noble person's words on this occasion.

tnous portion of the army; the lesson, the warning, is wholesome to the profligate and unprincipled, who alone make a standing army dangerous.

Furthermore, the emancipation of France is the hope and strength of freemen all over Europe. Had she succumbed, the chance of liberty in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, was indefinitely postponed: in England herself, a sight of much evil omen was held out to both rulers and people. The most imbecile of ministers, and the least trusted by their country, are ever ready to retreat behind the ranks of the army; ever prepared to support their power by force. But no reflecting man can now entertain a doubt, that if our rulers, untaught by the recent lessons, should ever attempt to enforce arbitrary acts by arms, the people of this country would be ashamed of being outdone by those of France in defending their most sacred liberties.

Finally, we take it to be clear, that the honest and generous emulation, which has ever made the two greatest nations of modern Europe run the same race of rivalry in improvement, will now help us in the amendment of whatever defects exist in our institutions. The people of England will not long brook any marked inferiority to their neighbours; and especially will such an eclipse be galling, if it lie in the freedom upon which they have so long prided themselves as their distinguishing and exclusive excellence. France has now a freer government than England. This truth must be told. Shall we not make such improvements as may restore us to our pristine station and regain for us what Milton called, 'our prerogative of teaching the nations how to live?' The people have but to will it, and the thing is done. Such ministers as the present, have at least the recommendation of utter inability to resist the tide of popular opinion. They are, it is true, wholly unfit to lead the public sentiment: altogether impotent to carry through great measures of themselves; but if the country decrees a thing to be done, be it right or be it wrong, they have no power to resist. Reform within certain limits is the right thing which they must now do, or rather suffer to be done. What though all the present cabinet be deeply pledged against it? What though Sir Robert Peel has of late come forward, somewhat ostentatiously, and very needlessly, to deny representatives to the great towns? So did he, for many a long day, refuse the Catholics and the Dissenters their rights; and in a few weeks, continuing quite unconvinced,* as he

* This declaration of Sir Robert Peel is certainly by far the most strange that any public man ever made. He had surely opposed the Catholic question from a conviction that there was more mischief in granting than in withholding it. Then, if his opinion remained, as he solemnly and repeatedly asserted, unchanged, he was, for some reason or other, induced to grant what it was more mischievous to give than to refuse. What could induce any man to do it? What right had any man to act so? It won't do to

declared, he, and his principal, himself as stout an enemy to the repeal, came round—right round about, and carried the grand measure through Parliament, as it was said, 'triumphantly,' to the no small benefit of the empire, if not to the immortal renown of the senate or its leaders. So will such men yield again, if the people desire it; perhaps they will even volunteer the measure of reform, in order to keep their places a little longer; and they are surely well worth having at such a price. Religious liberty, received as a fine upon renewing the lease of office one year; law reform for the next year; reform of Parliament for a year longer—never sure did landlord make a better bargain, or poor tenant pay more handsomely! It will not be hard to find some fourth fine fit to be exacted when this third year shall be out.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CONSUMPTION.

CONSUMPTION!—Terrible, insatiable tyrant! who can arrest thy progress, or number thy victims? why dost thou attack almost exclusively the fairest and loveliest of our species? why select blooming and beautiful youth, instead of haggard and exhausted age? why strike

say that circumstances were altered—for that is saying that the question is safer given than refused; and he declares his opinion to be unaltered, and that the mischief preponderate. What then can Sir Robert Peel have meant? We know very well that his enemies say, he means only that he preferred giving up his opinion to giving up his place. We believe no such thing, and we mean no such thing; but we cannot comprehend what he means, and we believe he had no distinct meaning when he made the very incomprehensible statement. At all events, he must now allow, and he ought in a manly way to say, that he was wrong from the first. For his argument was that the emancipation was full of danger and risk: these are prospective words, and they mean that the measure would lead to mischief if carried. Carried it has been; what was the future is now the past; no mischief whatever has ensued. Five or six members in England, and as many in Ireland, are Catholics; there's the whole evil we have encountered to pacify Ireland! Does Sir Robert Peel say that the evil may yet arrive? Then he should tell us at least how, if not when; or he is like the Jew who waits for the Messiah, (and ought, therefore, says this statesman-like reasoner, to be excluded from Parliament and from office,) or the Portuguese who is looking for the return of King Sebastian from Africa. Had he not far better admit, what most men now see, and all men of candour believe he sees, that he was in error from the first? He put himself at the head of a party in church and state which wanted a leader, and here in those days much more power than they now have. And he took their creed with the command. He afterwards found he had paid too dear for the station and abandoned both, to the great benefit of the country, and his own great and lasting honour. His way of doing so is another matter; so is his wholly inapplicable opposition to Mr. Canning in 1837. These are the dark parts of his conduct; and these, we think, never can be cleared up, although further service and new sacrifices of prejudice may tend to efface them from our memory.

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down those who are bounding blithely from the starting-post of life, rather than the decrepid beings tottering towards its goal?—By what infernal subtlety hast thou contrived hitherto to baffle the profoundest skill of science, to frustrate utterly the uses of experience, and disclose thyself only when thou hast irretrievably secured thy victim, and thy fangs are crimsoned with its blood?—Destroying angel!—why art thou commissioned thus to smite down the first-born of agonized humanity? What are the strange purposes of Providence, that thus let-teth thee loose upon the objects of its infinite goodness?

Alas, how many aching hearts have been agitated with these unanswerable questions, and how many myriads are yet to be wrung and tortured by them!—Let me proceed to lay before the reader a short and simple statement of one of the many, many cases of consumption, and all its attendant broken-heartedness, with which a tolerably extensive practice has, alas, crowded my memory. The one immediately following has been selected, because it seemed to me, though destitute of varied and stirring incident, calculated, on various accounts, to excite peculiar interest and sympathy. Possibly there are a few who may consider the ensuing pages pervaded by a tone of exaggeration. It is not so. My heart has really ached under the task of recording the bitter, premature fate of one of the most lovely and accomplished young woman I ever knew; and the vivid recollection of her sufferings, as well as those of her anguished relations, may have led me to adopt strong language—but not strong enough adequately to express my feelings.

Miss Herbert lost both her father and mother before she had attained her tenth year, and was solemnly committed by each to the care of her uncle, a baronet, who was unmarried, and, through disappointment in a first attachment, seemed likely to continue so to the end of his life. Two years after his brother's death, he was appointed to an eminent official situation in India, as the fortune attached to his baronetcy had suffered severely from the extravagance of his predecessors. He was for some time at a loss how to dispose of his little niece. Should he take her with him to India, accompanied by a first-rate governess, and have her carefully educated under his own eye; or leave her behind in England, at one of the fashionable boarding-schools, and trust to the general surveillance of a distant female relation? He decided on the former course; and, accordingly, very shortly after completing her twelfth year, this little blooming exotic was transplanted to the scorched soil, and destined to "waste its sweetness" on the sultry air of India.—A more delicate and lovely little creature than was Eliza Herbert, at this period, cannot be conceived. She was the only bud from a parent's stem of remarkable beauty:—but, alas, that stem was suddenly withered by consumption! Her father, also, fell a victim to the fierce typhus fever

only half a year after the death of his wife. Little Eliza Herbert inherited, with her mother's beauty, her constitutional delicacy. Her figure was so slight, that it almost suggested to the beholder the idea of transparency; and there was a softness and languor in her azure eyes, beaming through their long silken lashes, which told of something too refined for humanity. Her disposition fully comported with her person and habits—arch, mild, and intelligent, with a little dash of pensiveness. She loved the shade of retirement. If she occasionally flitted for a moment into the world, its glare and uproar seemed almost to stun her gentle spirit. She was, almost from infancy, devotedly fond of reading; and sought with peculiar avidity books of sentiment. Her gifted preceptor—one of the most amiable and refined of women—soon won her entire confidence, and found little difficulty in imparting to her apt pupil all the stores of her own superior and extensive accomplishments. Not a day passed over her head, that did not find Eliza Herbert riveted more firmly in the hearts of all who came near her, from her doting uncle, down to the most distant domestic. Every luxury that wealth and power could procure was, of course, always at her command; her own innate propriety and just taste prompted her to prefer simplicity in all things. Flattery of all kinds she abhorred—and forsook the house of a rich old English lady, who once told her to her face she was a beautiful little angel! In short, a more sweet, lovely, and amiable being than Eliza Herbert never adorned the ranks of humanity. The only fear which incessantly haunted those around her, and kept Sir — in a feverish flutter of apprehension every day of his life, was, that his niece was, in his own words, "too good—too beautiful, for this world;" and that unseen messengers from above were already flitting around her, ready to claim her suddenly for the skies. He has often described to me his feelings on this subject. He seemed conscious that he had no right to reckon on the continuance of her life; he felt, whenever he thought of her, an involuntary apprehension that she would, at no distant period, suddenly fade from his sight; he was afraid, he said, to let out the whole of his heart's affections on her. Like the Oriental merchant, who shudders while freighting "one bark—one little fragile bark," with the dazzling stores of his immense *ALL*, and committing it to the capricious dominion of wind and waves;—so Sir — often declared, that, at the period I am alluding to, he experienced cruel misgivings, that if he embarked the whole of his soul's loves on little Eliza Herbert, they were fated to be shipwrecked. Yet he regarded her every day with feelings which soon heightened into absolute idolatry.

His fond anxieties soon suggested to him, that so delicate and fragile a being as his niece, supposing for a moment the existence of any real grounds of apprehension that her constitution bore an hereditary taint, could not be thrown into a directer path for her grave, than

in India; that any latent, lurking tendency to consumption would be quickened and developed with fatal rapidity in the burning atmosphere she was then breathing. His mind, once thoroughly suffused with alarms of this sort, could not ever afterwards be dispossessed of them; and he accordingly determined to relinquish his situation in India, the instant he should have realized, from one quarter or another, sufficient to enable him to return to England, and support an establishment suitable to his situation in society. About five years had elapsed since his arrival in India, during which he had contrived to save a large portion of his very ample income—when news reached him that a considerable fortune had fallen to him, from the sudden death of a remote relation. The intelligence made him, comparatively, a happy man. He instantly set on foot arrangements for returning to England, and procuring the immediate appointment of his successor.

Unknown to his niece, about a year after his arrival in India, Sir — had confidentially consulted the most eminent physician on the spot. In obedience to the injunctions of the baronet, Dr. C— was in the habit of dropping in frequently, as if accidental, to dinner, for the purpose of marking Miss Herbert's demeanour, and ascertaining whether there was, so to speak, the very faintest adumbration of any consumptive tendency. But no—his quick and practised eye detected no morbid indications; and he reiteratedly gladdened the baronet's heart, by assuring him, that, in any present evidence to the contrary, little Miss Herbert bade as fair for long and healthy life as any woman breathing, especially if she soon returned to the more salubrious climates of England. Though Dr. C— had never spoken professionally to her, Eliza Herbert was too quick and shrewd an observer, to continue unapprized of the object of his frequent visits to her uncle's house. She had not failed to notice his searching glances; and knew well that he watched almost every mouthful of food she eat, and scrutinized all her movements. He had once also ventured to feel her pulse, in a half-in-earnest, half-in-joke manner, and put one or two questions to the governess about Miss Herbert's general habits, which that good, easy, communicative creature unfortunately told her inquisitive little pupil. Now, there are few things more alarming and irritating to young people, even if consciously enjoying the most robust health, than suddenly to find that they have long been, and still are, the objects of anxious medical surveillance. They begin naturally to suspect that there must be very good reason for it; and especially in the case of nervous, irritable temperaments—their peace of mind is thenceforward destroyed by torturing apprehensions that they are the doomed victims of some insidious, incurable malady. I have often and often known illustrations of this. Sir — also was aware of its ill consequences, and endeavoured to avert even the shadow of a suspicion from his niece's mind

as to the real object of Dr. C—'s visits, by formally introducing him, from the first, as one of his own intimate friends. He therefore flattered himself that his niece was profoundly ignorant of the existence of his anxieties concerning her health; and was not a little startled one morning by Miss Herbert's abruptly entering his study, and, pale with ill-disguised anxiety, enquiring if there was "any thing the matter with her." Was she unconsciously falling into a decline? she asked, almost in so many words. Her uncle was so confounded by the suddenness of the affair, that he lost his presence of mind, changed colour a little, and, with a consciously embarrassed air, assured her that it was "no such thing," "quite a mistake"—a "very ridiculous one," a "childish whim," &c. &c. &c. He was so very earnest and energetic in his assurances that there was no earthly ground for apprehension—and, in short, concealed his alarm so clumsily, that his poor niece, though she left him with a kiss and a smile, and affected to be satisfied, retired to her own room, and from that melancholy moment resigned herself to her grave. Of this, she herself, three years subsequently, in England, assured me. She never afterwards recovered that gentle buoyancy and elasticity of spirits which made her burst upon her few friends and acquaintance like a little lively sunbeam of cheerfulness and gaiety. She felt perpetually haunted by gloomy, though vague suspicions that there was something radically wrong in her constitution—that it was from her birth sown with the seeds of death—and that no earthly power could eradicate them. Though she resigned herself to the dominion of such harassing thoughts as these while alone, and even shed tears abundantly, she succeeded in banishing, to a great extent, her uncle's inquietude, by assuming even greater gaiety of demeanour than before. The baronet took occasion to mention the little incident above related to Dr. C—; and was excessively agitated to see the physician assume a very serious air.

"This may be attended with more mischief than you are aware of, Sir —," he replied. "I feel it my duty to tell you how miserably unfortunate for her it is, that Miss Herbert has at last detected your restless uneasiness about her health, and the means you have taken to watch her constitution. Henceforward she may appear satisfied—but mark her if she can forget it. You will find her fall frequently into momentary fits of absence and thoughtfulness. She will brood over it," continued Dr. C—.

"Why, good God! doctor," replied the baronet, "what's the use of frightening one thus? Do you think my niece is the first girl who has known that her friends are anxious about her health? If she is really, as you tell her, free from disease—why the devil!—can she fancy herself into a consumption?"

"No, no, Sir —; but incessant alarm may accelerate the evil you dread, and predispose

her to blow—which sides disease present

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her to sink, her energies to droop, under the blow—however lightly it may at first fall—which has been so long impending. And besides, Sir —, I did not say she was free from disease, but only that I had not discerned any present symptoms of disease."

"Oh, stuff, stuff, doctor! nonsense!" muttered the baronet, rising and pacing the room with excessive agitation. "Can't the girl be laughed out of her fears?"

It may be easily believed that Sir — spent every future moment of his stay in India in an agony of apprehension. His fears exaggerated the slightest indication of his niece's temporary indisposition into a symptom of consumption; any thing like a cough from her would send him to a pillow of thorns; and her occasional refusal of food at meal times was received with undisguised trepidation on the part of her uncle. If he overtook her at a distance, walking out with her governess, he would follow unperceived, and strain his eyesight with endeavouring to detect any thing like feebleness in her gait. These incessant, and very natural anxieties about the only being he loved in the world, enhanced by his efforts to conceal them, sensibly impaired his own health and spirits. He grew fretful and irritable in his demeanour towards every member of his establishment, and could not completely fix his thoughts for the transaction of his important official business.

This may be thought an overstrained representation of Sir —'s state of mind respecting his niece—but by none except a young, thoughtless or heartless reader. Let the thousand—the million heart-wrung parents who have mourned, and are now mourning, over their consumptive offspring—let them, I say, echo the truth of the sentiments I am expressing. Let those whose bitter fate it is to see

"The bark, so richly freighted with their love," gradually sinking, shipwrecked before their very eyes, say, whether the pen or tongue of man can furnish adequate words to give expression to their anguished feelings!

Eighteen years of age—within a trifle—was Miss Herbert, when she again set foot on her native land, and the eyes and heart of her idolizing uncle leaped for joy to see her augmented health and loveliness, which he fondly flattered himself might now be destined to

"Grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength."

The voyage—though long and monotonous as usual—with its fresh breezy balminess, had given an impetus to her animated spirits; and as her slight figure stepped down the side of the gloomy colossal Indianman which had brought her across the seas, her blue eye was bright as that of a seraph—her beauteous cheeks glowed with a soft and rich crimson, and there was a lightness, ease, and elasticity in her movements—as she tripped the short distance between the vessel and the carriage, which was waiting to convey them to town—that filled

her doting uncle with feelings of almost frenzied joy.

"God Almighty bless thee, my darling!—bless thee—bless thee for ever, my pride! my jewel—Long and happy be thy life in merry England!" sobbed the baronet, folding her almost convulsively in his arms, as soon as they were seated in the carriage, and giving her the first kiss of welcome to her native shores. The second day, after they were established at one of the hotels, while Miss Herbert and her governess were riding the round of fashionable shopping, Sir — drove alone to the late Dr. Baillie. In a long interview (they were personal friends) he communicated all his distressing apprehensions about his niece's state of health, imploring him to say whether he had any real cause of alarm whatever—immediate or prospective—and what course and plan of life he would recommend for the future. Dr. Baillie, after many and minute enquiries, contented himself with saying, that he saw no grounds for present apprehensions. "It certainly did sometimes happen, that a delicate daughter of a consumptive parent, inherited her mother's tendencies to disease," he said. "And as for her future life and habits, there was not the slightest occasion for medicine of any kind; she must live almost entirely in the country, take plenty of fresh dry air and exercise—especially eschew late hours and company;" and he hinted, finally, the advantages, and almost the necessity, of an early matrimonial engagement.

It need hardly be said, that Sir — resolved most religiously to follow this advice to the letter.

"I'll come and dine with you in Dover-street, at seven to-day," said Dr. Baillie, "and make my own observations."

"Thank you, doctor—but—but we dine out to-day," muttered the baronet, rather faintly, adding, inwardly, "no, no!—no more medical espionage—no, no!"

Sir — purchased a very beautiful mansion, which then happened to be for sale, situated within ten or twelve miles of London; and thither he removed, as soon as ever the preliminary arrangements could be completed.

The shrine, and its divinity, were worthy of each other. — Hall was one of the most charming picturesque residences in the county. It was a fine antique semi-Gothic structure, almost obscured from sight in the profound gloom of forest shade. The delicious velvet green-sward spread immediately in front of the house, seemed formed for the gentle footsteps of Miss Herbert. When you went there, if you looked carefully about, you might discover a little white tuft glistening on some part or other of the "smooth soft-shaven lawn;" it was her pet lamb, cropping the crisp and rich herbage. Little thing! it would scarce submit to be fondled by any hand but that of its innocent, indulgent mistress. She, also, might, occasionally, be seen there, wandering thoughtfully along, with a book in her hand—Tasso probably, or Dante—

and her loose light hair straying from beneath a gipsy bonnet, commingling in pleasant contact with a saffron-coloured riband. Her uncle would sit for an hour together, at a corner of his study-window, overlooking the lawn, and never remove his eyes from the figure of his fair niece.

Miss Herbert was now talked of everywhere in the neighbourhood, as the pride of the place—the star of the county. She budded forth almost visibly; and though her exquisite form was developing daily, till her matured, womanly proportions seemed to have been cast in the mould of the Venus de Medici, though on a scale of more slenderness and delicacy—it was, nevertheless, outstripped by the precocious expanding of her intellect. The sympathies of her soul were attuned to the deepest and most refined sentiment. She was passionately fond of poetry—and never wandered without the sphere of what was first-rate. Dante and Milton were her constant companions, by day and night; and it was a treat to hear the mellifluous cadences of the former uttered by the soft and rich voice of Miss Herbert. She could not more satisfactorily evidence her profound appreciation of the true spirit of poetry, than by her almost idolatrous admiration of the kindred genius of Handel and Mozart. She was scarcely ever known to play any other music than theirs; she would listen to none but the “mighty voices of those dim spirits.” And then she was the most amiable and charitable creature that sure ever trode the earth! How many colds, slight, to be sure, and evanescent, had she caught, and how many rebukes from the alarmed fondness of her uncle had she suffered in consequence, through her frequent visits, in all weathers, to the cottages of the poor, and sick! “You are describing an *ideal* being, and investing it with all the graces and virtues—one that never really existed,” perhaps exclaims one of my readers. There are not a few now living, who could answer for the truth of my poor and faint description, with anguish and regret. Frequently, on seeing such instances of precocious development of the powers of both mind and body, the curt and correct expression of Quintilian has occurred to my mind with painful force; “*Quod observatum fere est, celerius occidere frastinatam maturitatem*,”* aptly rendered by the English proverb, “Soon ripe, soon rotten.”

The latter part of Dr. Baillie’s advice was anxiously kept in view by Sir —; and soon after Miss Herbert had completed her twentieth year, he had the satisfaction of seeing her encourage the attentions of a Captain —, the third son of a neighbouring nobleman. He was a remarkably fine and handsome young man, of a very superior spirit, and fully capable of appreciating the value of her whose hand he sought. Sir — was delighted, almost to ecstasy, when he extracted from the trembling, blushing girl, a confession that Captain —’s company was any thing but disagreeable to her. The young

military hero was, of course, soon recognised as her suitor; and a handsome couple, people said, they would make. Miss Herbert’s health seemed more robust, and her sprits more buoyant, than ever. How, indeed could it be otherwise when she was daily riding in an open carriage, or on horseback, over a fine breezy, champaign country, by the side of the gay, handsome, fascinating Captain —?

The baronet was sitting one morning in his study, having the day before returned from a month’s visit to some friends in Ireland, and engaged with some important letters from India, when Miss B——, his niece’s governess, sent a message requesting to speak in private with him. When she entered, her embarrassed, and somewhat flurried manner, not a little surprised Sir —.

“How is Eliza?—How is Eliza, Miss B——?” he enquired hastily, laying aside his reading glasses. “Very well,” she replied—“very;” and after a little fencing about the necessity of making allowance for the exaggeration of alarm and anxiety, she proceeded to inform him, that Miss Herbert had latterly passed restless nights—that her sleep was not unfrequently broken by a cough—a sort of faint *church yard* cough, she said it seemed—which had not been noticed for some time, till it was accompanied by other symptoms.—“Gracious God! madam, how was this not told me before?—Why—why did you not write to me in Ireland about it?”—enquired Sir —, with excessive trepidation. He could scarcely sit in his chair, and grew very pale; while Miss B——, herself equally agitated, went on to mention profuse night-sweats—a disinclination for food—exhaustion from the slightest exercise—a feverishness every evening—and a faint hectic flush—

“Oh *plague-spot*!” groaned the baronet, almost choked, letting fall his reading-glasses. He tottered towards the bell, and the valet was directed to order the carriage for town immediately. “What—what possible excuse can I devise for bringing Dr. Baillie here?” said he to the governess, as he was drawing on his gloves. “Well—well—I’ll leave it to you—do what you can. For God’s sake, madam, prepare her to see him somehow or another, for the doctor and I shall certainly be here together this evening. Oh!—say I am called up to town on sudden business, and thought I might as well bring him on with me, as he is visiting a patient in the neighbourhood—Oh, any thing, madam—any thing!” He hardly knew what he was saying.

Dr. Baillie, however, could not come, being himself at Brighton, an invalid, and the baronet was therefore pleased, though with ill-disguised chagrin, to summon me to supply his place. On my way down, he put me in possession of most of the facts above narrated. He implored me, in tenderness to his agitated feelings, to summon all the tact I had ever acquired, and to alarm the object of my visit as little as possi-

* De Inst. Orat. Lib. IV. In proemio.

ble. I was especially to guard against appearing to know too much; I was to beat about the bush—to extract her symptoms gradually, &c. &c. I never saw the fondest, the most doting father or mother, more agitated about an only child, than was Sir——about his niece. He protested that he could not survive her death—that she was the only prop and pride of his declining years, and that he must fall, if he lost her—and made use of many similar expressions. It was in vain that I besought him not to allow himself to be carried so much away with his fears. He must let me see her, and have an opportunity of judging whether there were any real cause of alarm, I said; and he might rely on my honour as a gentleman, that I would be frank and candid with him, to the very utmost—I would tell him the worst. I reminded him of the possibility that the symptoms he mentioned might not really exist; that they might have been seen by Miss B—— through the distorting and magnifying medium of apprehension; and that, even if they did really exist—why, that—that—they were not *always* the precursors of consumption, I stammered, against my own convictions. It is impossible to describe the emotions excited in the baronet, by my simply uttering the word “consumption.” He said it stabbed him through the heart!

On arriving at——Hall, the baronet and I instantly repaired to the drawing-room, where Miss Herbert and her governess were sitting at tea. The pensive sunlight of September shone through the Gothic window near which they were sitting. Miss Herbert was dressed in white, and looked really dazzlingly beautiful; but the first transient glance warned me that the worst might be apprehended. I had that very morning been at the bedside of a dying young lady, a martyr to that very disease which commenced by investing its victim with a tenfold splendour of personal beauty, to be compensated for by sudden and rapid decay! Miss Herbert's eyes were lustrous as diamonds; and the complexion of her cheeks, pure and fair as that of the lily, was surmounted with an intense circumscribed crimson flush—alas, alas! the very “plague-spot” of hectic—of consumption. She saluted me silently, and her eyes glanced hurriedly from me to her uncle, and from him again to me. His disordered air defied disguise.

She was evidently apprized of my coming, as well as of the occasion of my visit. Indeed, there was a visible embarrassment about all four of us, which I felt I was expected to dissipate, by introducing indifferent topics of conversation. This I attempted, but with little success. Miss Herbert's tea was before her on a little ebony stand, untouched; and it was evidently a violent effort only that enabled her to continue in the room. She looked repeatedly at Miss B——, as though she wished to be gone. After about half an hour's time, I alluded complimentarily to what I had heard of her performance on the piano; she smiled coldly, and rather contemptu-

ously, as though she saw the part I was playing. Nothing daunted, however, I begged her to favour me with one of Haydn's sonatas; and she went immediately to the piano, and played what I asked—I need hardly say, very exquisitely. Her uncle then withdrew, for the alleged purpose of answering a letter, as had been arranged between us; and I was then left alone with the two ladies. I need not fatigue the reader with a minute description of all that passed. I introduced the object of my visit as casually and gently as I could, and succeeded more easily than I had anticipated in quieting her alarms. The answers she gave to my questions amply corroborated the truth of the account given by Miss B—— to the baronet. Her feverish, accelerated pulse, also, told of the hot blighting breathings of the destroying angel, who was already hovering close around his victim! I was compelled to smile with an assumed air of gaiety and nonchalance, while listening to the poor girl's unconscious disclosures of various little matters, which amounted to infallible evidence that she was already beyond the reach of medicine. I bade her adieu, complimenting her on her charming looks, and expressing my delight at finding so little occasion for my professional services! She looked at me with a half-incredulous, half-confiding eye, and with much girlish simplicity and frankness put her hand into mine, thanking me for dispersing her fears, and begging me to do the same for her uncle. I afterwards learned, that as soon as I left the room, she burst into a flood of tears, and sighed and sobbed all the rest of the evening.

With Sir—— I felt it my duty to be candid. Why should I conceal the worst from him, when I felt as certain as I was of my own existence, that his beautiful niece was already beginning to wither away from before his eyes? Convinced that “hope deferred maketh sick the heart,” I have always, in such cases, warned the patient's friends, long beforehand, of the inevitable fate awaiting the object of their anxious hopes and fears, in order that resignation might gradually steal thoroughly into their broken hearts.—To return. I was conducted to the baronet's study, where he was standing with his hat and gloves on, ready to accompany me as far as the highroad, in order that I might wait the arrival of a London coach. I told him, in short, that I feared I had seen and heard too much to allow a doubt that his niece's present symptoms were those of the commencing stage of pulmonary consumption; and that though medicine and change of climate might possibly avert the evil day for a time, it was my melancholy duty to assure him, that no earthly power could save her.

“Merciful God!” he gasped, loosing his arm from mine, and leaning against the park gate, at which we had arrived. I implored him to be calm. He continued speechless for some time, with his hands clasped.

“Oh doctor, doctor!” he exclaimed, as if

a gleam of hope had suddenly flashed across his mind, "we've forgot to tell you a most material thing, which perhaps will alter the whole case—oh, how could we have forgotten it!" he continued, growing heated with the thought; "my niece *eats* very heartily—nay, more heartily than any of us, and seems to relish her food more." Alas, I was obliged, as I have hundreds of times before been obliged, to dash the cup from his lips, by assuring him that an almost *ravenous* appetite was as invariably a forerunner of consumption, as the pilot fish of the shark!

"Oh, great God, what will become of me! What shall I do?" he exclaimed, almost frantic, and wringing his hands in despair. He had lost every vestige of self-control. "Then my sweet angel must die! Damning thought! Oh let me die too! I cannot, I will not survive her!—Doctor, doctor, you must give up your London practice, and come and live in my house—you must! By G—, I'll fling my whole fortune at your feet! Only save her, and you and yours shall wallow in wealth, if I go back to India to procure it!—Oh, whither—whither shall I go with my darling? To Italy—France?—My God! What shall I do when she is *gone*—for ever!" he exclaimed, like one distracted. I entreated him to recollect himself, and endeavour to regain his self-possession before returning to the presence of his niece. He started. "Oh, mockery, doctor, mockery! How can I ever look on the dear girl again? She is no longer mine; she is in her grave—she is!"

Remonstrance and expostulation, I saw, were utterly useless, and worse, for they served only to irritate. The coach shortly afterwards drew up; and wringing his hands, Sir—extorted a promise that I would see his niece the next day, and bring Dr. Baillie with me, if he should have returned to town. I was as good as my word, except that Dr. Baillie could not accompany me, being still at Brighton. My second interview with Miss Herbert was long and painfully interesting. She and I were alone. She wept bitterly, and recounted the incident mentioned above, which occurred in India, and occasioned her first serious alarm. She felt convinced, she told me, that her case was hopeless; she saw too that her uncle possessed a similar conviction, and sobbed agonizingly when she alluded to his altered looks. She had felt a presentiment, she said, for some months past, which, however, she had never mentioned till then, that her days were numbered, and attributed, too truly, her accelerated illness to the noxious clime of India. She described her sensations to be that of a constant void within, as if there were a something wanting—an unnatural hollowness—a dull, deep aching in the left side—a frequent inclination to relieve herself by spitting, which, when she did, alas! alas! she observed more than once to be streaked with blood.

"How long do you think I have to live doctor?" she enquired faintly.

"Oh, my dear madam, do not, for Heaven's

sake, ask such useless questions!—How can I possibly presume to answer them, giving you credit for a spark of common sense?" She grew very pale, and wiped her forehead.

"Is it likely that I shall have to endure much pain?" she asked with increasing trepidation. I could reply only, that I *hoped* not—that there was no ground for *immediate* apprehension—and I faltered, that *possibly* a milder climate, and the skill of medicine, might yet carry her through. The poor girl shook her head hopelessly, and trembled violently from head to foot.

"Oh, poor uncle!—Poor, poor Edw——!" She faltered, and fell fainting into my arms; for the latter allusion to Captain—had completely overcome her. Holding her senseless, sylphlike figure in my arms, I hurried to the bell, and was immediately joined by Sir—, the governess, and one or two female attendants. I saw the baronet was beginning to behave like a madman, by the increasing boisterousness of his manner, and the occasional glare of wildness that shot from his eye. With the utmost difficulty I succeeded in forcing him from the room, and keeping him out till Miss Herbert had recovered.

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" he muttered hoarsely, after staggering to a seat, "this is worse than death! I pray God to take her and me too, and put an end to our misery!"

I expostulated with him rather sternly, and represented to him the absurdity and impiousness of his wish.

"D—n—n!" he thundered, starting from his chair, and stamping furiously to and fro across the room, "what the—do you mean by snivelling in that way, doctor? Can I see my darling dying—absolutely dying by inches—before my very eyes, and yet be cool and unconcerned? I did not expect such conduct from you, Doctor;"—he burst into tears. "Oh! I'm going mad!—I'm going mad!" and he sunk again into his seat. From one or two efforts he made to gulp down again, as it were, the emotions which were swelling and dilating his whole frame, I seriously apprehended either that he would fall into a fit, or go absolutely raving mad. Happily, however, I was mistaken. His fearful excitement gradually subsided. He was a man of remarkably strong and ardent feelings, which he had never been accustomed to controul, even in the moments of their most violent manifestations; and on the present occasion, the maddening thought, that the object of his long, intense, and idolizing love and pride was about to be lost to him irretrievably—for ever—was sufficient to overturn his shaken intellects. I prevailed upon him to continue where he was, till I returned from his niece, for I was summoned to her chamber. I found her lying on the bed, only partially undressed. Her beautiful auburn hair hung disordered over her neck and shoulders, partially concealing her lovely marble-hued features. Her left hand covered her eyes, and her right clasped a little locket, sus-

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pended round her neck by a plain black riband, containing a little of Captain ——'s hair. Miss B——, her governess, her maid, and the house-keeper, with tears and sobs, were engaged in rendering various little services to their unfortunate young mistress; and my heart ached to think of the little—the nothing—I could do for her.

Two days afterwards, Dr. Baillie, another physician, and myself, went down to see Miss Herbert; for a note from Miss B—— informed me that her ward had suffered severely from the agitation experienced at the last visit I had paid her, and was in a low nervous fever. The consumptive symptoms, also were beginning to gleam through the haze of accidental indisposition with fearful distinctness. Dr. Baillie simply assured the baronet that my predictions were but too likely to be verified; and that the only chance of averting the worst form of consumption (a galloping one) would be an instant removal to Italy, that the fall of the year, and the winter season might be spent in a more genial and fostering climate. We at the same time, frankly assured Sir——, who listened with a sullen, despairing apathy of manner that the utmost he had to expect from a visit to Italy, was the faintest chance of a temporary suspension of the fate which hovered over his niece. In a few weeks, accordingly, they were all settled at Naples.

But what have I to say, all this time, the reader is possibly asking, about the individual who was singled out by fate for the first and heaviest stroke inflicted by Miss Herbert's approaching dissolution? Where was the lover? Where was Captain ——? I have avoided allusions to him hitherto, because his distress and agitation transcended all my powers of description. He loved Miss Herbert with all the passionate, romantic fervour of a first attachment; and the reader must ask his own heart, what were the feelings by which that of Captain —— was lacerated.

I shall content myself with recording one little incident which occurred before the family of Sir —— left for Italy. I was retiring one night to rest, about twelve o'clock, when the startling summons of the night bell brought me again down stairs, accompanied by a servant. Thrice the bell rung with impatient violence before the door could possibly be opened, and I heard the steps of some vehicle let down hastily.

"Is Dr. —— at home?" enquired a groom, and being answered in the affirmative, in a second or two a gentleman leaped from the chariot standing at the door, and hurried into the room whither I had retired to await him. He was in a sort of half military travelling dress. His face was pale, his eyes sunk, his air disordered, and his voice thick and hurried. It was Captain ——, who had been absent on a shooting excursion in Scotland, and who had not received intelligence of the alarming symptoms, disclosed by Miss Herbert, till within four days of

that which found him at my house, on the present occasion, come to ascertain from me the reality of the melancholy apprehensions so suddenly entertained by Sir —— and the other members of both families.

"Good God! Is there no hope, doctor?" he enquired faintly, after swallowing a glass of wine, which, seeing his exhaustion and agitation I had sent for. I endeavoured to evade giving a direct answer—attempted to divert his thoughts towards the projected trip to the continent—dilated on the soothing, balmy climate she would have to breathe—it had done wonders for others, &c. &c.—in a word, exhausted the stock of inefficient subterfuges and palliatives to which all professional men are on such occasions compelled to resort. Captain ——listened to me silently, while his eye was fixed on me with a vacant unobserving stare. His utter wretchedness touched me to the soul; and yet what consolation had I to offer him? After several profound sighs, he exclaimed, in a flurried tone, "I see how it is. Her fate is fixed—and so is mine! Would to God—would to God I had never seen or known Miss Herbert! What will become of us!" He rose to go. "Doctor, forgive me for troubling you so late, but really I can rest nowhere! I must go back to —— Hall." I shook hands with him, and in a few moments the chariot dashed off.

Really I can scarcely conceive of a more dreadful state of mind than that of Captain —— or of any one whose "heart is in the right place," to use a homely but apt expression, when placed in such wretched circumstances as those above related. To see the death warrant sealed of her a man's soul dotes on—who is the idolized object of his holiest, fondest, and possibly first affections! yes, to see her bright and beautiful form suddenly snatched down into "utter darkness" by the cold, relentless grasp of our common foe—the "desire of our eyes taken away as with a stroke"—may well wither one! That man's soul which would not be palsied, prostrated, by such a stroke as this, is worthless, and worse—it is a foul libel on his kind. He cannot love a woman as she should and must be loved. Why am I so vehement in expressing my feelings on this subject? Because, in the course of my professional intercourse my soul has been often sickened with listening to the expression of opposite sentiments. The poor and pitiful *philosophy*—that the word should ever have been so prostituted!—which is now sneaking in among us, fostered by foolish ears, and men with hollow hearts and barren brains, for the purpose of weeding out from the soul's garden its richest and choicest flowers, sympathy and sentiment—*this philosophy* may possibly prompt some reader to sneer over the agonies I have been attempting to describe; but, oh reader, do you eschew it—trample on it—trample on it whenever, wherever you find it, for the reptile, though very little, is very venomous.

Captain ——'s regiment was ordered to Ire-

land, and as he found it impossible to accompany it, he sold out, and presently followed the heart-broken baronet and his niece to Italy. The delicious climate sufficed to kindle and foster for a while that deceitful *ignus fatuus*, hope, which always flits before in the gloomy horizon of consumptive patients, and leads them and their friends on—and on—and on—till it suddenly sinks quivering into their grave!—They staid at Naples till the month of July. Miss Herbert was sinking, and that with fearfully accelerated rapidity. Sir ———'s health was much impaired with incessant anxiety and watching; and Captain ——— had been several times on the very borders of madness. His love for the dear being who could never be his, increased ten thousand fold when he found it hopeless!—Is it not always so?

Aware that her days were numbered, Miss Herbert anxiously importuned her uncle to return to England. She wished, she said, to breathe her last in her native isle—among the green pastures and hills of ———shire, and to be buried with her father and mother. Sir ——— listened to the utterance of these sentiments with a breaking heart. He could see no reason for refusing a compliance with her request; and accordingly the latter end of August beheld the unhappy family once more at ——— Hall.

I once saw a very beautiful lily, of rather more than ordinary stateliness, whose stem had been snapped by the storm over night; and on entering my garden in the morning, alas, alas! there lay the pride of all chaste flowers, pallid and prostrate on the very bed where it had a short while before bloomed so sweetly!—This little circumstance was forcibly recalled to my recollection, on seeing Miss Herbert for the first time after her return from the continent. It was in the spacious drawing-room at ——— Hall, where I had before seen her, in the evening; and she was reclining on an ottoman, which had been drawn towards the large fretted Gothic window formerly mentioned. I stole towards it with noiseless footsteps; for the hushing, cautioning movements of those present warned me that Miss Herbert was asleep. I stood and gazed in silence for some moments on the lovely unfortunate—almost afraid to disturb her even by breathing. She was wasted almost to a shadow—attenuated to nearly ethereal delicacy and transparency. She was dressed in a plain white muslin gown, and lying on an Indian shawl, in which she had been enveloped for the purpose of being brought down from her bed chamber. Her small foot and ankle were concealed beneath white silk stockings, and satin slippers—through which it might be seen how they were shrunk from the full dimensions of health. They seemed, indeed, rather the exquisite chiselling of Canova, the representation of recumbent beauty, than flesh and blood, and scarcely capable of sustaining even the slight pressure of Miss Herbert's wasted frame. The arms and hands were enveloped

in long white gloves, which fitted very loosely; and her waist, encircled by a broad violet coloured riband, was rather that of a young girl of twelve or thirteen, than a full grown woman. But it was her countenance—her symmetrical features, sunk, faded, and damp with death dews, and her auburn hair falling in rich matted careless clusters down each side of her alabaster temples and neck—it was all this which suggested the bitterest thoughts of blighted beauty, almost breaking the heart of the beholder. Perfectly motionless and statue-like lay that fair creature, breathing so imperceptibly that a rose leaf might have slept on her lips unfluttered. On an easy chair drawn towards the head of the ottoman, sat her uncle Sir ———, holding a white cambric handkerchief in his hand, with which he from time to time wiped off the dews which started out incessantly on his niece's pallid forehead. It was affecting to see his hair changed to a dull iron grey hue; whereas, before he had left for the continent, it was jet-black. His sallow and worn features bore the traces of recent tears.

And where *now* is the lover? Where is Captain ———? again enquires the reader. He was then at Milan, raving beneath the tortures and delirium of a brain-fever, which flung him on his sick-bed only the day before Sir ———'s family set out for England. Miss Herbert had not been told of the circumstance till she arrived at home; and those who communicated the intelligence will never undertake such a duty again!

After some time, in which we around had maintained perfect silence, Miss Herbert gently opened her eyes; and seeing me sitting opposite her uncle, by her side, gave me her hand, and with a faint smile, whispered some words of welcome which I could not distinguish.

"Am I much altered, doctor, since you saw me last?" she presently enquired, in a more audible tone. I said I regretted to see her so feeble and emaciated.

"And does not my poor uncle also look very ill?" enquired the poor girl, eyeing him with a look of sorrowful fondness. She feebly extended her arms, as if for the purpose of putting them round his neck, and he seized and kissed them with such fervour, that she burst into tears. "Your kindness is killing me—oh don't, don't!" she murmured. He was so overpowered with his emotions, that he abruptly rose and left the room. I then made many minute enquiries about the state of her health. I could hardly detect any pulsation at the wrist, though the blue veins, and almost the arteries, I fancied, might be seen meandering beneath the transparent skin. * * * My feelings will not allow me, nor would my space, to describe every interview I had with her. She sunk very rapidly. She exhibited all those sudden deceitful rallyings, which invariably agonize consumptive patients and their friends with fruitless hopes of recovery. Oh, how they are clung to! how hard to persuade their fond hearts to relinquish them!

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with what despairing obstinacy will they persist in "hoping against hope!" I recollect one evening in particular, that her shattered energies were so unaccountably revived and collected—her eye grew so full and bright—her cheeks were suffused with so rich a vermillion—her voice soft and sweet as ever, and her spirits so exhilarated—that even I was staggered for a moment; and poor Sir — got so excited, that he said to me in a sort of ecstasy, as he accompanied me to my carriage—"Ah doctor, a phoenix, doctor! a phoenix. She's rising from her ashes—ah! ha! She'll cheat you for once—darling!" and he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, for they were overflowing.

"Doctor, you're fond of music, I believe; you will not have any objection to listen to a little now, will you?—I'm exactly in the mood for it, and it's almost the only enjoyment I have left, and Miss B—— plays enchantingly. Go, love, please, and play a mass from Mozart—the one we listened to last night," said Miss Herbert, on one occasion, about a week after the interview last mentioned. Miss B——, who was in tears, immediately rose, and took her seat at the piano. She played with exquisite taste and skill. I held one of my sweet patient's hands in mine, as she lay on the sofa, with her face turned towards the window, through which the retiring sunlight was streaming in tender radiance on her wasted features, after tinting the amber-hued groves which were visible through the window. I need not attempt to characterize the melting music which Miss B—— was pouring from the piano. I have often thought that there is a sort of *spiritual*, unearthly character about some of the masses of Mozart, which draws out the greatest sympathies of one's nature, striking the deepest and most hidden chords of the human heart. On the present occasion, the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed—the time—the place—the dying angel whose hand was clasped in mine—disposed me to a more intense appreciation of Mozart's music than I had ever known before. The soft, soothing, solemn, swelling cadences undulated one after another into my full heart, till they forced the tears to gush from my eyes. I was utterly overcome. Oh, that languishing, heart-breaking music, I can never forget! the form of Eliza Herbert flits before me to this day when I hear it spoken of. I will not listen to any one *play* it now;—though I have often wept since on hearing it from Miss B——, to whom Miss Herbert bequeathed her piano.—To return. My tears flowed fast; and I perceived also the crystal drops oozing through the closed eyelids of Miss Herbert. "Heart-breaking music, is it not, doctor?" she murmured. I could make her no reply. I felt at that moment as if I could have laid down my life for her.—After a long pause—Miss B—— continuing all the while playing—Miss Herbert sobbed. "Oh, how I should like to be buried while the organ is playing this music!—And HE—HE was fond of it, too!" she continued, with

a long shuddering sigh. It was echoed, to my surprise, but in a profounder tone, from that quarter of the room where the grand-piano was placed. It could not have been from Miss B——, I felt sure; and looking towards her, I beheld the dim outline of Sir ——'s figure leaning against the piano, with his face buried in his white handkerchief. He had stolen into the room unperceived—for he had left it half an hour before, in a fit of sudden agitation—and after continuing about five minutes, was compelled, by his feelings, again to retire. His sigh, and the noise he made in withdrawing, had been heard by Miss Herbert.

"Doctor—doctor"—she stammered faintly, turning as white as ashes, "who—who is that? what was it?—Oh dear—it can never be—no—no—it cannot"—and she suddenly fainted. She continued so long insensible, that I began to fear it was all over. Gradually, however, she recovered, and was carried up to bed, which she did not leave again for a week.

I mentioned, I think, in a former part of this narrative, Miss Herbert's partiality for poetry, and that her readings were confined to that which was of the highest order. While sitting by her bedside, I have heard her utter often very beautiful thoughts, suggested by the bitterness of her own premature fate. All—all are treasured in my heart!

I have not attempted to describe her feelings with reference to Captain ——, simply because I cannot do them justice, without, perhaps, incurring the reader's suspicions that I am slipping into the character of the novelist. She did not know that Captain —— continued yet at death's door at Milan, for we felt bound to spare her feelings. We fabricated a story that he had been summoned into Egypt, to enquire after the fate of a brother who had travelled thither, and whose fate, we said, was doubtful. Poor girl! she believed us at last—and seemed rather inclined to accuse him of unkindness for allowing *any thing* to withdraw him from her side. She never, however, said any thing directly of this kind. It is hardly necessary to say, that Captain —— never knew of the fiction. I have never, to this day, entirely forgiven myself for the part I took in it.

I found her one morning, within a few days of her death, wretchedly exhausted both in mind and body. She had passed, as usual, a restless night, unsoothed even by the laudanum, which had been administered to her in much larger quantities than her medical attendants had authorized. It had stupified, without at the same time composing and calming her. Poor—poor girl! almost the last remains of her beauty had disappeared. There was a fearful hollowness in her once lovely and blooming cheeks; and her eyes—those bright orbs which had a short while ago dazzled and delighted all they shone upon—were now sunk—quenched—and surrounded by dark halos! She lay with her head buried deep in the pillow, her hair folded

back, matted with perspiration. Her hands---but I cannot attempt to describe her appearance any further. Sir ----- sat by her bedside, as he had sat all through her illness, and was utterly worn out. I occupied the chair allotted to Miss B---, who had just retired to bed, having been up all night. After a long silence, Miss Herbert asked very faintly for some tea, which was presently brought her, and dropped into her mouth by spoonfuls. Soon after she revived a little, and spoke to me, but in so low a whisper that I had great difficulty in distinguishing her words. The exertion of utterance, also, was attended with so much evident pain, that I would rather she had continued silent.

"Laudanum--laudanum--laudanum, doctor! They don't give me enough of laudanum!" she muttered. We made her no reply. Presently she began murmuring at intervals somewhat in this strain: "Ah---among the pyramids---looking at them---sketching---ascending them, perhaps---oh! what if they should fall and crush him? Has he found his brother? On his way---home---sea---ships---ship." Still we did not interrupt her, for her manner indicated only a dim dreamy sort of half-consciousness. About an hour afterwards (why did I linger there it may be asked, when I could do nothing for her, and could ill spare the time? I know not---I could not leave) she again commenced, in a low moaning, wandering tone---"Uncle! What do you think? Chatterton---poor, melancholy Chatterton sat by my side all night long---in that chair where Dr. --- is sitting. He died of a broken heart---or of my disease---didn't he?---Wan---wan---sad---cold---ghostly---but so like a poet!---Oh, how he talked---no one, earthly, like him!---His voice was like the mysterious music of an Eolian harp---so solemn---soft---stealing!--- * * He put his icy fingers on my bosom, and said it must soon be as cold!---But he told me not to be afraid---nor weep, because I was dying so young---so early. He said I was a young little rose-tree, and would have the longer to bloom and blossom when he came for me." She smiled faintly and sadly. "Oh, dear, dear!---I wish I had him here again! But he looks very cold and ghostly---never moves---nothing rustles---I never hear him come, or go---but I look, and there he is!---and I'm not at all frightened, for he seems gentle---but I think he can't be happy---happy---never smiles, never!--- * * Dying people see and hear more than others!"

This, I say, is the substance of what she uttered. All she said was pervaded by a sad romance, which shewed that her soul was deeply imbued with poetry.

"Toll!---Toll!---Toll!---How solemn!---White plumes!---White scarfs! Hush---Earth to earth!---oh dreadful!---It is crumbling on my breast! They all go---they leave me all---poor, poor Eliza!---they leave me all alone in the cold church---He'll often walk in the church by himself---his tears will fall on the pavement---but I shall not hear him---nor see him!---He will

ne---ver see me!---Will the organ play, I wonder?---It may wake me from sleep for a while!" I listened to all this, and was fit for nothing the rest of the day. Again---again I saw her, to let fall tears over the withered petals---the blighted blossoms of early beauty!---It wrung my heart to see her little more than a breathing corpse. Oh, the gloom---anguish---desolation diffused through --- Hall! It could be felt; it oppressed you, on entering!

* * * On Saturday morning, (the --- day of November, 18---), I drove down early, having the preceding evening promised to be there as soon as possible the next day. It was a cold, scowling, bitter November morning, and my heart sunk within me as my chariot rattled rapidly along the hard highway towards --- Hall. But I was TOO LATE. The curtain had fallen, and hid poor Eliza Herbert from this world, for ever!---She had expired about half an before my arrival.

As I was returning to town, after attending the funeral of Miss Herbert, full of bitter and sorrowful thoughts, I met a travelling carriage and four thundering down the road. It contained poor Captain ---, his valet, and a young Italian medical attendant---all just returned from the continent. He looked white and wasted. The crape on my hat---my gloves---weepers---mourning suit, told all instantly. I was in a moment at his side---for he had swooned. As for the disconsolate baronet, little remains to be said. He disposed of --- Hall; and, sick of England---ill and irritable---he attempted to regain his Indian appointment, but unsuccessfully; so he betook himself to a solitary house belonging to the family, in ---shire; and, in the touching language of one of old, "Went on mourning to the end of his days."

THE SPECTRAL DOG---AN ILLUSION.

The age of ghosts and hobgoblins is gone by, says worthy Dr. Hibbert; and so, after him, says almost every body now-a-days. These mysterious visitants are henceforth to be resolved into mere optical delusion, acting on an excitable fancy, and an irritable, nervous temperament; and the report of a real *bona fide* ghost, or apparition, is utterly scouted. Possibly this may not be going too far, even though it be in the teeth of some of the most stubborn facts that are on record. One, or possibly two, of this character, I may perhaps present to the reader on a future occasion; but at present I shall content myself with relating a very curious and interesting case of acknowledge optical delusion; and I have no doubt that many of my medical readers can parallel it with similar occurrences within the sphere of their own observation.

Mr. D----- was a clergyman of the Church of England, educated at Oxford---a scholar, "a ripe and good one,"---a man of remarkably acute and powerful understanding; but, according to his own account, destitute of even an atom of imagination. He was also an exemplary minister; preached twice, willingly, every Sunday;

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and performed all the other duties of his office with zealous fidelity, and to the full satisfaction of his parishioners. If any man is less likely to be terrified with ghosts, or has less reason to be so, than another, surely it was such a character as Mr. D-----.

He had been officiating on Sunday evening for an invalid friend, at the latter's church, a few miles' distance from London, and was walking homewards enjoying the tranquillity of the night, and enlivened by the cheerful beams of the full moon. When at about three miles distance from town, he suddenly heard, or fancied he heard, immediately behind him, the sound of gasping and panting, as of a dog following at his heels, breathless with running. He looked round, on both sides; but seeing no dog, thought he must have been deceived, and resumed his walk and meditations. The sound was presently repeated. Again he looked round, but with no better success than before. After a little pause, thinking there was something rather odd about it, it suddenly struck him, that what he had heard was nothing more than the noise of his own hard breathing, occasioned by the insensibly accelerated pace at which he was walking, intent upon some subject which then particularly occupied his thoughts. He had not walked more than ten paces further, when he again heard precisely similar sounds; but with a running accompaniment---If I may be allowed a pun---of the pit-pitpattering of a dog's feet, following close behind his left side.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. D----- aloud, stopping for the third time, and looking round in all directions, far and near; "why, really, that's very odd---very!---Surely I could not have been mistaken again?" He continued standing still, wiped his forehead, replaced his hat on his head, and, with a little trepidation, resumed his walk, striking his stout black walking-stick on the ground with a certain energy and resoluteness, which sufficed in re-assuring his own flurried spirits. The next thirty or forty paces of his walk Mr. D----- passed over "*erectis auribus*," and hearing nothing similar to the sounds which had thrice attracted his attention, was relapsing into his meditative mood when, in a few moments, the noise was repeated, apparently from his right hand side; and he gave something like a start from the path side into the road, on feeling the calf of his leg brushed past, as he described it, by the shaggy coat of his invisible attendant. He looked suddenly down, and, to his very great alarm and astonishment, beheld the dim outline of a large Newfoundland dog, of a blue colour! He moved from the spot where he was standing---the phantom followed him---he rubbed his eyes with his hands, shook his head, and again looked; but there it still was, large as a young calf, [to which he himself compared it,] and had assumed a more distinct and definite form. The colour, however, continued the same---faint blue. He observed, too, its eyes---like dim, decaying fire-coals, as it looked up composedly

in his face. He poked about his walking stick, and moved it repeatedly through and through the form of the phantom; but there it continued---indivisible---impalpable---in short as much a dog as ever, and yet the stick traversing its form in every direction from the tail to the tip of the nose! Mr. D----- hurried on a few steps, and again looked;---there was the dog! Now the reader should be informed that Mr. D----- was a remarkably temperate man, and had, that evening, contented himself with a solitary glass of port by the bed-side of his sick brother; so that there was no room for supposing his perceptions to have been disturbed with liquor.

"What *can* it be?" thought he, while his heart knocked rather harder than usual against the bars of its prison---"oh, it must be an *optical delusion*---oh, 'tis clearly so! nothing in the world worse! that's all. How odd!" and he smiled; he thought very unconcernedly;---but another glimpse of the phantom standing by him in blue indistinctness instantly darkened his features with the hue of apprehension---If it really *was* an optical delusion, it was the most fixed and pertinacious one he ever heard of! The best part of valour is discretion, says Shakspeare; and in all things; so, observing a stage passing by at that moment, to put an end to the matter, Mr. D-----, with a little trepidation in his tone, ordered it to stop; there was just room for *one* inside; and in stepped Mr. D-----, chuckling at the cunning fashion after which he had succeeded in jockeying his strange attendant. Not feeling inclined to talk with the fat woman who sat next him, squeezing him most unmercifully against the side of the coach, nor with the elderly grazier-looking man fronting him, whose large dirty top-boots seriously incommoded him, he shut his eyes, that he might pursue his thoughts undisturbed. After about five minutes riding, he suddenly opened his eyes---and the first thing that met them was the figure of the blue dog, lying stretched in some unaccountable manner at his feet, half under the seat!

"I---I---hope THE DOG does not annoy you, sir?" enquired Mr. D-----, a little flustered, of the man opposite, hoping to discern whether the dog chose to be visible to any one else.

"Sir!" exclaimed the person he addressed, starting from a kind of doze, and staring about in the bottom of the coach.

"Lord, sir!" echoed the woman beside him.

"A dog, sir, did you say?" enquired several, in a breath.

"Oh---nothing---nothing, I assure you. 'Tis a little mistake," replied Mr. D-----, with a faint smile; "I---I thought---in short, I find I've been *dreaming*; and I'm sure I beg pardon for disturbing you." Every one in the coach laughed except Mr. D-----, whose eyes continued riveted on the dim blue outline of the dog, lying motionless at his feet. He was now certain that he was suffering from an optical illusion of some sort or other, and endeavoured to prevent his thoughts from running into an alarmed

channel, by striving to engage his faculties with the *philosophy* of the thing. He could make nothing out, however; and the Q. E. D. of his thinkings startled him not a little, when it came in the shape of the large blue dog, leaping at his heels out of the coach, when he alighted. Arrived at home, he lost sight of the phantom during the time of supper and the family devotions. As soon as he had extinguished his bedroom candle, and got into bed, he was nearly leaping out again, on feeling a sensation as if a large dog had jumped on that part of the bed where his feet lay. He *felt its pressure*! He said he was inclined to rise, and make it a subject of special prayer to the Deity. Mrs. D— asked him what was the matter with him? for he became very cold, and shivered a little. He easily quieted her with saying he felt a little chilled; and as soon as she was fairly asleep, he got quietly out of bed, and walked up and down the room. Wherever he moved, he beheld, by the moonlight through the window, the dim dusky outline of the dog, following wherever he went! Mr. D— opened the windows, he did not exactly know why, and mounted the dressing-table for that purpose. On looking down before he leaped on the floor, there was the dog waiting for him, squatting comely on his haunches! There was no standing this any longer, thought Mr. D—, delusion or no delusion; so he ran to the bed— plunged beneath the clothes, and, thoroughly frightened, dropt at length asleep, his head under cover all night! On waking in the morning, he thought it must have been all a dream about the dog, for it had totally disappeared with the day light. When an hour's glancing in all directions had convinced him that the phantom was really no longer visible, he told the whole to Mrs. D—, and made very merry with her fears—for she would have it, it was "something supernatural," and, good lady, "Mr. D— might depend upon it, the thing had its errand!" Four times subsequently to this did Mr. D— see the spectral visitant—in nowise altered either in its manner, form, or colour. It was always late in the evenings when he observed it, and generally when he was alone.—He was a man extensively acquainted with physiology; but felt utterly at a loss to what derangement, of what part of the animal economy to refer it. So, indeed, was I—for he came to consult me about it. He was with me once during the presence of the phantom. I examined his eyes with a candle, to see whether the interrupted motions of the irides indicated any sudden alteration of the functions of the optic nerve; but the pupils contracted and dilated with perfect regularity. One thing, however, was certain—his stomach had been latterly a little out of order, and every body knows the intimate connexion between its functions and the nervous system. But why he should see spectra—why they should assume and retain the figure of a dog, and of such an uncanine colour too—and why it should so pertinaciously attach itself to

him, and be seen precisely the same, at the various intervals after which it made its appearance—and why he should hear, or imagine he heard it utter sounds—all these questions I am as unable to answer as Mr. D— was, or as the reader will be. He may account for it in whatever way his ingenuity may enable him.—I have seen and known other cases of spectra, not unlike the one above related! and great alarm and horror have they excited in the breasts of persons blessed with less firmness and good sense than Mr. D— displayed.

THE FORGER.

A GROOM, in plain livery, left a card at my house one afternoon during my absence, on which was the name, "MR. GLOUCESTER, No. ---, REGENT STREET;" and in pencil, the words, "Will thank Dr. --- to call this evening." As my red-book was lying on the table at the time, I looked in it, from mere casual curiosity, to see whether the name of "Gloucester" appeared there—but it did not. I concluded, therefore, that my new patient must be a recent comer. About six o'clock that evening, I drove to Regent Street, sent in my card, and was presently ushered by the man-servant into a spacious apartment, somewhat shewily furnished. The mild retiring sunlight of a July evening was diffused over the room; and ample crimson window-curtains, half drawn, mitigated the glare of the gilded picture-frames which hung in great numbers round the walls. There was a large round table in the middle of the room covered with papers, magazines, books, cards, &c.; and, in a word, the whole aspect of things indicated the residence of a person of some fashion and fortune. On a side-table lay several pairs of boxing-gloves, foils, &c.—The object of my visit, Mr. Gloucester, was seated on an elegant ottoman, in a pensive posture, with his head leaning on his hand, which rested on the table. He was engaged with the newspaper when I was announced. He rose as I entered, politely handed me to a chair, and then resumed his seat on the ottoman. His countenance was rather pleasing—fresh-colour, with regular features, and very light auburn hair, which was adjusted with a sort of careless fashionable negligence. I may perhaps be laughed at by some for noticing such an apparently insignificant circumstance; but the observant humour of my profession must sufficiently account for my detecting the fact, that his hands were not those of a *born and bred* gentleman—of one who, as the phrase is, "has never done any thing" in his life; but they were coarse, large, and clumsy-looking. As for his demeanour also, there was a constrained and over-anxious display of politeness—an assumption of fashionable ease and indifference, that sate ill on him, like a court-dress fastened on a vulgar fellow. He spoke with a would-be jaunty, free-and-easy, small-swagger sort of air, and changed at times the tones of his voice to an offensive cringing softness, which, I dare say,

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he took to be monstrously insinuating. All these little circumstances put together prepossessed me with a sudden feeling of dislike to the man. These sort of people are a great nuisance to one; since there is no knowing exactly how to treat them. After some hurried expressions of civility, Mr. Gloucester informed me that he had sent for me on account of a deep depression of spirits, to which he was latterly subject. He proceeded to detail many of the symptoms of a disordered, nervous system. He was tormented with vague apprehensions of impending calamity; could not divest himself of an unaccountable trepidation of manner, which, by attracting observation, seriously disconcerted him on many occasions; felt incessantly tempted to the commission of suicide; loathed society; disrelished his former scenes of amusement; had lost his appetite; passed restless nights, and was disturbed with appalling dreams. His pulse, tongue, countenance, &c., corroborated the above statement of his symptoms. I asked him whether any thing unpleasant had occurred in his family? Nothing of the kind. Disappointed in an *affaire du cœur*? Oh, no. Unsuccessful at play? By no means—he did not play. Well—had he any source of secret annoyance which could account for his present depression? He coloured, seemed embarrassed, and apparently hesitating whether or not he should communicate to me what weighed on his spirits. He, however, seemed determined to keep me in ignorance, and with some alteration of manner, said, suddenly, that it was only a constitutional nervousness—his family were all so—and he wished to know whether it was in the power of medicine to relieve him. I replied that I would certainly do all that lay in my power, but that he must not expect any sudden and miraculous effect from the medicines I might prescribe;—that I saw clearly he had something on his mind which oppressed his spirits—that he ought to go into cheerful society—he sighed—seek change of air—that, he said, was, under circumstances, impossible. I rose to go. He gave me two guineas, and begged me to call the next evening. I left, not knowing what to make of him. To tell the plain truth, my suspicion was that he was neither more or less than a systematic London sharper—a gamester—a hanger-on about town—and that he had sent for me in consequence of some of those sudden alternations of fortune to which the lives of such men are subject. I was by no means anxious for a prolonged attendance on him.

About the same time next evening I paid him a second visit. He was stretched on the ottoman, enveloped in a gaudy dressing-gown, with his arms folded on his breast, and his right foot hanging over the side of the ottoman, and dangling about as if in search of a stray slipper. I did not like this elaborately careless and conceited posture. A decanter or two, with some wine glasses, stood on the table. He did not rise on my entering, but with a languid air, begged me to be seated in a chair opposite him

"Good evening, Doctor—good evening," said he, in a low and hurried tone; "I'm glad you are come, for if you had not, I'm sure I don't know what I should have done. I'm deucedly low to-night."

"Have you taken the medicines I prescribed, Mr. Gloucester?" I enquired, feeling his pulse, which fluttered irregularly, indicating a high degree of nervous excitement. He had taken most of the physic I had ordered, he said, but without perceiving any effect from it. "In fact, Doctor," he continued, starting from his recumbent position to his feet, and walking rapidly three or four paces to and fro—"d---n me, if I know what's come to me. I feel as if I could cut my throat." I insinuated some questions for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any hereditary tendency to insanity in his family—but it would not do. "He saw," he said, "what I was *driving at*," but I was "on a wrong scent."

"Come, come, Doctor!—after all, there's nothing like *wine* for low spirits, is there? D---me, Doctor, drink, drink. Only taste that claret!"—and, after pouring out a glass for me, which ran over the brim on the table—his hand was so unsteady—he instantly gulped down two glasses himself. There was a vulgar, offensive familiarity in his manner, from which I felt inclined to stand off; but I thought it better to conceal my feelings. I was removing my glove from my right hand, and putting my hat and stick on the table, when, seeing a thin slip of paper lying on the spot where I intended to place them—apparently a bill or promissory note—I was going to hand it over to Mr. Gloucester; but, to my astonishment, he suddenly sprang towards me, snatched from me the paper, with an air of ill-disguised alarm, and crumpled it up into his pocket, saying hurriedly—"Ha, ha, Doctor—d---me!—this same little bit of paper—did n't see the name, eh? 'Tis the bill of an extravagant young friend of mine, whom I've just come down a cool hundred or two for—and it wouldn't be the handsome thing to let his name appear—ha—you understand?" He stammered confusedly, directing to me as sudden and penetrating a glance as I ever encountered. I felt excessively uneasy, and inclined to take my departure instantly. My suspicions were now confirmed—I was sitting familiarly with a swindler—a gambler—and the bill he was so anxious to conceal, was evidently wrung from one of his ruined dupes. My demeanour was instantly frozen over with the most distant and frigid civility. I begged him to be re-seated, and allowed me to put a very few more questions to him, as I was in great haste. I was thus engaged, when a heavy knock was heard at the outer door. Though there was nothing particular in it, Mr. Gloucester started, and turned pale. In a few moments I heard the sound of altercation—the door of the room in which we sat was presently opened, and two men entered. Recollecting suddenly a similar scene in my own early history, I felt faint. There was no mis-

taking the character or errand of the two fellows, who now walked up to where we were sitting: they were two sullen Newgate myrmidons, and---gracious God! had a warrant to arrest Mr. Gloucester for FORGERY! I rose from my chair, and staggered a few paces, I knew not whither. I could scarce preserve myself from falling on the floor. Mr. Gloucester, as soon as he caught sight of the officers, fell back on the ottoman---suddenly pressed his hand to his heart---turned pale as death, and gasped, breathless with horror.

"Gentlemen---what---what---do you want here?"

"Isn't your name E----- T-----?" asked the elder of the two, coolly and unconcernedly.

"N---o---my name is Glou---ces---ter," stammered the wretched young man, almost inaudibly.

"Gloucester, eh?---oh, d---me, none of that there sort of blarney! Come, my kiddy---caged at last, eh? We've been long after you, and now you must be off with us directly. Here's your passport," said one of the officers, pointing to the warrant. The young man uttered a deep groan, and sunk senseless on the sofa. One of the officers, I cannot conceive how, was acquainted with my person; and, taking off his hat, said, in a respectful tone---"Doctor, you'll bring him to his wits again, an't please you---We must have him off directly!" Though myself but a trifle removed from the state in which he lay stretched before me, I did what I could to restore him, and succeeded at length. I unbuttoned his shirt-collar, dashed in his face some water brought by his man-servant, who now stood looking on shivering with affright---and endeavoured to calm his agitation by such soothing expressions as I could command.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor, what a horrid dream it was!--Are they gone?---are they?" he enquired, without opening his eyes, and clasping my hand in his, which was cold as that of a corpse.

"Come, come---none of these here tantrums---you must off at once---that's the long and short of it," said an officer, approaching, and taking from his coat-pocket a pair of handcuffs, at sight of which, and of a large horse-pistol projecting from his breast-pocket, my very soul sickened.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor---save me! save me!" groaned their prisoner, clasping my hands with convulsive energy.

"Come---d---n your cowardly snivelling!--Why can't you behave like a man now, eh?---Come!--Off with this peacock's covering of yours---it was never made for the like of you, I'm sure---and put on a plain coat, and off to cage like a sensible bird," said one of the two, proceeding to remove the dressing-gown very roughly.

"Oh, my God---oh, my God---have mercy on me!--Oh, strike me dead at once!" nearly shrieked their prisoner, falling on his knees on the floor, and glaring towards the ceiling with an almost maniac eye.

"I hope you'll not treat your prisoner with unnecessary severity," said I, seeing them disposed to be very unceremonious.

"No---not by no manner of means, if as how he behaves himself," replied one of the men, respectfully. Mr. Gloucester's dressing-gown was quickly removed, and his body-coat---himself perfectly passive the while---drawn on by his bewildered servant, assisted by one of the officers. It was nearly a new coat, cut in the very extreme of the latest fashion, and contrasted strangely with the disordered and affrighted air of its wearer. His servant placed his hat on his head, and endeavoured to draw on his gloves---showy sky-coloured kid. He was standing with a stupefied air, gazing vacantly at the officers, when he started suddenly to the window, manifestly with the intention of leaping out.

"Ha ha! that's your game, my lad, is it?" coolly exclaimed one of the officers, as he snatched him back again with a vice-like grasp of the collar. "Now, since that's the sport you're for, why, you must be content to wear these little bracelets for the rest of your journey. D---me! it's your own seeking; for I didn't mean to have used them, if as how you'd only behave perfectly;" and in an instant the young man's hands were locked together in the handcuffs. It was sickening to see the frantic efforts---as if he would have severed his hands from the wrists---he made to burst the handcuffs.

"Take me---to Hell, if you choose!" he gasped, in a hoarse, hollow tone, sinking into a chair, utterly exhausted, while one of the officers was busily engaged rummaging the drawers, desks, &c. in search of papers. When he had concluded his search, filled his pockets, and buttoned his coat, the two approached, and told him to rise and accompany them.

"Now, d---me! are you for a rough or a quiet passage, eh?" said one of them, seizing him not very gently by the collar. He received no answer. The wretched prisoner was more dead than alive.

"I hope you have a hackney-coach in waiting, and don't intend to drag the young man through the streets on foot?" I enquired.

"Why, true, true, Doctor---it might be as well for us all; but who's to *stump up* for it?" replied one of the officers. I gave him five shillings, and the servant was instantly dispatched for a hackney-coach. While they were waiting its arrival, conceiving I could not be of any use to Mr. Gloucester, and not choosing to be seen leaving the house with two police officers and a handcuffed prisoner, I took my departure, and drove home in such a state of agitation as I have never experienced before or since. The papers of the next morning explained all. The young man "living in Regent Street, in first-rate style," who had summoned me to visit him, had committed a series of forgeries, for the last eighteen months, to a great amount, and with so much secrecy and dexterity, as to have, till then, escaped detection; and had, for the last few months, been enjoying the produce 'of his

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skilful villainy in the style I witnessed---passing himself off, in the circles where he associated, under the assumed name of *Gloucester*. The immediate cause of his arrest was forging the acceptance of an eminent mercantile house to a bill of exchange for £45. Poor fellow! it was short work with him afterwards. He was arraigned at the next September sessions of the Old Bailey---the case clearly proved against him---he offered no defence---was found guilty, and sentenced to death. Shortly after this, while reading the papers one Saturday morning, at breakfast, my eye lit on the usual gloomy announcement of the Recorder's visit to Windsor, and report to the King in Council of the prisoners found guilty at the Old Bailey Session---"all of whom," the paragraph concluded, "his Majesty was graciously pleased to repite during his royal pleasure, except E----- T-----, on whom the law is left to take its course next Tuesday morning."

Transient and any thing but agreeable as had been my intimacy with this miserable young man, I could not read this intelligence with indifference. He whom I had so very lately seen surrounded with the life-bought luxuries of a man of wealth and fashion, was now shivering the few remaining hours of his life in the condemned cells of Newgate! The next day (Sunday) I entertained a party of friends at my house to dinner; to which I was just sitting down when one of the servants put a note into my hand, of which the following is a copy:---

"The Chaplain of Newgate is earnestly requested by E----- T-----, (the young man sentenced to suffer for forgery next Tuesday morning,) to present his humble respects to Dr. -----, and solicit the favour of a visit from him in the course of to-morrow (Monday.) The unhappy convict, Mr. ----- believes, has something on his mind, which he is anxious to communicate to Dr. ----- Newgate, September 28th, 182--.

I felt it impossible, after perusing this note, to enjoy the company I had invited. What on earth could the culprit have to say to me?---what unreasonable request might he put me to the pain of refusing?---ought I to see him at all?---were questions which I incessantly proposed to myself during the evening, but felt unable to answer. I resolved, however, at last, to afford him the desired interview, and be at the cell of Newgate in the course of the next evening, unless my professional engagements prevented me. About six o'clock, therefore, on Monday, after fortifying myself with a few extra glasses of wine---for why should I hesitate to acknowledge that I apprehended much distress and agitation from witnessing so unusual a scene?---I drove to the Old Bailey, drew up opposite the Governor's house, and was received by him very politely. He dispatched a turnkey to lead me to the cell where my late patient, the *soi-disant* Mr. Gloucester, was immured in chilling expectancy of his fate.

Surely horror has appropriated these gloomy regions for his peculiar dwelling-place! Who

that has passed through them once, can ever forget the long, narrow, lamp-lit passages---the sepulchral silence, save where the ear is startled with the clangour of iron doors closing harshly before and behind---the dimly-seen spectral figure of the prison-patrol gliding along with loaded blunderbuss---and the chilling consciousness of being surrounded by so many fiends in human shape---inhaling the foul atmosphere of all the concentrated crime and guilt of the metropolis! My heart leaped within me to listen even to my own echoing footfalls; and I felt several times inclined to return without fulfilling the purpose of my visit. My vacillation, however, was abruptly put an end to by my guide exclaiming, "Here we are, sir." While he was unbarring the cell-door, I begged him to continue at the outside of the door during the few moments of my interview with the convict.

"Holloa! young man, there---here's Dr. ----- come to see you!" said the turnkey, hoarsely, as he ushered me in. The cell was small and gloomy; and a little lamp lying on the table, barely sufficed to shew me the person of the culprit, and an elderly, respectable looking man, muffled in a drab great coat, and sitting gazing in stupified silence on the prisoner---Great God, it was his FATHER! He did not seem conscious of my entrance; but his son rose and feebly asked me how I was, muttered a few words of thanks, sunk again---apparently overpowered with his feelings---into his seat, and fixed his eyes on a page of the Bible, which was lying open before him. A long silence ensued; for none of us seemed either able or inclined to talk. I contemplated the two with feelings of lively interest. How altered was the young culprit before me, from the gay "Mr. Gloucester," whom I had visited in Regent Street? His face had now a ghastly, cadaverous hue; his hair was matted with perspiration, over his fallow forehead; his eyes were sunk and bloodshot, and seemed incapable of distinguishing the print to which they were directed. He was dressed in a plain suit of mourning, and wore a simple black stock round his neck. How I shuddered, when I thought of the rude hands which were soon to unloose it! Beside him, on the table, lay a white pocket handkerchief, completely saturated, either with tears, or wiping the perspiration from his forehead; and a glass of water, with which he occasionally moistened his parched lips. I knew not whether he was more to be pitied than his wretched, heart broken father! The latter seemed a worthy, respectable person, (he was an industrious tradesman in the country,) with a few thin grey hairs scattered over his otherwise bald head, and sate with his hands closed together resting on his knees, gazing on his doomed son with a lack lustre eye, which, together with his anguish-worn features, told eloquently of his sufferings!

"Well, Doctor!" exclaimed the young man, at length closing the Bible, "I have now read that blessed chapter to the end; and, I thank

God, I think I feel it. But now, let me thank you, Doctor, for your good and kind attention to my request! I have something particular to say to you, but it must be in private," he continued, looking significantly at his father, as though he wished him to take the hint, and withdraw for a few moments. Alas! the heart-broken parent understood him not, but continued with his eyes riveted—vacantly—as before.

"We must be left alone for a moment," said the young man, rising, and stepping to the door. He knocked, and when it was opened, whispered the turnkey to remove his father gently, and let him wait outside for an instant or two. The man entered for that purpose, and the prisoner took hold tenderly of his father's hand, and said—"Dear—dear father!—you must leave me for a moment, while I speak in private to this gentleman;" at the same time endeavouring to raise him from the chair.

"Oh! yes—yes—What?—Of course," stammered the old man, with a bewildered air, rising; and then as it were with a sudden gush of full returning consciousness, flung his arms round his son, folded him convulsively to his breast, and groaned—"Oh, my son; my poor son!" Even the iron visage of the turnkey seemed darkened with a transient emotion, at this heart-breaking scene. The next moment we were left alone; but it was sometime before the culprit recovered from the agitation occasioned by this sudden ebullition of his father's feelings.

"Doctor," he gasped at length, "we've but a few—very few moments, and I have much to say. God Almighty bless you," squeezing my hands convulsively, "for this kindness to a guilty, unworthy wretch like me; and the business I wanted to see you about is sad, but short. I have heard so much of your goodness, Doctor, that I'm sure you won't deny me the only favour I shall ask."

"Whatever is reasonable and proper—if it lie in my way—I shall certainly—" said I, anxiously waiting to see the nature of the communication he seemed to have for me to execute.

"Thank you, Doctor; thank you. It is only this—in a word—guilty wretch that I am!—I have"—he trembled violently—"seduced a lovely, but poor girl—God forgive me!—And and—she is now—nearly on the verge of her confinement!" He suddenly covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed bitterly for some moments. Presently he resumed "Alas, she knows me not by my real name; so that when she reads the account of—of—my execution in the papers of Wednesday—she won't know it is *her* Edward! Nor does she know me by the name I bore in Regent Street. She is not at all acquainted with my frightful situation; but she *must* be, when all is over! Now, dear, kind, good Doctor," he continued, shaking from head to foot, and grasping my hand, "do for the love of God, and the peace of my dying moments, promise me that you will see her—(she lives at —)—visit her in her confine-

ment, and gradually break the news of my death to her; and say my last prayers will be for her, and that my Maker may forgive me for her ruin! You will find in this little bag a sum of £.30—the last I have on earth—I beg you will take five guineas for your own fee, and give the rest to my precious—my ruined Mary!" He fell down on his knees, and folded his arms around mine, in a supplicating attitude. My tears fell on him, as he looked up at me. "Oh God be thanked for these blessed tears!—They assure me that you will do what I ask—may I believe you will?"

"Yes—yes—yes, young man," I replied with a quivering lip; "it is a painful task; but I will do it—give her the money, and add ten pounds to the thirty, should it be necessary."

"Oh, Doctor, depend on it, God will bless you and yours for ever, for this noble conduct!—And now, I have *one* thing more to ask—yes—one thing" he seemed choked—"Doctor, your skill will enable you to inform me—I wish to know—is—the death I must die to-morrow"—he put his hand to his neck, and, shaking like an aspen-leaf, sunk down again into the chair from which he had risen—"is—hanging—a painful—a tedious—" He could utter no more, nor could I answer him.

"Do not," I replied, after a pause, "do not put me to the torture of listening to questions like these. Pray to your merciful God: and rely on it, no one ever prayed sincerely in vain. The thief on the cross—" I faltered; then feeling, that if I continued in the cell a moment longer, I should faint, I rose, and shook the young man's hands; he could not speak, but sobbed and gasped convulsively;—and in a few moments I was driving home. As soon as I was seated in my carriage I could restrain my feelings no longer, but burst into a flood of tears. I prayed to God I might never be called to pass through such a bitter and afflicting scene again, to the latest hour I breathed! I ought to have called on several patients that evening, but finding myself unfit, I sent apologies, and went home. My sleep in the night was troubled; the distorted image of the convict I had been visiting flitted in horrible shapes round my bed all night long. An irresistible and most morbid restlessness and curiosity took possession of me, to witness the end of this young man. The first time the idea presented itself, it sickened me; I revolted from it. How my feelings changed, I know not; but I rose at seven o'clock, and, without hinting it to any one, put on the large top coat of my servant, and directed my hurried steps towards the Old Bailey. I got into one of the houses immediately opposite the gloomy gallows, and took my station, with several other visitors, at the window. They were conversing on the subject of the execution, and unanimously execrated the sanguinary severity of the laws which could deprive a young man, such as the said E—T—was, of his life, for an offence of merely civil institution. Of course, I did not speak.

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It was a wretched morning; a drizzling shower fell incessantly. The crowd was not great, but conducted themselves most indecorously. Even the female portion—by far the greater—occasionally vociferated joyously and boisterously, as they recognised their acquaintance among the crowd. At length, St. Sepulchre's bell tolled the hour of eight—gloomy herald of many a sinner's entrance into eternity; and as the last chimes died away on the ear, and were succeeded by the muffled tolling of the prison bell, which I could hear with agonising distinctness, I caught a glimpse of the glistening gold-tipped wands of the under sheriffs, as they took their station under the shade at the foot of the gallows. In a few moments, the Ordinary, and another grey-haired gentleman, made their appearance; and between them was the unfortunate criminal. He ascended the steps with considerable firmness. His arms were pinioned before and behind; and when he stood on the gallows, I could hear the exclamations of the crowd—"Lord, Lord, what a fine young man! Poor fellow!" He was dressed in a suit of respectable mourning, and wore black kid gloves. His light hair had evidently been adjusted with some care, and fell in loose curls over each side of his temples. His countenance was much as I saw it on the preceding evening—fearfully pale; and his demeanour was much more composed than I had expected, from what I had witnessed of his agitation in the condemned cell. He bowed twice very low, and rather formally, to the crowd around—gave a sudden and ghastly glance at the beam over his head, from which the rope was suspended, and then suffered the executioner to place him on the precise spot which he was to occupy, and prepare him for death. I was shocked at the air of sullen, brutal indifference, with which the executioner loosed and removed his neckerchief, which was white, and tied with neatness and precision—dropped the accursed noose over his head, and adjusted it round the bare neck—and could stand it no longer. I staggered from my place at the window to a distant part of the room, dropped into a chair, shut my eyes, closed my tingling ears with my fingers—and, with a hurried aspiration for God's mercy towards the wretched young criminal who, within a very few yards of me, was, perhaps, that instant surrendering his life into the hands which gave it, continued motionless for some minutes, till the noise made by the persons at the window, in leaving, convinced me all was over. I rose and followed them down stairs; worked my way through the crowd, without daring to elevate my eyes, lest they should encounter the suspended corpse—threw myself into a coach, and hurried home. I did not recover the agitation produced by this scene for several days.—This was the end of a FORGER!

In conclusion, I may just inform the reader, that I faithfully executed the commission with which he had intrusted me, and a bitter, heart-rending business it was!

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

"Tis no use talking to me, mother, I *will* go, to Mrs. P-----'s party to-night if I die for it---that's flat! You know as well as I do, that Lieutenant N----- is to be there, and he's going to leave town to-morrow---so up I go to dress."

"Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr. ----- says late hours are the worst things in the world for you."

"Pshaw, mother! nonsense, nonsense."

"Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh dear, dear, what a night it is too---it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You'll be wet and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, won't you stop and keep me company to-night? That's a good girl!"

"Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I'll go to Mrs. P-----'s if it rains cats and dogs. So up---up---up---I go!" singing jauntily

"Oh she shall dance all dress'd in white,
So lady like."

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner in which Miss J----- expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty-sixth year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak single-blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous and conceited creature never breathed---the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straitened, sufficing barely to enable them to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived by some means or other to gratify her penchant for dress, and gadded about here, there, and everywhere, the most showily dressed person in the neighbourhood. Though far from being even pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure, for she both stooped and was skinny, she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flip-pant forwardness of demeanour, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the tallowness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evidenced the existence of a liver complaint; and the last visits I had paid her were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of her heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the possibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs. -----'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church clock, when Miss J-----, humming the words of the

song above mentioned, lit her chamber-candle by her mother's, and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant-girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlour, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she had made over-head in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, &c. had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

"Well, I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night!" exclaimed Mrs. J—, removing her eyes from the book, and gazing thoughtfully at the fire; "Oh! it must be because young Lieutenant N— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and it's very excusable in Charlotte—heigho!" She heard the wind howling so dismally without, that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker when the clock of — church struck the second quarter after nine.

"Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" she again enquired. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask." She rung the bell, and the servant appeared.

"Betty, Miss J— is not gone yet, is she?"

"La, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "I took up the curling irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way, ma'am."

"Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing; and tell her it's half past nine o'clock," said Mrs. J—. The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J— have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and after a moment's pause, opened the door and entered. There was Miss J— sitting at the glass. "Why, la, ma'am!" commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and" — Betty staggered horror-struck to the bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J—, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright. — Miss J— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March: and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to

cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbours who had been called in to her assistance. I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, broaches, curling-papers, ribands, gloves, &c. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J—, stone-dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned towards the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy, fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold dull stare, that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly. I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsyng touch of Death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny, sawn neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the tinselry of fashion—the "vain show" of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity! She must have been dead for some time, perhaps for twenty minutes, or half an hour, when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain, to draw a little blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out. What strange passiveness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaws together with a faded white riband, which Miss J— had destined for her waist that evening.

On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a corpse dressed for a ball!

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE UNEARTHLY ONE.

THERE is a soft, retiring light,
In her blue eye;
Like some sweet star that glances far
Through the still sky,
Then springs into the liquid air
Of heaven, as if its home was there.
There is a hue upon her cheek,
That comes and goes;
One moment 'tis the blushing streak
That dyes the rose—
A spirit breathes upon her brow,
And she is calm and pale—as snow.
And music, softly, sweetly wild,
Is in her tone;
The distant voice of some sweet child
Singing alone,
As resting from its joyous play
By a bright streamlet far away.
I gaze upon her—not in love,
For love is vain!
The spirit to its home above
Returns again;
And hers has only wandered here
To dwell awhile—and disappear!
I gaze upon her—not in grief,
But half in gladness;
And feel it is a kind relief
To my life's sadness,
To whisper as she passes, thus—
"Sweet spirit thou art not of us!"

G. B. L.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—How divine

The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps!—Regions consecrate
To oldest time!—And, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—One
Among the many there. WORDSWORTH.

MOUNTAIN winds! oh! whither do ye call me?
Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue!
Chains of care to lower earth enthalme,
Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo?

Oh! the strife of this divided being!
Is there peace where ye are borne on high?
Could we soar to your proud eyries fleeing,
In our hearts would haunting memories die?

Those wild places are not as a dwelling
Whence the footsteps of the loved are gone!
Never from those rocky halls came swelling
Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

Serely music of oblivion sweepeth
In the pathway of your wanderings free;
And the torrent, wildly as it leapest,
Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's pinion,
Is not from some hidden pang to fly;
All things breathe of power and stern dominion;
Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

Mountain winds! oh! is it, is it only
Where man's trace hath been, that so we pine?
Bear me up, to grow in thought less lonely,
Even at nature's deepest, loneliest shrine!

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious singers,
At whose tone my heart within me burns;
Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,
Where the waters have their secret urns!

There to commune with a loftier spirit
Than the troubling shadows of regret;
There the winds of freedom to inherit,
Where the enduring and the wing'd are met.

Hush, proud voices! gentle be your falling!
Woman's lot thus chainless may not be;
Hush! the heart your trumpet sounds are calling,
Darkly still may grow—but never free!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

OPENING OF THE LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILROAD.

THE papers have amply done their duty in detailing minutely the various proceedings of that ever memorable day, the 15th of September, the opening of the railroad—a day, I will venture to say, speaking numerically, which has made a greater impression upon a local population than any other within memory of man. But still, as every individual who was present to witness that extraordinary exhibition, had his own little private catalogue of observations, perhaps a few "epea pteroenta" written "currente calamo," of one amongst the multitudinous eye-witnesses, may prove acceptable; winged words, written with running pens, are, in truth, the best adapted to the temper of the times, when the heads of thousands are in a whirl; when time and space are fast hiding their diminished heads, and universal ubiquity, by universal suffrage, is announced to be the order of the day.

Happy he who could find a lodging of any kind in the town of Liverpool; but whether on beds of board, or beds of down, or beds of roses, I doubt much whether on that night any of the morrow's favoured spectators indulged in their average quantum of sleep. There was a feverish conspiracy of pleasure, of curiosity, and perhaps, beyond what many chose to express or encourage, of solemn forebodings, of secret presentiments, of those qualms and misgivings of all sorts and sizes, which are wont to haunt timid minds when placed in situations to which they are unused. "I would give the world for a seat in the locomotives," said one; "I would not venture the sole of my foot in them, as I value my life," said another; such was the antipodal extent and scale of opinion. About four o'clock in the morning our slumbers were disturbed by a bleak autumnal whistling of wind, accompanied with driving showers pattering against the window. The sky looked dismally lowering, and the scud, as it flew by, gave but poor hope of the goodly day so ardently wished for. The rain did, however, cease; and the scud melting away disclosed patches of blue sky, gradually enlarging; in which the best of omens appeared, in the form of some ten or a dozen swallows soaring in the air. In short, by seven o'clock, all were up, and all in spirits, literally speaking, basking in the full sunshine of hope,

as its rays glanced upon the early breakfast table.—Proceeding towards the scene of action, the whole country seemed alive; every lane was filled; every field was sprinkled with multitudes in their best and brightest apparel; some moving to the right, some to the left, crossing each other, as a seaman would say, on different tacks; but all nevertheless in motion for the same end; each hastening to take his station in the point selected in his judgment as the best, to witness the opening of the railroad. On reaching the more immediate suburbs of Liverpool, the plot began to thicken tenfold; avenues of approach were partially blocked up; streets assumed a choking, inaccessible aspect; while roofs, and ridges, and pinnacles, wherever they commanded a view of the line of operation, were thickly studded with spectators, often in the most perilous situations. Near the entrance of the great tunnel, two lofty insulated chimneys, in the form of beautifully proportioned columns, had been erected, for the steam engine destined to draw wagons up the long inclined plane, undermining the whole length of the town. From the orifice of these spiry shafts, about half-a-dozen gallant fellows thrust their figures, having by perseveringly burrowing their way through the draft bore, fully entitled themselves to unquestionably the very best seat that could be imagined. Not far from these chimneys stood a windmill, in which, as all labour was suspended, the sails were furled, and the machinery at rest, and from the radiating lattice-work one individual, whose head must have been hard and immovable as Memnon's, had very coolly laid himself out, and there, with folded arms, in perfect composure, sat through the morning on the narrow ledge of one of the skeleton arms, where a squirrel might have been excused for manifesting nervous symptoms, looking down from his airy seat on the busy world below, with as little apprehension as a jackdaw on the weathercock of a cathedral. After showing our tickets, the scene was changed. In a sort of area, surrounded by offices and high walls, were drawn up two ranges of carriages of every shape and quality, from the gorgeous car of triumph, decorated with gold and crimson, to plain homely unadorned butter and egg sort of market carts—much the kind of collection that might be made from a compound of the Lord Mayor's show and Epsom races.—Here was just such a procession, as my readers may recollect on old Chinese screens, smart figures, gay dresses, musicians, wheeled carriages all jostled together, with the characteristic ornaments (after the Chinese fashion) of a profusion of little flags, red, blue, brown, yellow, and green, all flapping and fluttering in the wind. All the world seemed collected in the same spot; not only nine-tenths of those I knew in the neighbouring counties were there, but three-fourths, at least, of my whole circle of friends, from Pekin, westward to the Pacific. Nay more, some few persons crossed me whom I had long ceased to consider as tenants of this

world; but there they were, all alive, with happy, smiling, merry looks, like every body else about them. The ill-humoured had, for the time being, put their ill-humour into their pockets; the frightened lost sight of their fears; the fretful had neither time nor inclination to be peevish. It was like the jubilee of the Jews, when all grievances were forgotten; enmities and heart-burnings evaporated like smoke, and the very Quakers, throwing aside their gravity, looked as gay as larks, and joined in the general joyousness.

This was our state. Alas! who could have surmised, at such a moment, that within the short space of another hour, this all pervading joy should be exchanged for one pervading gloom—under a solemn lesson of man's mortality, and the frail tenure upon which his existence is held.

All had, at length, taken their seats, all, like the Gilpin family, "agog to dash through thick and thin," when the main-spring of the day's work, the Duke of Wellington, was announced walking down the vacant space between the carriages; his keen penetrating eye seemed at the same identical moment, to recognise every individual, while with a hearty laugh of surprise, he testified his satisfaction at the strange situation in which he, like the rest of the world, found himself so suddenly placed. To every carriage, or set of carriages, a trumpeter was appointed; in addition to which, a full military band was stationed at the head of the procession. On his entrance, each performer, in succession, burst into action, with lungs inflated and cheeks ready to crack, as he caught sight of the Great Captain of the age. Accordingly, by the time the foremost had well established himself in his part, the next had taken up the wondrous note, and so on through the line, till bar, time, and tune, were inextricably intermingled; all, however, having one and the same object in view, viz. to give full effect to "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" In the midst of this din of harmony, a gun was fired within a few yards; at the sound of which, as its smoke curled above the walls, the leading carriages were slowly launched away, each set following at short intervals, till the whole, gliding from the area, entered the smaller tunnel, with a low rumbling sound, as the iron wheels revolved on their iron beds. This minor tunnel of one hundred yards or thereabouts in length, was, whether accidentally or intentionally, (for the sake of effect,) I know not, almost dark; the little light, at least, there was, not being more than sufficient to make the darkness visible. If intentional, nothing could have been devised in better taste, giving double effect to the scene that awaited our emerging into broad daylight—a scene which, few, if any, can ever hope too see equalled. The deep valley, cut out of the precipitous, solid bank of rock, into which the two tunnels opened, was commanded by positions, from whence, I am sure I speak within compass, above twenty thousand eyes ri-

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reted upon one procession, now assembled, for the first time, on the true line of railway; preparing for actual flight, as fast as eight fine engines could be harnessed; all emitting columns of vapour, all steaming, puffing, and blowing, as if every boiler and bar within or about them, would burst, or rive asunder. All ready! The signal was repeated, and away we flew, amidst clouds of steam, while the rocks re-echoed with the deafening shouts of the myriads above and about us. I have said before that the papers have told all that can be told of sundry particulars, which it would be unnecessary again to notice. But no words of theirs or mine can convey an adequate notion of the magnificence (I cannot use a smaller word) of our progress. At first it was comparatively slow; but soon we felt that we were indeed going, and then it was that every person to whom the conveyance was new, must have been sensible that the adaptation of locomotive power was establishing a fresh era in the state of society; the final results of which it is impossible to contemplate. On looking over the side, the earth, with its iron stripes on which we shot along, seemed like a vast riband unrolling itself rapidly as we went. At one maximum of speed, the pebbles scarcely caught the eye; before the sight was fairly fixed upon them, they were far away and lost in the rear. The shouts of joy which greeted those in front, fell in their full gladness upon us, who rapidly filled up the intervening space; while those which hailed us as we passed, were destined to be the compliment to others, who in another instant occupied our place. At times it was difficult to recognise or distinguish the countenances of the long continuous lines of spectators, as they seemed to glide away, like painted figures swiftly drawn through the tubes of a magic lantern. One engine (for what reason I could not exactly ascertain, unless left free to exhibit its unfettered powers) was placed on the corresponding parallel line of railway, so that, without interruption, it could move to and fro at pleasure. When we were at full speed, its coming was announced; far behind, I saw it as a speck in the distance, but rapidly increasing in size, it became, if I may use the expression, in a few seconds, largely visible, and shot by us, as though we were jogging on quietly in a farmer's market cart. In a trice, having reached the head of the column, it retrograded, and then exhibited what may be termed a frightful display of velocity, compounded not as before, when overtaking us, our velocity to be deducted, but to be added. There was a loud whizz and a rattling of wheels; I could scarcely discern its form, as it bore down as if to crush all before it—a glance was all—it came and it was gone—with a comparative speed (taking ours at twenty, and its at about double) of nearly sixty miles an hour!

In the rapid movement of these engines, there is an optical deception worth noticing. A spectator observing their approach, when at

extreme speed, can scarcely divest himself of the idea, that they are not enlarging and increasing in size rather than moving. I know not how to explain my meaning better than by referring to the enlargement of objects in a phantasmagoria. At first the image is barely discernible, but as it advances from the focal point, it seems to increase beyond all limit. Thus an engine, as it draws near, appears to become rapidly magnified, and as if it would fill up the entire space between the banks, and absorb every thing within its vortex.

Hitherto all had gone on to admiration, when a trifling accident occurred, rather of a satisfactory nature than otherwise, inasmuch as it proved that, what might theoretically be considered perilous, may practically speaking, be of no consequence whatever. One of our engine wheels, how I know not, contrived to bolt from the course—in plain words, it escaped from the rail, and ploughed along upon the clay, with no other inconvenience than an increase of friction, which damped our speed, and with the additional application of the break, soon brought us to an anchor. The engine, however, behind us, not being aware of our mishap, came pelting on at a smart pace, without receiving its signal for checking motion in time. Accordingly, those on the look-out hastily called on their fellow-passengers to be on their guard, and prepare for a jolt, which took place with a crash upon our rear, sufficiently loud and forcible to give an idea of what would happen, if by any strange chance it had charged us with the unrestrained impetuosity of its powers.

It is not necessary to describe how we were hailed in our progress with the enthusiastic cheers of wondering multitudes, rather let me mention the one exception. In passing by a dense mass of people, I observed, a few hundred yards distant from the road, a solitary being pursuing his daily work with as much indifference to what was going on as if he had been Robinson Crusoe on his desert island. He was in a field of oats; and there, with measured step, he slowly and leisurely followed the stroke of his scythe without a moment's pause; the broad flap of his hat was slouched over his face, and neither head was raised, nor eye turned upward, to cast a single look upon the helter skelter party flying by him on the wings of the wind. He continued his work with a dogged indifference and imperturbability, which, could it in charity have been attributed solely to steady and industrious habits, would go far to make one hate steadiness and industry for the rest of one's life.

The time for taking in water was now at hand. Each set of carriages was either stopping or slowly proceeding to their respective tanks. On looking out, I observed the Duke's train drawn up parallel to another train, with a considerable number of persons on foot assembled in the intervening space; and, at the same time, I perceived an appearance of hustling, and stooping, and crowding together for which I could not

well account. In another moment, a gentleman rushed forth, and came running up the line towards us; as he neared, I saw evidently that he was much agitated, and pale and breathless—in short, that something dreadful had happened was obvious. At length he stopped, and fifty voices exclaimed "Has any thing happened? What is the matter?" In a state of distracted nervousness, and in broken, unconnected words, he at last broke silence—"Oh God! he is dead! He is killed! he is killed!"—"Who—and when—and how?" burst from every mouth; the first passing thought on my own, and probably every other mind, being, that some desperate and successful attempt had been made on the Duke's life. The truth, however, soon spread like wildfire to the right and left, acting, as it fell upon every ear, like a spell. Smiles and cheerful countenances were changed for one general gloom. Amongst those who were near the fatal spot, the first feeling was one of thankfulness, that their own immediate relative was not the victim; the next, and most permanent, was sympathy with the unhappy lady who saw her husband stretched, lacerated and bleeding, on the ground. A further sympathy was, I am sure, as generally and as sincerely felt—a sympathy with those gentleman, who, as directors, had for so long devoted themselves to the accommodation of the public, and looked forward to this day as a gratifying and auspicious termination of their labours; conscious, too, as they were, that had their printed directions, issued with the tickets, been adhered to, no such accident could by any possibility have occurred.

During the long interval spent in a state of uncertainty, individual feelings were vented in a variety of ways. Some in tears, some retired from the crowd and paced hastily up and down the road, some seated themselves by the side in silence. Some stood absorbed, while others discussed the accident in little knots and parties—some were gesticulating, while others were looking on speechless and motionless.

The final decision being in favour of advancing, seats were resumed, and we moved on; but the buoyant exhilaration of the morning was past, and the whole now wore the sombre aspect of a funeral procession. The military band was left to return as it could; I saw them, crest-fallen, picking their way homeward through the mud and mire; our trumpeters, who had hitherto rather overpowered us with their efforts, were ordered to keep silence, and no responsive greetings met the shouts of spectators, as yet in ignorance of the sad event. The weather, too, began to assume a cheerless aspect, and the lively face of a well-cultivated country was soon exchanged for the dreary wilds of Chatmoss, that Paradise of Will o' the Wisps, snipes, and blue devils.

Speaking of snipes reminds me of an anecdote which occurred not long since in this very place. One of the engineers, hurrying across the moss upon his locomotive, started a couple of these birds, which accidentally took the same line of

course. As races with snipes are of rare occurrence in a man's life, he availed himself of the opportunity, and forthwith putting forth his whole physical powers, determined on trying the speed of his winged competitors. According to his own account, the contest, which continued neck and neck for some distance at the rate of thirty miles an hour, terminated in his favour; the birds then wheeling off for the interior of the moss. I have, however, very considerable doubts as to the conclusion drawn by the engineer, being perfectly confident that if by accident he did gain an advantage, the snipes most assuredly were not at their high pressure speed; for the flight of some of the slowest birds, the sparrow, the crow, and starling, for instance, averages thirty miles an hour; while others double, treble, and in some cases, as for example the swift, even quadruple that velocity.

A heavy shower, with distant thunder, tended little to raise our spirits in crossing this irreclaimable wilderness of nearly six miles in extent, continuing with more or less intermission till the end of our journey.

The population, which had for a time been thinly assembled, now, as we approached Manchester, became dense in a geometrical ratio. Straggling parties were succeeded by lines deeper and more closely packed every yard we proceeded.

Up to this point, an organized police had kept a passage open, and little or no inconvenience or obstruction was experienced; but now we were entering upon a world bidding defiance to order, and closing in upon the carriages on every side.

To have proceeded with even moderate speed, must have caused the inevitable death of hundreds. It was no longer in detached masses, however large, that human beings were now crowded to suffocation, but as far as the eye could reach, on points commanding any thing like a view, was one vast sea of people, on whom it was impossible to look without sensations of apprehension, or to reflect without dread on the probable consequences, had we returned to Liverpool, and disappointed a mob, already primed for explosion.

Malicious incendiaries were at hand, ready to fan any thing into a flame. It was well known, that for some days previous to the 15th, evil-disposed persons had been busy.—One wretch had, it was said, prepared some thousands of tri-color cockades for gratuitous distribution; but to what extent they were really issued, or where they were displayed, I know not. It so happening that, four instances only came under my immediate observation; three consisting merely of short scraps of blue, white, and red ribbon, pinned to the button-holes of fellows of the very lowest description; the fourth, however, decorated a personage of such eminent consequence in his own estimation, that it would be an act of injustice to pass over unnoticed so perfect a pattern, the very beau-

ideal of that class of deputy candle-snuffers to Hunt and Cobbett, here and there to be met with in our provincial towns. He had succeeded, by good luck, in establishing himself on a little insulated mound of hardened mud or rubbish, somewhat apart from the rest of his fraternity. There he stood, sole monarch of the soil, with arms a-kimbo, upholding his squab, broad-faced, broad-bodied, coarse figure, by the assistance of a stout stick, which propped him up on the right side, with the evident intent of attracting notice, arrayed, as he was, with a profusion of collars, cockades, bunches and bows of tri-color ribbon, fluttering from every band and button-hole; and affecting to look with sovereign contempt on the aristocratical pageantry, and, no doubt, convinced within himself, that the noble Duke and his party were quailing beneath the gaze of so important a representation of Radicalism; and, in good truth, if physiognomy may be taken as a test of intention, they had good reason so to do, were there the slightest prospect of he and his worthy associates having ever the power of putting the said intentions into execution. That coadjutors might be found was likely enough, from a very transient inspection of the unsightly rabble, who, having broken all bounds, and filled up the road, actually compelled us to force a passage, at the risk, in spite of the utmost caution and skill, of playing the part of the Jaggernaut car, and crushing human beings at every step. How different, in all respects, from the crowds we had left in the morning.

In or near Liverpool but one sentiment seemed to prevail, that of doing honour to the day by a display of honest, loyal feeling. Clothed in their Sunday best, the Liverpool, and other assembled crowds along the road, cheered us with repetitions of those hearty, sailor-like shouts, which come at once to the heart, and admit of no misconception. Here, on the other hand, thousands pressed about us, "shewing no sign," but watching us pass with looks of sullen or insolent indifference. A slovenly, ragged set, with hair uncombed and beards unshaven, with waistcoats open, exhibiting unwashed skin, dirty linen, and bare necks, they presented the same character of "rude people," as old Strype the Chronicler described them some hundred years ago.

But as the eye wandered over this vast ocean of human beings, other trains of thought passed across the mind. Some serious enough, acquiring weight from the recent and prominent feature of the day. What a congregated mass of life! How, and where, was each individual portion to be classed hereafter? and by what unerring fiat of justice, tempered with mercy, was the fate of each to be for ever fixed? How many had treasured up, or duly analysed, the talent committed to his care; how many had cast it aside with the indifference of the brute that perisheth! Then came considerations as to the quantum of benefit derived by the world from this accumulation of bodies and brains.

What per centage of good or evil was in store from the march of intellect amongst them? In the midst of these and similar reveries, the speech of an orator in London suddenly came to my recollection, who, immediately after the king's accession, in moralising upon the numbers he had seen collected, took occasion to wonder that earth should ever be found wherein to bury them. At the time I must confess that his observation and his wonder seemed very unnecessary; for even now, where the numbers were ten, if not twenty fold greater, there appeared to me no manner of difficulty in the case. We had just passed a burying-ground sufficiently spacious and deep for the population of the whole United Kingdom. Chatmoss would at any moment swallow the whole of such an assemblage at a meal, and digest every man, woman and child of them in a month. Following up the idea, however, and shifting it to other worldly requisites, I could not help marveling at the quantity of beds such a host would require—how many acres of mattresses must be laid to provide a suitable dormitory.—Then as to the commissariat—what droves of oxen to be boiled, roasted or salted down, for a simple dinner; and what an infinity of cultivated lands to afford for each but one single loaf of bread!—The gross amount assembled on that day has been variously estimated; my own idea, on the following data, is, that it could not have been less than four hundred thousand.—Liverpool, with its adjoining villages and seafaring population, say 150,000
Manchester parish including
Salford, say 187,000

Making an aggregate of about 337,000
From this we must, however, make a certain deduction for servants and others of necessity left at home; but these again may be fairly balanced by the extraordinary accession of strangers flocking from all parts of the world into those towns. The additional numbers may, without difficulty, be brought up from the thickly inhabited manufacturing districts, and numerous large towns within easy distance of the railroad, which poured forth indefinite numbers, placing every coach, cart, wagon, and horse, in requisition on this memorable day.—Another mode of computation, collected from observation, would yield a still larger amount. Calling the whole distance, in rough numbers, thirty miles, and allowing a sufficiency of space per head, we shall have a continuous single line on either side the railway, of about eight thousand for every mile; but as, with the exception of Chatmoss, the crowds drawn out, would, I think, have far exceeded that number, probably forming a double, and, in many parts, a treble rank for miles, the total amount of four hundred thousand (they were estimated by many at five) will appear to be far from overrated. To form some idea of the curiosity excited, and avidity for satisfying it, a reference might be made to the number of stands erected in every eligible po-

sition on the line; one, for instance, near the great viaduct and embankment at Sankey, was advertised to accommodate no less than a thousand persons; and, in order to command respectability, tickets were issued at ten shillings and sixpence, including conveyance to and from certain places, and a handsome collation. We passed it before the sad catastrophe, all in the highest spirits, preparing to fill up the time till our return by a ball. The musicians had taken their seats, and dancing had commenced, when such was the paralyzing effect of the accident, so general the sympathy, that the moment the news was received, by a simultaneous wish, the music was ordered away, and every symptom of festivity suspended.

The morning, so joyously spent at the western end of the line, had not been idly passed at the eastern termination. If Liverpool arose with the lark to witness our departure, Manchester had taken an early breakfast to be in readiness for our arrival. Large warehouses had been appropriated for our accommodation, and tables amply provided for a luxurious repast. In addition to these, an extensive platform in an adjacent warehouse, had been reserved for a respectable selection of spectators, anxious to hail the first appearance of the procession.—Unfortunately for them, no precaution had been taken to guard against the weather, and as the lowering clouds from the westward had bestowed their contents upon them at an earlier hour, caps, bonnets, pellices, and patience, were beginning to be the worse for the wear, even before the time appointed for our approach. But that time passed, and still we came not—another hour passed, and still no tidings.

In the absence of certainty, rumour had begun to be busy. Apprehension had before been excited by the sight of a troop of dragoons in full trot, defiling over a bridge, in the direction of Liverpool, summoned, it was said, to disperse a mob at Eccles, who had collected in force, and were tearing up the railway. This alarm was in due time relieved by the return of the dragoons, rather angry from their fruitless errand, having found the railroad perfectly safe—no mob at all, and nothing damaged but their own best jackets and pantaloons, by the drenching rain. However, that something had happened, that the progress had been interrupted, was obvious; and the clattering of thunder overhead, added to the nervous excitement of the situation, and the presentiments and forebodings of those who had friends *en route*, soon rose to their utmost height. At this moment the signal gun fired, a distant cheer was heard along the line, and the cloudy vapour of an engine was seen above the houses. Umbrellas were lowered, every head stretched to the utmost, when the cheer gradually died away, as the Northumbrian, the Duke's engine, with a single car attached to it, dashed through the line of soldiers, appointed to guard the railway, to the front of the great warehouse; and in another moment the cry of "A surgeon!"

"Lord Wellington wants a surgeon!" spread through the crowd.

One of the most eminent was within call. While he went off for his instruments, the engine hurried back to Eccles to replenish its boiler. In an incredibly short time both again met on the same spot. The boiler had been filled, the instruments procured, and away again flew the Northumbrian on its painful mission. In about another hour the train arrived, and all excepting the Duke descended to take refreshment; but this fatal event had not only cast insuperable gloom over all and every thing, but disorganized the admirably arranged plans of the day. We were expected in Liverpool at four. It was now past that hour and we were still at Manchester—evening was setting in—the sky was overcast—heavy dark clouds threatened a settled downfall—but the majority of engines were absent taking in water. Hints had reached the police, that the populace in the suburbs had evinced symptoms of impatience and turbulence—earlier in the day, respectable people, walking amongst them, had found it unpleasant, and latterly they had taken to the practical joke, so well suited to their character and taste, of bespattering the more decently dressed who came within reach, with clay and mud. Under such circumstances, it was decided that the Duke's train of carriages should move off with the engines already arrived, leaving the remainder, consisting of about twenty vehicles, containing upwards of six hundred passengers, to follow as soon as the other engines arrived. Five o'clock came, but none appeared, when word was brought that the ducal train had unluckily taken the same line as the returning engines; and that, as they could not pass each other, there was no alternative but for the Duke to retrace his steps to Manchester, through the now unmanageable mob, or drive our engines on before him to Liverpool. Of course the former was deemed the most advisable, and we had nothing for it but to wait in patience for their return, employing our leisure in pondering upon how and where the night was to be passed if they did not return at all, an event considered to be by no means improbable. Soon after five o'clock, however, our hopes were revived by the unexpected appearance of three engines, which had, it appeared, not been caught up with the rest, and with these, at a quarter after five, the whole remaining train commenced its retreat. Whether that in the person of the Duke, the main attraction had been withdrawn, or that the rain from above, or the sloppiness from below, had damped their ardour, I cannot say, but we met with comparatively little obstruction, and finally cleared the suburbs without running over or being assailed by a single radical. Over-weighted as our three engines were, they evinced their power, by dragging us on with considerable speed, particularly over Chatmoss, which we passed (I believe in great measure, because it has a fall from the dead level of one in about 1200) at the smart rate

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of from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. But as frequent delays, from various causes, occurred, our progress was, on the whole, tedious and we were in darkness before we had completed half our journey; about nine o'clock a cry was raised that two other engines were bearing down upon us, and with these harnessed on to the rest, we hoped for a speedy termination of the remainder. But all their united efforts were found incompetent to the task of taking such a load up the inclined plane near Sutton, and the gentlemen accordingly dismounted, in number about 400, to walk this ascending mile. There was something more striking perhaps than agreeable in this part of the day's work. The five engines throwing out jets of sparks into the air, which were carried far away by the wind, while the roadway was sprinkled with fiery particles falling from the furnace grates, the flames casting a bright golden light on the clouds of condensing steam which were constantly escaping—all combined to produce a strange but sombre illumination, gleaming partially on the long train of carriages, succeeded by such a numerous escort. Little more remains to be told. Suffice it to add, that about half past ten, the whole train defiled through the large tunnel, landing its six hundred and odd passengers, in a pitch-dark night, in a remote part of the town, far distant from the inns and hotels with which they were acquainted—hurrying about in confusion, in search of carriages which had driven off, or separated friends whom they were destined not to find. Many, never dreaming of such a delay, having secured no beds, and, therefore, in a state of utter uncertainty where they were to procure room for the night; with the further conviction, that horses to take them away were not to be got on any terms. Strange adventures must have fallen to the lot of some, in such a scene of confusion, unpalatable enough at the time, though now, when nought is left but retrospection, leaving pleasant as well as painful reminiscences of a day whose counterpart they can never expect to see again.

A RAILER.

25th Sept. 1830.

From the United Service Journal.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

From the Journal of an Officer.

ITALY 1815.

THE Secretary to Louis Napoleon and preceptor to his son, is a Colonel Raoul, one who was among the most faithful of Napoleon's adherents, who accompanied him to the island of Elba, and afterwards attended him in his expedition to Paris. He speaks of Napoleon without prejudice, and has given me some striking details of him. "Il nous a ruine, il a perdu la

"He has ruined us—he has destroyed France and himself,—yet I love him still; it is impossible to be near him and not to love him. He has so much greatness of soul—such majesty of manner. He be-

France, il s'est perdu lui-même, et cependant je l'aime encore, il est impossible de s'approcher de lui et non pas l'aimer. Il a une telle grandeur d'âme, une telle majesté de manière. Il ensorcelle tous les esprits, on l'approche avec mille préjugés, et on le quitte rempli d'admiration—mais sa folle ambition! son entêtement terrible! son opiniâtreté sans bornes! Et puis, il jouait toujours gros jeu—Tout ou rien! Même la bataille de Waterloo aurait pu être rapée s'il n'avait pas donné avec la garde. C'était la réserve de l'armée qui au lieu de mettre dans l'offensive devait couvrir la retraite; mais lui, lorsque les choses devenaient plus qu douteuses, il sembloit un chien enragé. Il haranguait la garde, il se met à sa tête. Elle débouche à grands pas. Elle s'élance sur l'ennemi. On nous écrase d'un feu à mitraille, on lâche pied, on tourne le dos, la déroute est parfaite, un débâtement général de l'armée s'ensuit, et Napoléon, revenu à lui-même, est froid comme la muraille. . . . La dernière fois que je l'ai vu c'était en revenant de la charge, lorsque tout étoit perdu. J'avois la cuisse cassée d'un coup de fusil en avançant, et je restois en arrière, étendu par terre. Napoléon passoit tout près de moi, il avoit le nez enfoncé dans la tabatière, la bride en relâche sur le cou de son cheval, qui promenoit à petits pas. Un régiment écossais avancoit au pas de charge dans la distance. L'Empereur étoit presque seul, on ne voyoit que Lallemande avec lui. Celui-ci crioit toujours— "Tout n'est pas perdu Sire, tout n'est pas perdu Ralliez vous, soldats! Ralliez-vous!" L'Empereur ne répondoit pas mot. Lallemande me reconnoit en passant. "Qu'avez vous, Raoul?" "J'ai la cuisse tracasée d'un coup de fusil." "Pauvre

witch's all minds; approach him with a thousand prejudices, and you quit him filled with admiration; but then, his mad ambition! his ruinous infatuation! his obstinacy without bounds! Besides, he was wont to set every thing upon a cast—his game was all or nothing! Even the battle of Waterloo might have been retrieved, had he not charged with the Guard. This was the reserve of the army, and should have been employed in covering his retreat instead of attacking; but, with him, whenever matters looked desperate, he resembled a mad dog. He harangues the Guard—he puts himself at its head—it debouches rapidly—it rushes upon the enemy. We are mowed down by grape—we waver—turn our backs—and the rout is complete. A general disorganization of the army ensues, and Napoleon, returned to himself, is cold as a stone. The last time I saw him was in returning from the charge, when all was lost. My thigh had been broken by a musket-shot in advancing, and I remained in the rear, extended on the ground. Napoleon passed close to me; his nose was buried in his snuff-box, and his bridle fell loosely on the neck of his horse, which was pacing leisurely along. A Scotch regiment was advancing at the charge in the distance. The Emperor was almost alone. Lallemande only was with him. The latter still exclaimed, 'All is not lost, Sire, all is not lost—rally, soldiers! rally!' The Emperor repeated not a word. Lallemande recognizes me in passing. 'What ails you, Raoul?' 'My thigh is shattered by a musket-ball.'—'Poor devil, how I pity you! how I pity you! Adieu—adieu!' The Emperor uttered not a word."

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Diable, que je te plains, que je te plains! Adieu! adieu!" *L'Empereur ne disoit pas mot.*

It must be confessed, this is a very striking sketch; I believe they are nearly his words. "Were you with him," said I, "when he first encountered the king's troops that were sent against him on his landing in France?" I commanded the artillery on that occasion. He sent me first of all forward to feel the pulse of two battalions qui nous barroient le chemin. "J'étois tout pres du General Cambron au moment qu'il me parloit. C'étoit avec une majeste etonnante qu'il me donnoit ses ordres. Son œil brilloit d'un feu qui eclatoit sur tout son visage. 'Allez, dit-il. Vous serez ma seule avant-garde, vous serez l'avant garde de ma plus belle campagne. Dites leur que je suis rappelle par le vœu de la nation, mais que je ne veux pas etre Empereur a la depense d'un seul coup de fusil; dites leur s'ils se sont resolu de m'opposer, que c'est mon sang seul qui doit couler. Je viens a eux, je viens seul, et arme au bras; qu'ils tirent sur moi, mais qu'ils se souviennent qu'ils auront a rependre a la France et au monde entier.' Je m'avance, continued the Colonel. 'Qui vive?'—'La France.'—'Mais quelle France?' 'La France, je repete, je suppose qu'il n'y en a pas deux.' Le commandant s'approche, je vois bien qu'il a perdu la tete—il ne sait pas que faire. Les soldats nous entourent de toutes parts. On rassemble des murmurs, qui eclatent enfin dans les cris de 'Vive l'Empereur!' L'Empereur est deja avec nous, chapeau a la main; il demande les camerades. Il demande s'il y en a qui ont fait les campagnes d'Egypte et d'Italie avec lui. Il prend un gre-

* I was close to General Cambron when he (Napoleon) spoke to me. He gave me his orders with surprising majesty. His whole countenance was lighted up by the fire of his eye. "Go," said he, "you shall be my only advanced guard—the advanced guard of my finest campaign. Tell them that I am recalled by the wish of the nation; but that I am unwilling to reign at the expense of a single musket-shot. Tell them that, if resolved to oppose me, my blood alone should flow. I come to them, I come alone, and with arms supported; they may fire upon me—but let them recollect that they will have to answer for it to France and the whole world."—I advance. "Who comes there?" "France."—"But what France?" "France, I repeat, I suppose there are not two." The commanding officer advances—I perceive at once that he is bewildered—he knows not what course to take. The soldiers surround us from every side;—murmurs are heard, which finally break out into cries of "Long live the Emperor!" The Emperor is with us in a moment, hat in hand. He inquires for the old soldiers. He asks if there are any who have made the campaigns of Egypt and Italy with him. He takes a grenadier by the moustache—"How now, old moustache, what is this thou hast got in thy cap? Dost thou not recognise thy old cockade? (showing his own hat?) Dost thou not know there is but one cockade for France—the cockade of victory—the tri-colour?" In an instant, the grenadier tears out the white cockade, throws it down, and tramples upon it—all follow his example. The cry of "Long live the Emperor!" resounds from every side, and the triumph of Napoleon is complete.

nadier par la moustache, 'Mais tu, vieille moustache, qu'est-ce que c'est que tu portes la dans le bonnet? ne reconnois tu pas ton ancienne cockade? (montrant le chapeau) ne sais tu pas qu'il n'y a qu'une seule cockade pour la France, la cockade de victoire, la cockade tri-colour?' Dans un instant la grenadier arrache la cockade blanche, il la jette par terre, il la foule a pied, tout le monde suit son exemple; le cri de "Vive l'Empereur," retentit de toute part, et le triomphe de Napoleon est complet."

In private conversation, Napoleon exhibited an unbending familiarity of manner to all around him. "En fonction il etoit severe, et lorsque les choses alloient mal, il grondait comme un chien enrage. C'étoit un homme que les malheurs n'instruisoient jamais, ils ne faisoient que l'irriter; d'ailleurs il etoit despot, par politique plus que par son naturel; il meprisoit trop les hommes pour les opprimer sans occasion, mais il les opprimoit sans facon lors que ses interets le demandoient. Dans son particulier il etoit extremement amiable, mais il soutenoit toujours une majeste extreme et quelquefois son esprit ardent eclatoit dans des saillies de passion."

I asked if Napoleon passed with those who knew him for superstitious. He said Napoleon affected to be above omens, but there was no doubt that he was very much under their influence, although his pride and his ambition made him often disdain them. One thing is certain, said he, "Il parloit souvent de son étoile. On la voit gravee, par exemple, dans tous ses portraits et on sait bien qu'il eut a faire avec les astrologues."

He told me a long story about "un homme rouge" (from the colour of his dress,) whom Napoleon first knew in Egypt, and who subsequently visited him at Paris, and was supposed to be particularly addicted to these arts.

I was at Paris, continued Colonel Raoul, at the time this man was admitted repeatedly to the Emperor's presence at the Tuileries. He conversed with him always alone; whether he did these things (which is very possible,) to deceive others, or whether he was deluded by them himself, I do not pretend to determine, I only state the fact. The King, (Louis Buonaparte,) added he, has told me that these audiences produced always an agitating effect upon the Emperor, and that on one occasion in particular, l'homme rouge had been heard to ex-

* On duty he was severe, and when affairs went wrong, he growled like a mad dog. He was a man who learned nothing from adversity, which only served to irritate him—besides, he was a despot, rather by policy than nature; he had too much contempt for mankind to oppress them without occasion—but when his interests demanded it, he oppressed them without remorse. In private he was extremely amiable—but he always maintained an unbending majesty; and sometimes his ardent temperament exploded in sallies of fury.

† He often spoke of his star. It is seen engraved in all portraits of him—and it is well known that he consulted astrologers.

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claim, on quitting his apartment—"Souvenez-vous que je ne puis plus, souvenez-vous que votre étoile est changée, souvenez-vous que votre bail est fini." One is tempted to smile at these things, but it must be confessed they are extraordinary at least, when supported by such high authority.

"I was at Fontainebleau with the Emperor, at the time of his first abdication, and commanded the artillery of the guard. He had resolved to march upon Paris with the corps that remained to him amounting to little more than 40,000 men, and already harassed to death. The Marshals interfered; they were tired out as well as the soldiery, and resolved to make the best terms with the enemy. His abdication was decided on, and he submitted. The next day he was seen walking in the gallery at Fontainebleau, as if nothing had happened; dressed perfectly as usual, en Colonel de la garde avec ses trois croix, (de la Légion d'Honneur, de la Réunion, et de la Couronne de Fer.) He conversed familiarly with every body, and every body surrounded him with a feeling of increased respect. "Il s'approchoit de moi—comment donc vos canonniers (c'étoit des gens du Bas Rhin) desertent? dit-il;—quelqu'un, Sire, je repondis; mais c'est bien mal fait, dites-leur que je ne suis plus la France, dites-leur qu'ils ont toujours des devoirs envers elle a remplir."

It was thus this extraordinary man contended with fortune and vanquished her, even after his fall.

I asked Colonel Raoul how the two brothers stood affected to each other? he said, circumstances he could not enter upon had divided them, but Louis is full of kindness and domestic feeling. "Napoleon, au contraire, est un homme de bronze, il a l'ame divisee de tout le monde, rien ne le touche que lui-meme. Il ne reconnoit ni les liens du sang ni de l'amitie. Lorsqu'il se trouvoit dans l'île d'Elbe, Louis, qui est l'homme le plus aimable du monde, lui ecrivait "que si ca lui feroit plaisir, il viendrait avec ses enfans lui faire compagnie dans sa retraite." Napoleon lui repondit du ton le plus orgueilleux possible, "Qu'il avoit eu se passer de lui dans sa prosperite, qu'il sauroit bien faire autant dans son adversite."

* Remember that I have no farther power—remember that your star is changed—remember that your lease is expired.

† He approached me. "How," said he, "your gunners (who were from the Lower Rhine) desert?" "Some, Sire," I replied. "But they do very wrong—tell them I am no longer France—tell them they still owe her allegiance."

‡ Napoleon, on the contrary, is a man of bronze. He has nothing in common with the world—he lives but for himself. He acknowledges neither the ties of kindred nor of friendship. While he was at Elba, Louis, who is the most amiable man in the world, wrote to him to say, "that if it would afford him pleasure, he would come with his children to keep him company in his exile." Napoleon replied in the most haughty tone imaginable, "That he had done without him in his prosperity, and could dispense with him in his adversity."

At the Island of Elba, Colonel Raoul tells me he was for some time an uncommon favourite with the Emperor, who appointed him his standing Aid-de-camp, and scarcely ever quitted the house without him. "I attended him in all his rides and walks, I played cards with him every evening—"et quelquefois il me donnoit cinq ou six petits soufflets par jour, ce qui étoit la plus grande preuve de son amitie. Il ne m'appelloit jamais que "Raoul," et tout le monde disoit que j'étois l'enfant gâté de la famille. This was not, however, of very long duration, and perhaps it was in some degree my own fault that it was not. The Emperor, after his arrival in the Isle of Elba, became penurious to a degree, and seemed to have formed the idea that every body about him had a design upon his purse. The truth is, his mind was engaged at this moment upon the great design of his return, and money was most essential to his success. As commandant of the artillery, I had charge also at this time of the engineer department; I received one day orders to make out an estimate for the construction of a Salle d'Assemblée, to be attached to the palace; I made it out with the strictest regard to economy, and fixed the amount at 2000 francs. The Emperor struck off 500, and insisted I should build it for the remainder—I declared this was impossible—the Emperor insisted—I replied—the Emperor got angry—I defended myself—the Emperor lost his patience, and was at last ungenerous enough to accuse me of wishing to make a profit of it myself. I told him I had not deserved such treatment at his hands—Il eclaircit tout de suite d'une maniere terrible, "Taisez-vous, dit-il, je vous defends de repondre; vous etes comme tous les entrepreneurs, vous faites la guerre avec vos superieurs et puis vous capitulez." "Non, Sire, je repondis, je ne capitule pas, a moins si je dois capituler avec votre Majeste, je me rendrai avec honneur." Je le quittai sur le champ, et tout de suite je lui envoyai ma demission, en lui disant que j'étois pret a servir comme grenadier de sa garde, mais que

* Sometimes he gave me five or six little cuffs a day—the greatest proof of his friendship. He always called me "Raoul," and every body said I was the spoiled child of the family.

† He instantly burst into a furious passion. "Be silent," said he, "I forbid you to reply; you are like all undertakers—you make war with your superiors, and then capitulate." "No, Sire," I replied, "I don't capitulate; at least if I must capitulate with your Majesty, I shall surrender with honour." I instantly quitted him and immediately sent him my resignation, offering at the same time to serve as a grenadier of his guard—but that I could no longer bear his commission, since he had disgraced me. The Emperor was touched. He sent the Grand Marshal (Bertrand) to me with the assurance that he had never meant to wound my honour, and with orders to continue my duties at the palace. The next day the Emperor received me with kindness, but with reserve. He beckoned to me to follow him into his cabinet. I obeyed; we were alone; then, with a look and a tone full of kindness, (while he played with my rosette), "Go, my friend," said he, "spend what you please;" and then drawing himself up, he

je ne voulois pas porter sa commission depuis qu'il m'avoit deshonoré. L'Empereur fut touché. Il envoya le Grand Marechal (Bertrand) me trouver avec l'assurance qu'il n'avoit jamais voulu blesser mon honneur, et avec des ordres de continuer mes fonctions au palais. Le lendemain l'Empereur me recut avec bonté, mais cependant avec *retenu*. Il me fit signe de le suivre dans son cabinet, j'obeis; nous étions seuls; alors me fixant d'un œil doux, il me dit d'un ton plein de bonté (en jouant avec ma rose), 'Allez, mon ami, dépensez ce que vous voudrez; et puis se remettant il ajouta d'une voix forte et en quelque sorte severe, Mais faites, faites que je n'aurai pas tort.' Mais je le voyois rarement apres cette histoire, et quoiqu'il me traitoit toujours avec bonté, il ne me donnoit plus de petits soufflets, il ne me nommoit jamais de mon nom. C'étoit toujours Monsieur le Commandant du Genie. Cependant il y avoit des momens dans la suite ou il sembloit se souvenir du passé. Il m'envoya un de ses propres chevaux a monter, (par exemple,) lorsque nous débarquâmes en France. Il me fit toujours l'accompagner dans la marche, il m'employa une ou deux fois d'une maniere la plus flatteuse, sur tout lorsqu'il m'envoya prendre Lyons avec un corporal et deux hussards, et la dernière fois qu'il me parla sur le champ de bataille a Waterloo, ou j'avois l'artillerie de la garde (c'étoit au moment de la charge,) il me cria en me passant au galop, "Raoul, soutenez ma Cavalerie." Ce sont les dernières paroles qu'il m'a jamais parle, et elles sont gravees dans mon cœur.

There is something very touching in all this, and I defy any one to listen to it without being affected.

I have seen a great deal of Colonel Raoul, and have been much pleased with his conversation. There is a frankness and manliness of manner about him, added to a freedom from common-place prejudices, and an enthusiasm in his profession, which is very gratifying to meet with. He is quite a soldier in character and appearance. Judging from the anecdotes I have detailed, he may appear an egotist; but he is any thing but this. It is I that have compelled him to these details by the eagerness of my in-

added in a loud and somewhat severe voice, "but act, act so that I may not be wrong." However, I saw him seldom after this incident, and although he continued to treat me with kindness, he no longer favoured me with little cuffs, nor ever called me by my name—it was always Mr. the Commandant of Engineers. Nevertheless, there were moments in the sequel when he seemed to remember the past. For instance, when we landed in France, he sent me one of his own horses to ride. He kept me constantly near him on the march, and employed me once or twice in a very flattering manner, especially when he sent me to take Lyons with a corporal and two hussars; and when he last spoke to me on the field of battle at Waterloo, where I had the artillery of the Guard, (it was at the moment of the charge) he cried, in passing me at full gallop, "Raoul, support my cavalry." These are the last words he ever addressed to me, and they are graven on my heart.

quiries, and when he has once entered upon them, it is delightful to mark the spirit with which he pursues them. They seem to relieve his mind. At other times, he is silent and melancholy; for he has sacrificed every thing to his attachment to this family, and seems to mourn less over their downfall than the distracted state of his country.

He evidently builds his hopes upon another dynasty, and a limited constitution. He does not hate the Bourbons: he despises them, and considers the whole of their proceedings as calculated to restore the reign of priests and bring back the age of darkness. Of the King he speaks personally with the greatest respect. "Mais regardez a ceux qui l'entourent;—Monsieur c'est un imbécile;—le Duc d'Angouleme c'est un pretre; et le Duc de Berri un étourdi, et tous ont des vengeances a exercer, rien que de la vengeance. Mon Dieu, ou est-ce que ça doit finir?" There is scarcely a subject connected with times past on which I have not communicated freely with him. He detests the despotism of Napoleon as much as we do; and his ideas of the demoralization of public principles are as liberal as they are just. "Mais je doute, dit-il, si les Francois meritoient la liberte. Voyez par exemple la conduite de cet infame senat dont Napoleon étoit entouré. Il n'y avoit pas un seul entre eux qui osoit lui dire la verité, rien que la flatterie la plus lâche et la plus degoutante. C'est le senat Francois qui doit répondre de tous les maux qui sont arrivés. C'est le senat Francois qui a appris a l'Empereur a mépriser les hommes, et a croire qu'ils n'étoient fait que pour être des esclaves. Au regne de Tibere on voyoit des exemples des sénateurs qui disoient la verité et qui mourroient. Mais Napoleon n'étoit pas Tibere; encore moins les Francois n'étoient ils des Romains."

Among other anecdotes of the Emperor, Colonel Raoul told me that some time before his quitting Elba, he became particularly silent and solitary. He showed himself rarely to the garrison, and admitted the officers no longer to that familiarity at his levees that he used to do.

The officers were hurt at this, and as Colonel Raoul was in high favour at this time he was requested to represent their complaints to the

* Observe those who surround him; Monsieur is an incapable; the Duc d'Angouleme is a priest; the Duc de Berri is hare-brained; and all have some vengeance to gratify—nothing but vengeance! My God, where is all this to end?

† I doubt, said he, if the French deserved liberty. Look, for example, at the conduct of that infamous senate by which Napoleon was surrounded. There was not a single man amongst them who dared to speak the truth to him, or utter any thing but the most base and disgusting flattery. It is the French senate which has to answer for all the evils which have happened. It is the French senate which has taught Napoleon to despise mankind, and to believe that they were only fit to be slaves. In the reign of Tiberius we find instances of senators who spoke the truth, fearless of the death which they suffered. But Napoleon was not Tiberius; still less were the French Romans.

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Emperor. He did this as respectfully as possible, but the Emperor burst out immediately. "Croyez vous que je suis parvenu jusques ici en flattant les hommes? je n'ai jamais flatte les hommes; je n'ai jamais flatte le soldat, moins l'officier. Encore moins je leur flatterai a present quand je suis malheureux; dites leur que s'ils ont envie de me quitter, ils auront leur demission demain."

As they stood over to the coast of France, the Emperor was in the highest spirits. The dye was cast, and he seemed to be quite himself again. He sat upon the deck, and amused the officers collected round him with a little history of his campaigns, particularly those of Italy and Egypt. When he had finished, he observed the deck to be encumbered with several large chests belonging to him. He asked the *Maitre d'hotel* what they contained. Upon being told they were filled with wine, he ordered them to be immediately broken open, en disant, "nous partagerons le butin." The Emperor superintended the distribution himself, and presented bottle by bottle to his comrades, till tired of this occupation, he called out to Bertrand, "Grand Marechal, aidez-moi, je vous prie. Servons a ces Messieurs," et puis avec emphase,—"Ils nous serviront un jour?" It was with this species of *bonhomie* that he captivated, when he chose, all around him. The following day he was employed in various arrangements, and among others, in dictating to Colonel Raoul the proclamations to be issued on his landing. In one of these, after observing, "Il faut oublier que nous avons donne la loi aux nations voisines," Napoleon stopped. "Qu'est-ce que j'ai dit?" Colonel Raoul read the passage. "Halt!" said Napoleon, "Effacez voisines, dites toujours aux nations!" It was thus his pride blazed out on every trifling occasion; and his ambition seemed to rekindle at the very recollections of his former greatness. The world could have no hope with such a man.

I asked Colonel Raoul if he was serious in saying he had been sent against Lyons with a file of men? "Perfectly, I assure you," said he; "not with the vain idea, as you may imagine, of reducing Lyons (where Marshal Macdonald commanded) with a couple of hussars, but simply with the view of winning the garrison over to our interests by a direct communication from the Emperor." "And how was all this effected?" said I. "By presenting myself at the barrier, and crying *Vive l'Empereur!*" replied he. The whole garrison rushed into my arms. Marshal Macdonald, after exerting himself to stop the defection, deemed it prudent to with-

draw, and myself and my hussars were carried through the city in triumph. "Tout le monde etoit ivre de joie. On baisoit mes mains, on baisoit mes bottes, on baisoit ma garniture, et vous auriez dit a le voir, que j'etois plutot un ange descendu des cieus qu'un simple soldat revenu d'exil."

I shall close this account by observing, that I do not entertain a doubt of the truth of these different anecdotes. Independent of the internal evidence they possess, the manner with which they were related, and the character of the man who related them, remove every suspicion from my mind. I never met a Frenchman so exempt from prejudice and gasconade as Colonel Raoul, or so ready to speak philosophically of the errors committed by the Emperor and his countrymen. He said to me one day, when I inveighed against the extreme licentiousness of the French army, "Vous avez parfaitement raison, mon ami, le mal que nous avons fait au monde, (quelque grand qu'il soit) n'est rien en comparaison avec le mal que nous avons fait aux *meurs*. Cependant nous sommes devenus les Dindons de la farce a la fin, et sur ce rapport la, j'avoue que nous l'avons merite." Some opinion may be formed of the character of Colonel Raoul, when I add that previous to our parting, I asked him frankly if it were true that Napoleon had murdered his prisoners at Jaffa?

"Helas," said he, "je crains que ce n'est que trop vrai, quoique je n'y etois pas." And the Duke d'Enghien? said I. "C'est un tache qui ternira son caractere pour jamais?" "Comment donc est-ill possible, mon cher Colonel, (je lui ai dit) que vous estimez cet homme la?" "Pardonnez-moi, repondit-il, je ne l'estime pas—je l'admire. J'admire la grandeur a la quelle il

* Every body was mad with joy. They kissed my hands—my boots—my equipments—and you would have thought I was rather an angel descended from Heaven, than a simple soldier returned from exile.

† You are perfectly right, my friend; the mischief, however great, which we have done to the world, is nothing in comparison with that which we have done to *morals*. After all, however, we have become "les Dindons" of the farce, and on this account we have, I confess, deserved it.

‡ "Alas! I fear it is but too true, although I was not there." And the Duke d'Enghien? "It is a spot which will stain his character forever!" "Is it possible then, my dear Colonel," said I, "that you esteem such a man?" "Pardon me," replied he, "I don't esteem—I admire him. I admire the greatness to which he has elevated my nation, and for his marked kindness towards myself I am not ashamed to confess that I still love him. I served fourteen years in his guard; I made the campaigns of Austria and of Russia with him; I accompanied him to Elba; and had I not been wounded and taken prisoner at Waterloo, I should also have followed him to St. Helena. I have sacrificed every thing for him, and my attachment to him has grown with the extent of my meritorious. Now that all is lost, my only pleasure is to watch over a seion of his race, (Louis) since they would not permit me to attend his son, and to predict for France a future less distinguished by glory, but more favourable to liberty."

a souleve ma nation, et pour les bontes tout a fait particulieres qu'il a eu pour moi je n'ai pas honte de confesser que je l'aime encore. Je servis 14 ans dans sa garde, je fis les campagnes d'Autriche et de Russie avec lui, je l'accompagnai dans l'île d'Elbe, et si je n'avois pas ete blessé et fait prisonnier a Waterloo, je l'aurois suivi aussi dans l'île de St. Helene. J'ai tout sacrifié pour lui, et il m'est devenu cher a force de mon propre dévouement : a present que tout est perdu, le seul plaisir qui me reste c'est de veiller sur un rejeton de sa race, (puisqu'on n'a pas voulu me permettre de servir aupres de son fils,) et de prophetiser pour la France un Avenir moins distingue pour la gloire mais plus favorable a la liberte."

It will be remembered that these anecdotes were related to the writer fifteen years ago. They are the overflowings of a broken but enthusiastic spirit, which no adversity could entirely subdue, and which blazed out to the last, in loyalty to France and to her master. What though the conqueror of her hundred battles was at this period a captive and an exile ! What, though every chance of restoration and escape was at an end ! The humble partaker of his toils and companion of his victories vindicates in these anecdotes Napoleon's supremacy in war, as well as in misfortune ; and leaves behind, moreover, an example in his own devotedness, which is the best guarantee to all existing governments of the unpurchased and unpurchasable fidelity of a liberal minded and enlightened soldier.

Colonel Raoul left Italy for America soon after the reporter of these anecdotes parted with him, in 1815. Since then, although he promised to correspond, no line has ever found its way to England ; and the individual who admired his character and sympathized in his misfortunes, is ignorant at this moment if he is still in existence, or if his career has been closed in proscription and in exile in a foreign land. A prophetic feeling of regret leads the writer to apprehend the latter ; but should it be otherwise—should these pages ever meet his eye, and the regenerated prospects opening to his country induce his return to that France which he mourned with such regret and served with such devotion, he will at least learn with satisfaction that English officers know how to appreciate his character and estimate his fidelity ; and that the writer of these lines, who has never ceased to lament the interruption of their mutual intercourse, will be the first to welcome him with an expression of affectionate attachment.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
AN AUTUMN WALK.

BY DELTA.

I.

SWEET is the smile of the vernal morn,
When upon zephyr's wing is borne
The breath of the opening flowers, and skies
Day after day to the gazer's sight
Expand a thousand fairy dyes,
More softly pure, more serenely bright ;

When Ocean lulls his foamy roar,
To tell that the boreal storms are o'er ;
While naked boughs put on their green ;
And morning listens the early lark ;
And the snowdrop, like a spirit, is seen
Peeping up from earth's caverns dark :—
Oh, then is the season of hope—the heart
Feels of the universe a part ;
The blooming flowers—the budding trees—
The brightening sun—the tender sky—
The singing birds, and the humming bees—
Speak they not all to the ear or eye—
To say, after darkness, and cold, and rain,
Come loveliness, warmth, and life again !

II.

Nor glorious less is the summer noon,
When, from its azure zenith, June
Looks on the beautiful earth, to spread
A darkning shadow beneath the bowers,
And the boughs of the chestnut overhead
Are spangled over with gorgeous flowers ;
When the trout leaps up from the tepid stream ;
And the cattle, from the hot day-beam,
Take to the shelter of cooling groves,
Where, 'mid the pillar'd emerald gloom,
From tree to tree the cushat roves,
And unseen flowers the air perfume :—
Then to the loiterer of the fields
A source of enduring joy it yields,
To pause amid the pastures green,
And hearken a thousand notes that fill
The air with music from throats unseen—
A long, loud song of praise, until
The bosom's cares are subdued to rest,
And a holy calm pervades the breast.

III.

How should the seasons the heart employ ?
To Spring give hope, and to Summer joy ;
But to Autumn belongs majestic thought—
The shadows of Time and Eternity,
Like visions before the eye are brought
From her yellow woods and her changing
sky :

Thou, Autumn, now art around my way,
As lonely thus abroad I stray,
While the afternoon melts into eve—
Alas ! how rapidly day is done !—
And clouds of a thousand colours weave
Their glories around the setting sun.
All nature seems bathed in a tender grief ;
There is a red-brown tint on the leaf,
That proclaims of desolation blank ;
And the flowers that erewhile bloom'd so
fair,
Now, seeding, wither along the bank.
Sered by the chill of the alter'd air :
The aspect of all things seems to say—
Man like the seasons shall pass away !

IV.

October, my moralist thou shalt be—
Shake down thy fragile leaves from the tree ;
Pour out thy tears from the sullen cloud ;
And, while the gleaner forsakes the field,
Let the winds of evening, piping loud,
A chorus sad to the partridge yield.
What saith the river that rushes down
From its nursing mountains, foamy and brown ;
It tells of tempest—of sleet and rain—
Of summer past and of winter near,
Of glories that shall not revive again,
Until a new life re-illumine the year :—
Of the shortening and the lengthening night ;
Of departed sunshine ; and beauty's blight ;

Omens of death and of pale decay—
Types of destruction's impending gloom—
Flitting o'er man on life's thorny way,
And pointing alike to his goal—the tomb;
For, when finishes Age's childlike reign,
No second boyhood comes round again!

v.

Thus to my soul—in my lonely walks
Of contemplation—Autumn talks:
The red-breast, as it hops along,
Like a restless spirit, from bough to bough,
Seems warning me, with its dirge-like song,
Of the changes that wait upon all below!
Speaks not the hollow-sounding sea
Of what hath been—and no more shall be!
Of days that are past—of friendships gone!
Of visions whose glory made boyhood bright!
Of pleasures flown—for ever flown—
Of hopes that shone, but to set in night!
The fading flower and the falling leaf,
Do they not emblem that life is brief?
'Tis not in beauty—they seem to say—
From year to year to retain its glow;
'Tis not in strength to resist decay—
All is doom'd to the dust below—
The meek and the mighty—the free and the slave—
The rich and the poor—the coward and brave—
The young and the old, meet they not in the grave?

From the *Athenæum*.

THE WATER WITCH; OR, THE SKIMMER OF THE SEAS. *A Tale. By the Author of "The Borderers," "The Prairie," &c. &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1830.*

SCARCELY had the teeming press brought forth that portentous chronicle of fiends, pyxies, elves, fairies, and witches, the "Letters on Demonology"—scarcely had we drawn a free and audible breath, regained our wonted composure, and got rid of its magical influence, when, lo! the "Water Witch" demonically stole upon our retirement. The elements are now all peopled. Earth boasts of the elves of the barren moor, the witches of the woodland mountain, the sprites that haunt the mouldering tower, and the thousand fairies, good and evil, who trip it swiftly and silently, and whisper strange tales in old women's ears, and commit sundry predatory doings on farm-houses and farmer's wives. The withered descendants of the witch of Endor possessing an amphibious ubiquity, and peopling rock, morass, heath, and cave—

Snatch you o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes—to Athens—when you will, or where.
Fire rejoices in its salamanders. The vasty deep has its submarine superhuman monsters—mermaids, who have staggered the incredulity of many a grave naturalist, and syrens of human face divine and body of birds, who warble men into insensibility. But there was still wanting a spirit who could "ride the whirlwind," who could fearlessly float on the mountain wave and "direct the storm." Mr. Cooper, we hoped, had conjured up that spirit. We took up his volumes with sensations approaching to Pagan gravity. We fancied they might shadow

forth some long-hidden Amphitrite, who ruled unseen, and walked upon the waves; but the Water Witch, though she has the seas for her empire, and is consulted on all occasions of wind or weather, war or peace, with as many wild and fantastic ceremonies as distinguished the rites of the ancient oracles of Delphos and Dodona, has her throne, and holds her court in a snug smuggling brigantine, and no more resembles the creature of our imagination than a Dutch galliot or a Sunderland collier,

The wondred Argo, which, in venturous freece,
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flow'r of Greece.

We must then descend to the reality—to the Water Witch of the novel—but first a few words on the author: Mr. Cooper is, decidedly, and deservedly, a popular writer. He and Mr. Irving are the pillars that support the infant fabric of American Literature. The yeclipt Sir Walter Scott of America has taken up the gauntlet which he of Abbotsford had thrown down to all the world. On the trackless path of the ocean the author of the "Pilot" may justify his daring. He is always at home where the shrill whistle of the boatswain is heard, and the majestic ship heaves to the tumult of the mighty waters—for such was his own element. The dim spot in the distant horizon, foreboding tempest and peril, has been detected by his own practised eye. He has been cradled on the deep, and held converse with winds and waves. What he himself has beheld, he records with fidelity and power; but here we stop. His mountain-billow, with its crest of foam, the valley of the parting waters, and the hoarse warning of the threatening storm, are all brought vividly before us; the adventures of a sailor's life, and the characteristics of the fearless and open-hearted mariner, are all portrayed with spirit and graphic power—but when he deals with civilized men, and crowded cities, or tells of battles in the "tented field," of "lady-love," and "mimic flags," it is too much after the manner of the second volume of the Pilot, and we say, forbear. In short, when Mr. Cooper holds communion with nature, either on the ocean or in the desert, he maintains his ascendancy; but the instant he mingles in artificial society, and would depict manners rather than nature, he falls from his "high estate."

We need hardly say that the "Water Witch" is a tale of the sea, and therefore affords frequent opportunities for the display of the peculiar talent of the author; but there are few incidents in it to excite curiosity or fix attention—these are often feeble; and unmeaning and uninteresting dialogue is spread over too many of the pages. We desire, however, to do full justice to the writer, and therefore shall extract a stirring description of a sea-fight between an English cruiser and the boats of a French ship of war.

"The Coquette lay with her head to seaward, the stern necessarily pointing towards the land. The distance from the latter was less than a mile, and the direction of the ship's hull was

caused by the course of the heavy ground-swell, which incessantly rolled the waters on the wide beach of the island. The head gear lay in the way of the dim view, and Ludlow walked out on the bowsprit, in order that nothing should lie between him and the part of the ocean he wished to study. Here he had not stood a minute, when he caught, first a confused, and then a more distinct glimpse of a line of dark objects advancing slowly towards the ship. Assured of the position of his enemy, he returned in-board and descended among his people. In another moment he was again on the fore-castle, across which he paced leisurely, and, to all appearance, with the calmness of one who enjoyed the refreshing coolness of the night.

"At the distance of a hundred fathoms the dusky line of boats paused, and began to change its order. At that instant the first puffs of the land breeze were felt, and the stern of the ship made a gentle inclination seaward.

"*'Help her with the mizzen! Let fall the top-sail!'* whispered the young captain to those beneath him. Ere another moment the flap of the loosened sail was heard. The ship swung still further, and Ludlow stamped on the deck.

"A round fiery light shot beyond the martingale, and the smoke rolled along the sea, out-stripped by a crowd of missiles that were hissing across the water. A shout in which command was mingled with shrieks, followed, and then our blades were heard dashing the water aside regardless of concealment. The ocean lighted, and three or four boat-guns returned the fatal discharge from the ship. Ludlow had not spoken. Still alone, on his elevated and exposed post, he watched the effects of both fires with a commander's coolness. The smile that struggled about his compressed mouth, when the momentary confusion among the boats betrayed the success of his own attack, had been wild and exulting, but when he heard the rending of the plank beneath him, the heavy groans that succeeded, and the rattling of lighter objects that were scattered by the shot, as it passed with lessened force along the deck of his ship, it became fierce and resentful.

"Let them have it!" he shouted in a clear animating voice, that assured the people of his presence and his care. "Show them the humour of an Englishman's sleep, my lads! Speak to them, tops and decks."

"The order was obeyed. The remaining bow-gun was fired, and the discharge of all the Coquette's musketry and blunderbusses followed. A crowd of boats came sweeping under the bowsprit of the ship at the same moment, and then arose the clamour and shouts of the boarders.

"The succeeding minutes were full of confusion and of devoted exertion. Twice were the head and bowsprit of the ship filled with dark groups of men, whose grim visages were only visible by the pistol's flash and as often were they cleared by the pike and bayonet. A third effort was more successful, and the tread of the assailants was heard on the deck of the fore-castle. The struggle was but momentary, though many fell, and the narrow arena was soon slippery with blood. The Boulognese mariner was foremost among his countrymen, and at that desperate emergency, Ludlow and Trysail fought in

the common herd. Numbers prevailed, and it was fortunate for the commander of the Coquette that the sudden recoil of a human body, that fell upon him, drove him from his footing to the deck beneath.

"Recovering from the fall, the young captain cheered his men by his voice, and was answered by the deep-mouthed shouts which an excited seaman is ever ready to deliver even to the death.

"*'Rally in the gangways and defy them! was the animated cry. 'Rally in the gangways, hearts of oak!'*" was returned by Trysail, in a ready but weakened voice. The men obeyed, and Ludlow saw that he could still muster a force capable of resistance.

"Both parties for a moment paused. The fire of the top annoyed the boarders, and the defendants hesitated to advance. But the rush from both was common, and a fierce encounter occurred at the foot of the foremast. The crowd thickened in the rear of the French, and one of their numbers no sooner fell than another filled his place. The English receded, and Ludlow, extricating himself from the mass, retired to the quarter-deck.

"*'Give way, men!'* he again shouted, so clear and steady, as to be heard above the cries and execrations of the fight. "Into the wings—down—between the guns—down—to your covers?"

"The English disappeared as if by magic. Some leaped upon the ridge-ropes, others sought the protection of the guns, and many went through the hatches. At that moment Ludlow made his most desperate effort. Aided by the gunner, he applied matches to the two swivels which had been placed in readiness for a last resort. The deck was enveloped in smoke, and when the vapor lifted, the forward part of the ship was as clear as if man had never trod it. All who had not fallen had vanished.

"A shout and a loud hurrah brought back the defendants, and Ludlow headed a charge upon the top-gallant-fore-castle again in person. A few of the assailants showed themselves from behind covers on the deck, and the struggle was renewed. Glaring balls of fire sailed over the heads of the combatants, and fell among the throng in the rear. Ludlow saw the danger, and he endeavoured to urge his people on to regain the bow-guns, one of which was known to be loaded. But the explosion of a grenade on deck and in his rear, was followed by a shock in the hold that threatened to force the bottom out of the vessel. The alarmed and weakened crew began to waver, and as a fresh attack of grenades was followed by a fierce rally, in which the assailants brought up fifty men in a body from their boats, Ludlow found himself compelled to retire amid the retreating mass of his own crew.

"The defence now assumed the character of hopeless but desperate resistance. The cries of the enemy were more and more clamorous, and they succeeded in nearly silencing the top by a heavy fire of musketry established on the bowsprit and sprit sail-yard.

"Events passed much faster than they can be related. The enemy were in possession of all the forward part of the ship to her fore hatches, but into these young Hopper had thrown him-

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self with half a dozen men, and, aided by a brother midshipman in the launch, backed by a few followers, they still held the assailants at bay.—Ludlow cast an eye behind him, and began to think of selling his life as dearly as possible in the cabins. That glance was arrested by the sight of the malign smile of the sea-green lady, as the gleaming face rose above the taffrail. A dozen dark forms leaped on the poop, and then arose a voice that sent every tone it uttered to his heart.

"Abide the shock!" was the shout of those who came to the succour, and 'abide the shock,' was echoed by the crew. The mysterious image glided along the deck, and Ludlow knew the athletic frame that brushed through the throng at its side.

"There was little noise in the onset, save the groans of the sufferers. It endured but a moment, but it was a moment that resembled the passage of a whirlwind. The defendants knew that they were succoured, and the assailants recoiled before so unexpected a foe. The few that were caught beneath the forecabin were mercilessly slain, and those above were swept from their post like chaff drifting in a gale. The living and the dead were heard falling alike into the sea, and in an inconceivably short space of time the decks of the Coquette were free. A solitary enemy still hesitated on the bowsprit. A powerful and active frame leaped along the spar, and though the blow was not seen, its effects were visible, as the victim tumbled helplessly into the ocean.

"The hurried dash of oars followed, and before the defendants had time to assure themselves of the completeness of their success, the gloomy void of the surrounding ocean had swallowed up the boats."—iii. 216—223.

The reader who confines his knowledge of the tale to the extract we have given, might almost be persuaded to attach a supernatural agency to the sudden presence of the sea green lady, otherwise called the Water Witch, in the scene we have just quoted. But the illusion vanishes when we inform him, that the "gleaming face," "swarthy look," and "malign smile," of the witch, were all contrived by a daubed transparency—a sort of jack-o'-lantern—carried by a smuggler to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries;" and that the mysterious image that glided by its side, was no less a person than Tom Tiller, the Skimmer of the Seas, who came with his crew to the rescue, and who, to use the language of the author, stood "six feet between plank and carline."

We think the third volume decidedly the best. At this stage of the story a wider field is opened for the exhibition of the author's powers. We feel, hear, and see, all that he describes, and are gratified and rewarded for the time we lost on the Flemish geldings, the insipid jargon of negroes, and sundry wild and absurd extravagancies which abound in the first part of the work. The character of Myndert Van Beverout is fairly drawn—a substantial burgher of the province of New York, in the reign of Queen Anne;—but the attempt to give point to dialogue and pungency to expression,

by employing monotonous exclamations, is puerile, and betrays the weakness of an author's graphic resources.

We have said the best we could of this work, and fear it will not realize our readers' expectations.

From the *Athenæum*.

THE DEVIL'S PROGRESS. A Poem. By the Editor of the *Court Journal*; with illustrations designed by R. Seymour, and engraved by Evans and Welsh. London, 1830. *Relfs*.

We believe the "Devil's Progress" is written by Mr. T. K. Hervey: it is certainly not by the Editor of the *Court Journal*, although nothing can be more admirably imitative of the puff-preliminary which usually precedes Colburn's works, than the introductory Preface, professedly from the *Morning Post*, with its insinuations and *on dits*—its whisperings and implications, ending in a doubt as to the authorship, between the Editor of the *Court Journal* and His Most Gracious Majesty. If the reader desire proof of the closeness of the imitation, we refer him to nineteen-twentieths of the announcements of forthcoming works in their new Monthly, or the reviews of forthcoming works in their *Literary Gazette*. Mr. Hervey's *jeu d'esprit* is a very clever one—immeasurably superior to the little illustrated works, with which, from price and appearance, it may at first be compared. There is a great deal of poetry as well as satire in many parts; and we shall instance his Satannic Majesty's first appearance:—

Up towards sun-bright Sicily,
He made his hot approach!
There, mounting on his fiery steed—
A young volcano's back—
He shot into the upper air,
By his ancient, royal track;
And 'mid the roar of *Ætna's* guns,
Which thundered a salute,
Rode down its side, right royally,
And dismounted at its foot!
Away—away, on rushing wings,
His northward flight takes he—
A shadow in the air, that flings
No shadow on the sea!
The deep *Ægean*, all that night,
Saw neither star nor moon,
The scents fell, withered, back to earth,
And the birds sang out of tune;
The watchman-owls, in their hollow trees,
Were afraid to call the hour,
And all the beer in the *Cyclades*,
In a single night grew sour!
As he paused above those ancient isles
Where the Devil and the Turk
Had played so many pleasant tricks,
And done each other's work,
In every isle, on every heart,
Fell down a nameless fear,
As the "evil days" were come again,
And the Mussulmen were near!—
But peace and hope above them hung,
In a glorious rainbow blent,
One arm was over *Arta* flung,

And one on Volo eant—^{*}
 And the Devil knew it was a spell
 Too strong for Istamboul, or Hell!
 From the glad green isles, in their bright blue
 frames,
 He turned, with a heart oppress—
 But pleasant thoughts, as he eastward steered,
 Grew up within his breast!
 At home, he had some of his Moslem friends,
 Already in their stations,
 And he called in Turkey as he passed,
 With some further invitations!
 Then up—beyond the Balkan's height—
 Till he could look afar—
 As he did, with a long and joyous gaze,
 O'er the regions of the Czar!—
 And the Devil was glad as a devil can be,
 By the time he sailed over Italy!
 He *always* loved that sunny clime;
 And he stood, in a noble glow,
 Where he had feasted, many a time,
 With the Cæsars, long ago!

From Italy he passes to France; and the
 wood-cut illustration of Charles signing the fa-
 tal ordonnance is extremely clever:—

Away, away! o'er pleasant France,
 Where laugh and shout and song
 Are mingled with the merry dance;
 And dark-eyed girls to music twine
 The twisted tendrils of the vine,
 Her olive-groves among!
 Where bounding hearts drink hope and joy
 In with the common air,
 And tyranny must wend foul crime,
 Ere it can breed despair!
 Where joyous feelings, overstrained—
 Like harps played out of tune—
 Make discords—but so harsh and loud,
 They fright the very moon—
 Till one by one they take their flight,
 Like lute-strings breaking in the night!
 The land was in a happy trance,
 But the Devil saw, at a single glance,
 That the trance could not be long:
 So he called on the king at the Tuileries—
 (He knew its private way, for he
 Had often before been up the back-stair,)—
 And what was said and settled there,
 By the Devil and the King,
 We are sure to know on an early day.

We are not quite so well satisfied with his de-
 scription of England; but we quote some pas-
 sages, for their power rather than their truth—
 fortunately they are not all true:—

The Devil saw sycophants in power,
 And honesty in rags;
 And bishops' consciences in their sleeves—
 And lawyers' in their bags;
 Old usurers licking up all around
 Like a dying flame in a socket;
 And pensioners keeping their fingers warm
 In the heat of the public pocket;

^{*}The boundary-line from Arta to Volo—in-
 cluding Acarnania and a part of Ætolia, together
 with Candia, and some other islands, all of which
 lie *without* the line marked by the course of the Ae-
 geo-Potamos, (though not that intended for the new
 Greek State, by the guaranteeing powers,) is ac-
 tually in the full and peaceable possession of the
 Greeks, and has been purchased for them, by the
 blood of some of their noblest martyrs."

And demireps who rode and railed
 Over women of the town;
 And slanderers darkening others' names
 In honour of their own;
 And judges, known from the thieves they
 hanged,
 By virtue of the gown.

The Devil to St. Stephen's went,
 And heard a long debate,
 On the motion of O'C——I,
 That the Devil take his seat;
 That learned member showed, in a speech
 Of great research and *nous*,
 That Satan at all times, by usage, had
 A seat within that House.
 So the Devil took, and rose in his place,
 And presented his petitions!
 (He was puzzled, at first, to understand
 The novel coalitions!)
 He could not stay to give his vote
 Against "emancipation!"
 But he spoke of Sixteen eighty-eight,
 And the danger of innovation;
 He spoke of the Pope, and he said that the na-
 tion

Had already one Scarlet abomination;
 He implored them to pause, ere they doubled
 that evil.

And Sir Thomas L—b—e "paired off" with
 the Devil!

He saw a parson counting o'er
 The parish fields in tillage;
 Then tether his horse 'mid the waving grass
 In the churchyard of the village!
 And he thought of the agriculturalist
 From the home of his fathers driven;
 And the parson's wit, in making the *dead*
 A portion of his *Living*!

He saw a pauper sent to the wheel,
 For starving and mendicacy;
 And he thought of England's equal laws,
 And a hungry Briton's felicity!

He saw a Bow-street officer
 Bear witness against a thief;
 And a magistrate pocket a parish-bribe
 For refusing a pauper relief:
 And the Devil likened the one and the other
 To the sons of Israel, selling their brother!

He subscribed to the society
 For suppressing the growth of vice;
 And the Devil showed his piety
 By giving donations twice!
 At present, the *chair* is ably filled,
 And, of course, they have no *vice*,
 Or the Devil's zeal is such, he were sure
 To be chosen in a trice!

He saw a father *pressed* in his bed;
 And the Devil laughed his fill
 To think that Wilberforce was dead,
 And the slave-trade living still:
 And he muttered one of our national staves,
 "Britons never shall be slaves!"

Whatever feelings may have influenced us
 hitherto in our quotation, we have reserved the
 following for its beauty—and most beautiful it
 is:—

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer eve when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute!
The moon was watching on the hill,
The stream was staid, and the maples still,
To hear a lover's suit,
That—half a vow, and half a prayer—
Spoke less of hope than of despair,
And rose into the calm soft air,
As sweet and low
As he had heard—oh, woe! oh, woe!
The flutes of angels long ago!—

"By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith that mounts on angel wings,
By dreams that make night shadows bright,
And truths that turn our day to night;
By childhood's smile and manhood's tear;
By pleasure's day and sorrow's year;
By all the stains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings:
For joy or grief, for hope or fear;
For all hereafter, as for here:
In peace or strife, in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine!"

And for its soft and sole reply
A murmur and a sweet low sigh,
But not a spoken word;
And yet they made the waters start
Into his eyes who heard—
For they told of a most loving heart,
In a voice like that of a bird!
Of a heart that loved—though it loved in vain—
A grieving—and yet not a pain!
A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom,
Like trees that never grow to fruit,
And early shed their bloom!
Of vanished hopes and happy smiles
All lost for evermore—
Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore!
A flower that, in its withering,
Preserved its fragrance long;
A spirit that had lost its wing,
But still retained its song!
A joy that could not all be lost,
A comfort in despair!
And the Devil fled like a lated ghost
That snuffs the purer air;
For he felt how lovers' own sweet breath
Surrounds them like a spell;
And he knew that love—as "strong as death"—
Is far too strong for Hell:
And from the country of its birth
Brings thoughts—in sorrow or in mirth—
That sanctify the earth—
Like angels, earthward tempest driven,
And waiting to return to heaven!

From the Monthly Magazine.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY.

Those who conceived that the close of the French war was the close of the convulsions of Europe, were false prophets. That war closed nothing but the career of Napoleon—a mighty man, and a ferocious master of power; but only a man after all, and perishing by the common

course of all conquerors and kings. The impulses of nations are of higher birth; they continue long after their apparent authors have passed away; and Europe will have yet to feel through all her depths, and for many a year, the blows given to her solid frame by the French Revolution.

The first session of the British Parliament will have opened while these observations are passing through the press; and its deliberations will be probably among the most interesting and characteristic that have occurred since the war. The Duke of Wellington will grasp power with all the activity and keenness of his ambition; and the struggle will be between him and the new generation whom the people have returned on exclusively popular principles. In commanding the whole enormous patronage of Government, he commands a political strength with which no party can compete on the old terms of party; while the contest lay between Whig and Tory, both dubious of their success, and both, wavering in their original creed, the Minister was sure to be triumphant. With place open for the reception of every fugitive, he must have found his ranks recruited with all that could be faithful in party duplicity, and active zeal that laboured for its hire. No man knows better that in the Commissariat lies the strength of the army, and that the well-fed always have fortune on their side. Opposition starving in its trenches, must soon have been thinned of every man who preferred good quarters to barren Quixotism; and excepting a few leaders, who dared not go over, through mere shame, or had been too keenly lacerated to be able to suppress their recollections, the Minister must have had, in a short period, the whole muster-roll of the enemy.

But he has now to contend with adversaries of another species. A new class and character of hostility is starting up in his front; and the question will be brought to decision, not between the obsolete and formal parties of the House, but between the Treasury Bench and the delegates of the people—that people itself assuming a new character, and commissioning its representatives to Parliament with a voice of authority, and a jealous and rigid determination to see that their duty is done unexampled in British history.

This spirit we applaud. To this spirit we look for the support of the invaluable liberties of England; and by this spirit alone will the decayed vitality of the Constitution be restored. We are well known to be no Republicans, to see nothing good in the changes wrought by popular passion, by the vulgar artifice of vulgar haranguers, by the itinerant inflammation of beggar patriotism. But we see in this public feeling no republicanism, no appeal to the atheist, to the democrat, to the baseness of the plunderer, or the fury of the assassin. We see in it but the natural expression of honourable minds, disdaining to look upon injustice and extortion, however sanctioned by time; sick of the vena-

lity of public men; insulted by the open spoil which the sinecurist commits upon the honest gains of society; doubtful of the necessity of that strangling burthen of taxes which makes industry as poor as idleness; more than doubtful of their appropriation; and utterly shrinking from the view of their fatal effect on the freedom of England. With the extravagance of political mountebanks we have no connexion. But not the wild hater of all government, nor the sullen conspirator against the peace of mankind, are the appellants here; but the father of the industrious family, the man of secluded piety, the man of accomplished literature, the man of genius, honesty and virtue, are those who now feel themselves compelled to come from their willing obscurity into the front rank of public care, to raise up their voices till now never heard beyond the study or the fireside, and demand that the British Parliament shall at last throw off its fetters, scorn the indolence, meanness, and venality of party, and know no impulse but its duty, no patronage but that of public gratitude, and no party but its country. Those feelings are so just, that they have become universal, and so universal, that they have become irresistible. The minister must yield to them, or he instantly descends from his power. But from that power he will not descend, while it is to be secured by the most eager retention, or even by the most signal sacrifices. It is now announced that unable to oppose the current, he will suffer himself to be borne along it. So much the better. Every sacrifice wrested from his ambition, or rendered up as the price of his safety, will be so much gained. The nation will be made strong as the power of purchase is made weak; and the candidates for public distinction will be compelled at last to discover, that the most prudent choice, not less than the most manly, generous, and principled, is to side with the country.

It is rumoured that the Premier intends to propose, among his earliest measures, the extension of suffrage to Manchester, Birmingham, and other of the great towns. So far has been long demanded, and it will be wise in him to concede. But the rights of representation are but a barren victory. If Manchester returned fifty members instead of two, it would not extinguish the sinecures, clear the government of obnoxious patronage, destroy, down to the roots, the whole boroughmongering system; send away every superfluous expense of the public service; reduce the enormous salaries of the ministers, the household, the feeders on the civil list; expunge the annuities to ministerial aunts, cousins, and connexions of more dubious kinds, on the pension list; and thus, by disburthening the nation of unnecessary taxes, enable the Englishman to live by the labour of his hands. If these things may be done by the change of elective franchise of the manufacturing towns, it will be only by a circuitous process. But England has no time to wait. What must be done at last, cannot be done too

speedily. The truth is, that the nation is disgusted with the insolent extravagance of the public expenditure. It hears on all hands the most zealous declarations of economy, diminution of salaries, and withdrawal of taxes;—but it finds itself practically unrelieved of a single tax. It sees a Chancellor of the Exchequer start up, and sweep away an impost; yet by some unaccountable fatality, it never feels that it is a shilling the richer. The taxgatherer makes his appearance armed with increasing demands; the necessities of life increase in price as they decrease in excellence; every thing that man eats, drinks, or wears, loads him with an additional tax; and in spite of the oratorical economy of the government, he is poorer every day that he rises from his pillow.

There must be something wrong where industry cannot make a man rich, nor prudence keep him so; and this wrong the Representatives of the British people must set right, or the people will have formidable reason to complain. The public expenditure must be diminished. Vigorous and honest economy must supersede the kind of economy that leaves the nation poor; and public men, whether soldiers or civilians, must learn that lucre is not to be the sole stimulant of the Official mind.

But to come to detail. Sir James Graham has stated, in the hearing of the House, and the country, that one hundred and fifteen of the Privy Council live on the public money: and they have no great reason to complain of the penury of their treatment, for the aggregated sum is upwards of £600,000! This must be inquired into, in all its bearings. We must hear no more of the defence of hereditary sinecures. No man has a right to receive public money without public work; and the simple ground of having an ancestor in the way to commit a public plunder, and availing himself of his opportunity, must not stop the course of justice. The sinecures must go. Many of those are in the law courts, and act as encumbrances on the course of justice, by encroaching the expenses of every step of obtaining it. The sinecure clerkships held by noble lords, the prothonotaryships; the Peels, the hundred other unintelligible titles for pensioning individuals who know no more of the duty than the man in the moon, must be abolished.

Doctors' Commons will make a fine subject for revision; the heavy sinecures of the Prerogative Courts, the registrarships, the notaryships—will richly rewarded investigation. We must demand some account of that £10,000 a year which was claimed by the late primate. The sinecures of all kind must go.

Then come the extravagancies of actual office. Sir James Graham must look to the public boards. Why should each have a half-a-dozen commissioners at enormous salaries when a couple actually do all the duty? Why are we to have a dozen boards, all inflicting so heavy an expense? Next, why is a secretary of state to receive the inordinate salary of six thousand

pounds a year? Is the rank nothing, the honour of the office nothing, the actual power nothing, the opportunity of being a benefactor to one's country and mankind nothing, unless it can be recompensed with a salary that would maintain a hundred families of the English yeomanry? Three such salaries as Sir Robert Peel enjoys at this day, would relieve the parish of St. Giles of poor-rates. Let it not then be said, that the extinction of those salaries would make no saving. The salaries of ten men who sit ciphers round his Grace of Wellington's cabinet-table, would pay the poor-rates of Marylebone twice over. Would this be no relief to the people, or would it not be instantaneously felt by the people? We must see the salary system altogether revised, and cut down Sir Robert to the stinted allowance of his own twenty thousand a year.

Next come the public branches of service. The enormous multitude of the standing army ought to have been reduced long since. England's true force is the Navy. An army is more unnecessary to her than any country on the globe.

The only ground for maintaining any army is defence. But what enemy could invade England, without her having notice in full time for the amplest preparation? Fleets must be gathered, flotillas must be formed, sea-fights must be fought, months and years must be passed, before, by mere possibility, an enemy's soldier could set foot upon her shore. Yet what is the sum which we are at this moment paying for a standing army? Seven millions of pounds sterling a year! and this overwhelming sum we have been paying for fifteen years of the most profound peace; with the Crown every Session declaring the most perfect harmony among European sovereigns! We have thus paid one hundred millions of pounds sterling for parade!

If we are to be answered, "Oh, all this is gone by; 'tis true we were fools for keeping up this enormous waste of men and money during fifteen years of peace; yet we now cannot help ourselves, for the whole world seems to be thinking of war, and England must have an army ready."

To this the obvious reply is, that England's true force is her Navy; that if there shall arise any necessity for her sending an army to the Continent—the very last thing that can be required—she will always have time to raise one; that six months will be enough at any time: and that the saving of their present expense for any six months before, would give the nation three millions of pounds in hand to raise them, and that the saving for a year would give us seven millions, which would raise and equip an army of five hundred thousand men! It is to be further remembered, that England cannot be taken by surprise while she has the Sea round her. However, we will allow that one necessity for a standing army exists now, which did not exist two years ago; Ireland is the name that solves the riddle. Ireland is in a state which will yet require twice the standing army of England. Ireland is in that happy condition which every

one predicted, but his Majesty's ministers, and for which we have to thank the "healing measure" of his Majesty's ministers. But of this more anon. We cannot now reduce the army. Ireland wants it; and the Horse Guards' administration, glorious in their staff, their epaulettes, their feathers, and their forage-money, will still have something heroic to do.

Now, to give the Englishman some idea of what he has to meet in the shape of the tax-gatherer, we shall give him a list of the national expenses for a single year.

The Budget of last Session thus gives the account from the 5th of April, 1829, to the 5th of April, 1830:—

Army	- - - -	£7,769,173
Navy	- - - -	5,878,794
Ordnance	- - - -	1,728,908
Miscellaneous	- - - -	2,067,973
Civil List	- - - -	2,200,000
Naval and Military Pensions		585,740

£20,230,593

Such are what may be called the government expenses of the country, of which those for the Navy are the only ones which the nation is content to pay. The naval and military pensions are, of course, included as matters of actual debt and duty. But what is to be said of a Civil List of two millions two hundred thousand pounds sterling? Of this only 30,000*l.* goes to the Judges, and all the rest, enormous as it is, goes in salaries to Ambassadors, who are little better than bloated sinecurists, at from two to 12,000*l.* a year down; to Officers of the Household, of whose use we must beg leave to doubt, until we shall know what is the use of Lord Maryborough riding about in green and gold, with a salary of 3,000*l.* a year and a fine house, for his trouble in galloping after the king's dogs; or what is the use of the equerries, gentlemen of the bed-chamber, lords in waiting, grooms of the stole, gold keys, white rods, and all the trumpery of the palace. Yet for those fine things, is yearly tost to the winds a million and a half of money. On the lace and coxcomby of those silly and slavish people goes in a year as much money as would build three bridges over the Thames, or dig a canal from London to Portsmouth. Let Sir James Graham look to this. He will find the Civil List an incomparable field for the exercise of his patriotic labours.

As to the King's personal expenditure, no man in this country will desire to see him curtailed of a single shilling that can make him happier, fitter to exercise the duties of his high station, or more able to enjoy his sovereignty. We desire to see the King what a King of England should be—opulent, splendid, and on a par with any sovereign living. But the Civil List has consumers who have nothing to do with the King or his comforts; and to the Civil List we again invite the eye of every honest member of the first parliament of his Majesty William the Fourth.

The interest of the national debt must be paid. The nation is pledged to it by the bond of public faith, so that the matter admits of no question. No nation ever profited by an act of knavery; and the attempt to sponge the debt would have the nature of both knavery and folly. It must be religiously paid. Yet the sum is terrible. The interest, *exclusive* of the Sinking Fund, is 27,053,000*l.* The interest on the Exchequer Bills is 850,000*l.* the whole yearly sum of the government taxation amounting to the overwhelming sum of 48,133,593*l.* But to this must be added the enormous local taxation, and then we may well ask how an Englishman can live?

On a general view of English Finance, we find the statement as follows:

The national debt - - -	£800,000,000
The (average) sinking-fund - - -	2,300,000
The public taxation, amounting in the whole to about - - -	50,000,000
The local taxation, <i>viz.</i> poor-rates, tythes, church rates, highway-rates, county-rates, &c. - - -	20,000,000
The whole annually amounting to Of which Ireland, having no poor-rates, pays about - - -	70,000,000 7,000,000
Scotland, having neither poor-rates nor tythes, pays about - - -	7,000,000
England thus pays - - -	56,000,000

which, among her twelve millions of people, is equal to five pounds a head.

The taxation of America, estimating her population at twelve millions, is *nine shillings and three-pence* a head!!!

It is then in the government taxation and the local taxation that the reforms must be made. They amount to forty millions! The interest of the debt must be untouched; but on the two classes of taxation there can be no doubt that a vast reduction might be made. By reducing the enormous expenses of ambassadors, commissioners, public servants, sinecurists, &c., it is unquestionable that ten millions a year might be taken off the burthens of the country; of which a portion might be remitted at once, and the rest applied to the diminution of the national debt—thus permanently relieving the country of a weight which severely oppresses even the mighty strength of England.

Court financiers will pretend to doubt that we can be thus relieved. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would never recover from his astonishment if he were told that the operation was about to be tried. But it *must* be tried. If the unhappy tamperings which have excited the insolence of the popish demagogues only to more hazardous insolence, compel us to keep up an army to the war establishment in Ireland, yet much may be done on this side of the water. We must have a supervision of the pension-list, and of the salaries of the household; we must know the use of those *seventy* places which the Queen has to give away. We must be told the use of that troop of idle people who hang on the court employments; from Lord

Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse, down to a private band of gentlemen pensioners, or of that well-fed regiment, of which George Colman, junior, is the banner-bearer. Every beef-eater of them all must be brought into inquiry. The whole court lumber of the tribe who fill Windsor, Kew, Hampton-court, the Pavilion, and St. James's, with their sinecure importance, must show for what national purpose they draw the national money. For the King and Queen we have loyal respect. For the due decorums of Royalty we have every consideration. But we have yet to learn the national necessity of a Lord Steward, or a Master of the Robes, or a Master of the Buckhounds, or any of the Maryborough generation, or a Ranger of this or that park, which means no more than a fine house and demesne, with a pension, besides, at the expense of the people.

We allow that none of these things may be new, but they may all be useless, and we who must pay for them have a perfect right to know why they are to be paid for? The time for those extravagancies is gone by. We honour the King as the head of the state, and we value him as an estimable and popular monarch; but the man who will do him the best service, and will give him a popularity, worth all the triumphal arches of Brighton, will divest his government of all frippery, strike away all the costly absurdities of the court, reduce the public expense within the bounds of actual utility, and give him the high honour of being a patriot as well as a king. The sinecures, the mock places, the undeserved pensions, the bed-chamber tribe, the noble reverend missionaries—all must go; and then an Englishman may be able to live in his country.

From England we glance at the sister country.—The Emerald Isle of the two grand pacificators, the Duke of Wellington, and Daniel O'Connell, by the grace of the Pope, the chief nuncio of the Catholic empire in that fortunate and pacific realm. Must we repeat our predictions of the result of the virtuous measure which those two great statesmen generated between them in the month of April, 1829? The measure of Catholic Emancipation will conciliate the Papists, said the Duke.—It will not conciliate a man of them, said the Protestant, but it will turn petitioners into threateners, subjects into rebels, and Papists into the tyrants of Ireland.—It will satisfy all the Popish demands, said the Duke.—It will satisfy nothing, said the Protestant; but it will stimulate every thing. It will tell the papist that the more he asks the more he will get; the more he riots, the more certain he is of bringing the country to his terms; and the more he feels the wrath of the cabinet, or insults the feelings of the country, the more he may rely on carrying his favourite Repeal of the Union.—He will do nothing, said the Duke, but steal into Parliament, make a foolish speech once a session, and be forgotten. He will demand a Parliament for himself, said the Protestant, and he will have

it; he will rouse the Papist population into fury, until you have no resource but violence. He will have a separate legislature, which will give him a separate kingdom. He has pledged himself to respect the King and the Church, said the Duke. He will value his pledges just as if he had been in the cabinet of 1829, said the Protestant. He will overthrow the Church. He will extinguish the British connection. He will persecute the Protestant; and when he has frightened every man of loyalty or fortune from the island, and cut asunder every bond of interest, affection, or patriotism, he will have his choice of an alliance with republican France or despotic Spain. And this result will not delay. Before two years are over you will see the beginning of the business, and the first demand will be the Repeal of the Union!

We were wondered at for saying this; and now, in the first year after the sublime measure that was to reconcile every body, Ireland sees the summons to a Catholic Parliament—sees the proclamation of a Lord-Lieutenant declaring its meetings traitorous—a proclamation from the Popish leaders, calling for a general levy by the name of Volunteers, with their badges of the old time, when Ireland in arms boasted that she had terrified England into all kinds of concessions, and with the motto "Resurgam" on their caps. These are to be the Regenerators—these *resurrection-men* are to carry the measure; by what means, we are in no doubt whatever. And at this moment Ireland is in the most likely condition of any spot on earth, except Belgium or Paris, to reap the benefit of the new school of volunteer legislation. *Nous verrons*. Now, to other lands.

France is convulsed with faction. The populace are masters; the Legislature is a burlesque; the King is a cipher. The mob, in their sovereign will, command the realm. The first fruits of the reign of peace are a levy of 110,000 soldiers. The National Guards are to be increased from one million to three. The ministry are quarrelling with each other. The parliament is unpopular. The generals are sending in their resignations. The priests are refusing to pray for the King. The English, who made the chief revenue of the hotels and shops of Paris, are flying the country. Trade of every kind is at a stand. Insolvency is making its rapid way through the manufactories and warehouses. The bank is drawing in its discounts: and while night after night some levy of the mob threatens to throw the whole government into the Seine, and the National Guard are compelled to be under arms by 50,000 at a time, no man can tell at what moment there may not be an explosion which will wrap France in ruin.

Belgium has accomplished its separation from Holland; another triumph of the populace.—Prince Frederick of Orange has been beaten at the head of an army, by waiters at taverns, fidlers, hair-dressers, and tailors; and to make

the matter worse, all of them Flemings besides. Neither the Dutch cannon nor the Dutch eloquence, could make the Burghers of Brussels give them anything in return but potsherds, pikes, quick-lime, and showers of oil of vitriol, from windows, roofs, and chimney tops. The Dutch, after three days of this salutation, measured back their steps, and now the Prince of Orange is walking about the streets of Antwerp, "guarded only by the love of the citizens," who will, in all probability, soon send him back to his royal father as an encumbrance to liberty.

Prussia is in terror. A squabble between four tailors, a week or two since, brought out the whole garrison of Berlin. The Princes rode at the head of the troops through the streets, and the turbulent tailors were ordered to keep their hands from public quarrel in future. But the tailors *will* quarrel again; and before they have done, may provide the military monarch with a costume of the French republican pattern.

Austria is in terror. She is sending jailers to Italy by the hundred thousand. All her Italian fortresses, prisons, palaces, and galleys, every spot which can keep out an enemy, or keep in a subject, are undergoing a thorough repair. Her time will come. We shall see the Archdukes in arms, and the black eagle with fifty heads instead of two.

Russia is in terror. The Czar never sets foot in St. Petersburg, without recollecting his adventures in Moscow; rebellion is "scotched but not killed." Poland's memory is not extinguished yet. "Kosciusko" is still a watchword. But unless the Czar be grasped by his own courtiers as his father was, or be overwhelmed by a general rising of the troops, as his brother Alexander had so nearly been, he may be safer from immediate disturbance than any continental king. But he will have no objection to see the dogs of war let slip in Europe. Turkey is still before him: a fortnight's march would seat him in Constantinople. He would now find no messenger of Metternich to check his Cossacks; no brother of that patient Scot, Lord Aberdeen, to say to his cuirassiers, thus far shall ye go and no farther; no Frenchman to grimace him out of his conquest, and deprive the new Attila of the plunder, living and dead, of the Seraglio. These are stirring times. At this hour there is not a Sovereign of Europe, from the solemn Emperor of Austria, to the expatriated Duke of Brunswick, who is not in hourly dread of some formidable change in his diadem. One exception alone there is, and we say it in no flattery—the King of England! William the Fourth has done more to make the people interested about him than any King of Europe! From the day on which he ascended the throne, he has shewn so good-natured, and unsophisticated a wish to do every thing to please the nation, that he has perfectly succeeded; and let whatever change come, he is secure. His Queen is conducting herself like an English gentlewoman of the highest order; and both the royal persons may

rely upon it, that they have taken the true way at once to do their duty, and to establish their throne!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LATE MINISTRY.

DEAR NORTH:

As soon as it was seen that the Duke of Wellington proposed to work his way through the present session with the same mindless men who were his colleagues in the last, no rational man doubted that his ministry must be overthrown. It was despised for mental incapacity; no enemy could fear it, and no friend could feel proud in fighting under its banners. If the Duke of Wellington did not see this, he must be a man with political perception so dull, as to be unfit to be a minister. If he did see it, but had such confidence in his own powers, that he chose rather to have ignorant commonplace assistants, that would obey his bidding without question, than persons of a different stamp, who would take the liberty of acting upon their own judgment, then was his love of personal command too great to make it expedient or even safe for the country, that he should continue minister. Finally, if, seeing and duly estimating the mental mediocrity, or less than mediocrity, of his colleagues, he had not the courage to get rid of them, or the skill to search out and associate with himself abler men, then was he too weak for a political leader, and it was better he should give place to some one of stronger mind, and one more capable of availing himself of whatever mental efficiency the country possessed. In any point of view, the Duke of Wellington (for I shall not take the trouble of discussing such negative quantities as the merits of the rest of the Ministers) was in that condition that it became desirable to have his place filled by another, who would select more capable men to co-operate with him in carrying on the government of the country. It is a very singular fact, and might afford room for curious enquiry to those who speculate on the strange incongruities of human character, that there was less of *greatness* in the government of the late Premier, than of any minister of modern times, not even excepting the ridiculous government of Lord Goderich.

The mere manner of the Duke's government was not, indeed, of that small gossip description, which made Cabinet discussions become, within a quarter of an hour, the news of the streets; but the business of government, though secret, was full of pettiness. It was notorious, that women had a good deal to do with it, and those whose habits unfitted them for domestic virtues, were not thought unworthy to guide the distribution of political patronage. Places were continually given away on grounds of mere personal favour, without reference to fitness or propriety. The inferior officers of the Treasury were unusually busy and important personages, and were continually urged to effect that which, with a different kind of go-

vernment, would have required no such agency or urging. Every thing that became difficult to oppose was conceded; and it seemed as if the Duke considered his duty to be, to keep his little Cabinet army from defeat, by retreating whenever the enemy appeared in force against him.

Through the Session of 1828, the Duke's illustrious name—his inextinguishable fame as the conqueror of Napoleon—his reputation as a foreign negotiator—his influence with the Aristocracy—and the opinion formed of his Parliamentary skill in the defeat of Mr. Canning's Corn bill, carried him on with triumphant success, which was not a little increased by the peremptory dismissal of the Liberals towards the close of the Session—a set of quacks, of whom the country was sick, and doubtless, will soon be sick again.

With the beginning of the Session of 1829 came the Catholic Relief bill, that tremendous blow to the unity of party action in England: this great question carried, every thing else followed in its wake—the current was irresistible—political men were scattered and astounded—the Whigs were loud in their praise of the Duke—and the old Tories, except those of the Press, departed in disgust from the political arena, or remained nursing their hate in sullen silence.

With 1830 came a state of affairs which scarcely admits of description—the House of Commons *felt itself* too contemptible to do any business, and no business was done, except the repeal of the Beer-tax—the death of the sovereign took place, and a new Parliament was elected. Whatever may be thought of the moral littleness of the intellectual cleverness of the present day, it cannot be denied that there is a generality of thought and mental exercise of every kind, that heretofore was not, and that in no period was a Ministry, without any mental attainments whatever, more likely to be despised by the people at large. Accordingly, wherever politics were discussed—and, at the time of a general election in England, what place is there so dull, or so insignificant, as not to be in some measure occupied by such discussion?—the ministers were treated with a curious universality of scorn, and, as was remarked by Mr. Brougham in Yorkshire, no candidate was rash enough to try to recommend himself to electors by stating his respect for, or adherence to, the Ministry. But far above all in power and extensiveness of influence was the Press: Review, Magazine, Pamphlet, Newspaper—all joined in one storm of contempt; and only one pamphlet of the least pretension, ventured to uphold the Ministerial cause. Even this pamphlet was dull whenever the Ministry was introduced. The master hand who spiced it for the public, knew it was in the power of wit to make Mr. Brougham ridiculous, but not in the power of reasoning to make the Ministry respectable. The consequence of all this seems to have been a determination on the part of the Ministry to assume a bolder tone, and to obtain, by dint of

assurance, the influence which ability would command. Here it is that the Premier was to blame. The commencement of a new reign and of a new parliament—the result of the elections—the extraordinary events on the continent, and their effects upon the public mind at home—all these things must have suggested to any man of the least practical foresight or political caution, that parliamentary discussion would necessarily assume a high degree of interest and importance—that the ablest men in Parliament would task themselves to the uttermost at such a time—and that it was of the most obvious necessity to have persons of some intellectual pretension on the Treasury bench to speak the sentiments of government. But nothing of the kind was attempted; and the men who had been hooted with scorn from every place which it was of the least importance to represent—who had been rallied on, pitied, laughed at, and covered with every species of contempt, merely because of their weakness and incapacity for great affairs—at such a time as this, every one of these men was again brought forward to support the government, and to defend a state paper, put into the mouth of the King, which, as respected foreign affairs, was alarming, and, as respected domestic affairs was by no means satisfactory to the popular party either within or without the House. This was downright folly of the Prime Minister. It was positively ridiculous in the very last degree to meet such a Parliament as had been elected, and in such times as these, with no one to say a word for the Ministry that would be listened to with patience but Sir Robert Peel. One more there was, no doubt, on the Treasury bench, though not of the Cabinet, who could have spoken if he would, and have grappled with even the best of the Opposition; but Mr. Croker has hitherto refrained from seeking the troublesome distinctions of an habitual debater.

The King's speech, I have said, was unpalatable. The speech of the Duke of Wellington, and his incautious and unnecessary declaration respecting reform, which reached the public ear almost along with the speech, was much worse. In these days very few men will venture to coincide with the Duke in his opposition to every thing in the nature of Parliamentary reform. Almost every one, with God knows how little sense or perception of probable consequences, has his own pet project of safe reform, and this sweeping declaration of the Duke was, except to a few Noble Lords and their connexions, a matter of general offence. This added much to the unpopularity of the Premier; but the affair of the abandonment of the King's visit to the city, made even the Duke of Wellington appear ridiculous and absurd, and either in the act itself, or in the manner of managing the announcement to the public, there was something so unfortunate, so absurdly exaggerated beyond the occasion, or at least beyond the occasion shewn in Parliament—

that the public lost all patience. The people of London believed, and no doubt the belief spread fast enough to the provinces, that some fearful and very important conspiracy had certainly been discovered—that the Guildhall, or at the least some part of the way to it, had been undermined and charged with gunpowder, for the purpose of blowing up the King and all his court, and the Court of Aldermen into the bargain. The more serious and incredulous were satisfied that a scheme of revolution had been discovered, and that the postponement of the king's visit was a matter of absolute and awful necessity. When therefore it was found that the postponement had no such serious grounds, that there was in fact no ground for it at all, or none supported by any competent authority—that the decision of Ministers upon a matter which gave such extreme alarm, and caused such very serious consequences in the public funds, was made without any sufficient reason—that the whole affair was matter to be laughed at, and actually was laughed at in the House of Commons, and the Ministry called insane for yielding to such idle fears—when all this was found out, it was also found, that the Ministry could be held in still greater contempt than they had been before.

“And in that lowest deep, a lower still” was discovered by the public. It would be idle to deny that there was occasion to dread some riotous disturbance in the streets of the metropolis on the night of the royal visit if it had taken place; and it may be argued with perfect truth, that no amusement to be derived by the staring crowd, from a pompous show of this sort, was to be put in the scale as an equivalent to the remotest probability of public riot and of the loss of lives; but granting these facts—and the statements of Ministers themselves went no further—could any thing be more absurdly injudicious than their manner of dealing with them; or did they not see that there were consequences connected with a pageant, in itself of no manner of importance, which rendered their hurried, incautious method of procedure matter of serious blame, as well as of certain ridicule?

While the full tide of unpopularity and contempt was running breast-high against the Ministry, they ventured to bring forward their Civil List arrangements. This subject, at any time of great and weighty importance, was rendered still more so, as it was to be the test of the voluntary pledge for economy, put forth by the Ministry in the King's Speech. It came before the House under most unhappy auspices for the Ministry. In the first place, there was a point connected with it which had the appearance of a public trick. The language of the King's Speech having been so framed as to give the public the idea that *all* the King's personal revenues, including of course the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, were to be given up to the public. Those who knew anything about those offices, did not of course participate in the impression which the words of the Speech were cal-

culated to give to the uninitiated; but even Mr. Brougham affects to have been one of the deceived, and he is not a man to affect a misunderstanding, except where there is something very capable of being misunderstood. I am sure that Ministers did not *mean* so shallow and short-lived an artifice to obtain popularity, as that of persuading the public they were about to give up that, which a few days would shew they were determined to retain; yet such is the language of the speech, that you can only exonerate ministers from the intention of deceiving, by admitting that they had most clumsily and obscurely expressed themselves. In the next place, the Civil List arrangements were introduced to the House in a speech so totally devoid of any one point of merit—so dull, stale, flat and unprofitable, as to transcend in feebleness any thing which even the immense powers of mediocrity, known to be possessed by the speaker, could have given reason to expect. Along with all this feebleness, there was an apparent obstinacy, almost doggedness, of resolution, to take his own way with the Civil List, in spite of the wish generally expressed through the House, for a more particular and select examination; and the Opposition, taking advantage of the state of feeling in the House, moved the amendment which overthrew the Wellington Cabinet. The result, however, of the division of the 13th of November, was, to both parties, a very great surprise; certainly the Government did not expect it, whatever fears they might have had for the next evening, for which the Reform Question was fixed; and that the Opposition did not expect it, is evident from this, that Mr. Brougham, seeing how very strong they mustered in the lobby, and not weary of the glory of heading a huge minority, made a speech to those around him, requesting them to wait, and divide on another amendment which would be proposed, if that on which they were then in division should not be carried. Had there been any sanguine hope of success, it would not have needed any lobby speech to induce the Opposition to remain and cry out victory.

Sir Robert Peel, who can say as much about nothing sometimes as any other man, had nothing to say, when put to the question, after the division by the member for Westminster, whose Parliamentary courage is frequently a little exuberant, at a certain hour after dinner—he prudently resolved not to be taken by surprise when he could avoid it, but before noon the next day the resignation of Ministers was in the hands of the King. Thus fell the Wellington Administration; and thus ought to fall 'a Tory administration acting upon Whig principles;' which disgraceful description of it was uttered in Parliament by the mover of the address at the commencement of the last session, and was not contradicted by any member of the Government. I contend, that the defeat of the Duke's Ministry is no defeat of Tory principles. It was not worthy of the name of a Tory Ministry; and if, on political grounds, I have more

satisfaction than regret, in the change which has taken place, it is, because I hope that the Tory party, though, for the present, out of power, will once more have fair play—that no official necessities will drown or dilute their energy—and that the political battle will once more be fairly fought on the floors of the House of Parliament. But who are to be the combatants upon this field? This we must wait for a little time to develop; but they exceedingly deceive themselves, who, judging from the want of ability conspicuous in the greater number of the Members of the Wellington Cabinet, suppose that there are no materials for an effective Tory Opposition. Men whose energies have slumbered will now rouse themselves up; and though no factious opposition will be attempted for the sake of place, yet who can hope that, with Brougham for a Lord Chancellor, Lord Grey, Premier, Lord Melbourne at the Home Department, Lord Palmerston at the Foreign, and Lord Althorp Chancellor of the Exchequer, with all the rest either of the Whig party or "Liberals," there will not be enough, and too much occasion, for the most strenuous efforts of the Tory party, to preserve the best institutions of the country from invasion, if not destruction? I write before these appointments are officially announced; but there seems to be no doubt that they will be announced; and I confess, that I cannot see how any Tory can look without dread and deep dissatisfaction at the prospect which they hold out of the management of the country's affairs. According to the list which I have seen, there is but one exception to the Whig and "Liberal" character of the Ministry, and that is to be found in the appointment of the Duke of Richmond. His frank and manly bearing, the goodness of his heart, and the honesty of his principles, make me heartily wish him a more comfortable position, than that of standing alone with such a Ministry as he is stated to have joined. Does he deem it possible that, with honour to himself and advantage to the country, he can join with Lord Holland, in deliberations upon political measures? I suspect his tenure of office, with such colleagues, will be but brief—he has not had much experience as a politician, and has yet to learn the annoyances attendant upon some political associations. With respect to the new Ministry, or rather with respect to those who, it is said, will form the new Ministry, it is not to be denied, that they are for the most part men of superior mental cleverness to those who have gone out; but, while it is quite true that men of small or feeble understanding can carry on no government respectably, it is also true, that ability is not enough, without right principles, to ensure its direction to a valuable end. That Mr. Brougham is a man of transcendent ability, who can doubt; but it seems something monstrous and incredible that such a man, the chosen of the Dissenters, the fierce promoter of discontent, the impetuous opponent of every thing established, except it be the written theory of the constitution, that he

should be Lord Chancellor! That he should hold an office which is all but ecclesiastical in its character, from its intimate connexion with the affairs of the Church, and its judicial power to decide matters of conscience, for which the law has made no express provision. One can hardly believe it possible, that without, at least, some interval of judicial calm, in a less important office, he would be appointed to such duties; but if it be so, let the friends of the constitution be on their guard, for there is no safety in such a man. Possibly, he who has thus arrived at the climax of his most ambitious dreams, and who must necessarily give up the task of reforming the lower House of Parliament, may now think of a reform of himself. Undoubtedly, if he is to hold the office of Lord Chancellor, he could not effect a reform of more immediate importance to the country.

Granting the cleverness (and that word is lofty enough to express the merit of any of the men named for the new Ministry, except the Premier and the Lord Chancellor) granting the cleverness of the men who are said to have accepted office, they seem to have been strangely assorted as to places, and I doubt whether they can fill them with any degree of respectable efficiency. Lord Lansdowne may preside over the Council with due dignity, and Lord Durham keep the Privy Seal safe enough, if he can but keep *himself* quit; and Poor Lord Goderich has, perhaps, head enough for the Colonies, but what shall be said of the Treasury bench in the House of Commons, or who is to face Sir Robert Peel, and Sir George Murray, and Mr. Croker, suppose they become active in opposition? Lord Palmerston and Mr. C. Grant can, either of them, make an exceedingly good speech, with a week's preparation, but that would be rather long, sometimes, to wait for a minister's reply. Lord Althorp, they say, will be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and *leader of the House of Commons*! If I do not exceedingly mistake, Goulburn would be an excellent match for him. His lordship has, to be sure, advantages of birth and fortune, and weight in the country, to ensure him that respect with his talents, never would; but all these, though they give force to an oppositionist, are not of very material use to an official servant. Lord Althorp would be a most valuable person as the chairman at a Quarter's Sessions, or to take the lead in an Assembly of Turnpike Trustees; but if he have really accepted the office assigned to him, I marvel at his rashness. Sir James Graham, they tell us, is to sit in the Cabinet as Lord of the Admiralty. A fine personage truly to put at the head of our naval concerns! What a strange association of the elegant Sir James, with the rude Jack tars of England! He will be of assistance as a talker in the House of Commons; but if he attempts Admiralty affairs, he may find a troublesome adversary. I consign him to the care of Mr. Croker, but, being of a compassionate nature, I beg leave to recommend him to mercy.

But it is, perhaps, as yet too early to speculate upon the holders of particular offices; the general character, however, of the future ministry, cannot be doubted; it will be one that will present to the Tories what the lawyers would call a *prima facie* case for opposition, and, as I trust, there is no chance of a conversion of the former absurdity, which would give us a Whig ministry acting upon Tory principles, I think we may at least calculate upon more intelligibility of principle, and more manly discussion, than for some years we have been accustomed to. There will, I trust, be no longer an opportunity for men of mingled timidity and dishonesty to go on in a peddling pitiful way, with no fixed principle but their own personal advantage. They must dare to act with plainness and boldness, or sink to their fitting station of profitless contempt.

I remain, yours, always,

AN OLD TROY.

London, Nov. 30, 1830.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

—We receive but what we give,
And in our Life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world, allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd;
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

GREEN spot of holy ground!
If thou couldst yet be found,
Far in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers;
If not one sullying breath,
Of Time, or change, or Death,
Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy bowers;
Might our tired Pilgrim-feet,
Worn by the Desert's heat,
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose;
Might our eyes wander there
Through Heaven's transparent air,
And rest on colours of th' immortal Rose:
Say, would thy balmy skies
And fountain-melodies
Our heritage of lost delight restore?
Could thy soft honey-dews
Through all our veins diffuse
The early, child-like, trustful sleep once more?

And might we, in the shade,
By thy tall Cedars made,
With angel-voices high communion hold?
Would their sweet solemn tone
Give back the music gone,
Our Being's harmony, so jarr'd of old?

Vain thought!—thy sunny hours
Might come with blossom-showers,
All thy young leaves to spirit-lyres might thrill;
But see—should we not bring
Into thy realms of spring,
The shadows of our souls to haunt us still?

What could thy flowers and airs
Do for our earth-born carés?
Would the world's chain melt off and leave us
free?

No!—past each living stream
Still would some fever-dream
Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more for
thee!

Should we not shrink with fear,
If Angel-steps were near,
Feeling our burden'd souls within us die?

How might our passions brook
The still and searching look,
The star-like glance of Seraph purity?

Thy golden-fruited grove
Was not for pining Love;
Vain Sadness would but dim thy crystal skies!
—Oh!—Thou wert but a part
Of what Man's exiled heart
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn Paradise!*

F. H.

VARIETIES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BAD WEATHER.—SPRING SHOWER.

An Extract from Noctes Ambrosianæ.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, do ye ken, sir, that I never saw in a my born days, what I cou'd wi' a safe conscience hae ca'd—bad weather! The warst has aye had some redeemin' quality about it that enabled me to thole it without yawnerin'. Though we mayna be able to see, we can aye think o' the clear blue fit. Weather, sir, ablin's no to speak very scientially in the way o' meteorological observation—but rather in a poetical, that is, religious spirit—may be defined, I jalouse, “the expression o' the fluctuations and modifications o' feeling in the heart o' the heavens, made audible, and visible, and tangible on their face and bosom.” That's weather.

NORTH.

Something very beautiful might be written about weather—climate.

SHEPHERD.

But no by you—by me. Oh! heavens and earth! what I—a shepherd—hae felt in a spring-shower! O Thou! who bendest Beauty like a bridge across the valley—as on which imagination's eye may ken celestial shapes moving to and fro along the braided battlements—Sun begotten, Cloud-born Angel! Emblem, sign, and symbol of mercy and of peace! Storm-seeker and storm-subduer! Pathway—so sacred Superstition sings—between Heaven and Earth! Alike beautiful is thy coming and thy going—and no soul so savage as not for awhile to soften, as thy Apparition comes gradually breathing and blushing out of the sky! Immortal art thou in thy evanescence! The sole light, either in heaven or on earth, of which the soul may not sicken when overcome with the agonies of grief or guilt! O that on my death-bed I may behold a Rainbow!—In a single instant, a' the earth is green as emerald, and covered wi' a glorious glit-

NORTH.

There spake at once the Ettrick Shepherd and the Tailor of Yarrow-Ford!

SHEPHERD.

The Rainbow! Is she not the Lady o' Licht, the Queen o' Colour, the Princess of Prisms, the Heiress Apparent o' Air, and her Royal Highness of Heaven? O Thou! who bendest Beauty like a bridge across the valley—on which imagination's eye may ken celestial shapes moving to and fro along the braided battlements—Sun begotten, Cloud-born Angel! Emblem, sign, and symbol of mercy and of peace! Storm-seeker and storm-subduer! Pathway—so sacred Superstition sings—between Heaven and Earth! Alike beautiful is thy coming and thy going—and no soul so savage as not for awhile to soften, as thy Apparition comes gradually breathing and blushing out of the sky! Immortal art thou in thy evanescence! The sole light, either in heaven or on earth, of which the soul may not sicken when overcome with the agonies of grief or guilt! O that on my death-bed I may behold a Rainbow!—In a single instant, a' the earth is green as emerald, and covered wi' a glorious glit-

ter o' its ain, sic as never shone—or eou'd shine, over the bricht but barren sea. A's joy: The knows, the banks, the braes, the lawns, the hedges, the woods, the single trees, the saughs, the heather, the broom, the bit bushes, the whins, the fern, the gers, the flowers, the weeds—sic as dockens, nettles, aye, the verra hemlock—are a' harmless and a' happy! They seem a' embued wi' a sort o' strange serene spirit o' life, and nought in a' creation seems--dead!

NORTH.

Life-embued by a poet's soul!

SHEPHERD.

Then look at the animal ecturs. Isna that a bonny bit beastie, cavin' its large-e'd graecu' head in the air, frae the elastic turf liflin' up and lettin' down again its lang thin legs sae elegantly, its tail a' while a perfect streamer—in many a winding ring it gallops round its dam—and then, half frolicsome half afraid, returns rapidly to her side, and keeps gazing on the stranger. Some day or ither that bit silly foal will be wunning a king's plate or a gold cup; for you see the Aurab bluid in his fine fetlocks, and ere long that neck, like his sire's will be clothed with thunder.

NORTH.

You must ride him yourself, James, next year at Musselburgh.

SHEPHERD.

Fling your crutch, sir, until a rose-bush, till a' the blossoms flee until separate leaves, and a' the leaves gang careerin' in air owt-ower the lea, and that would be an ecmage o' the sudden flight o' a heap o' maw-white lambs, a' broken up in a moment as they lay among the sunshine, and scattered far and wide o'er the greensward—sune to be regathered on the Startin'-Knoll; but there the ecmage wull na hand, for rose-leavesance dissipated, die like love-kisses lavished in dreams.

NORTH.

Rose-leaves and rose-lips—lambs and lasses—and love-kisses lavished in dreams! And all these images suggested in a shepherd's recollection of a Spring-Shower! Prevailing pastoral Poet, complete thy picture.

SHEPHERD.

See how the trooties are loupin' in the pools—for a shower o' insects hae come winnowing their way on the wings o' the western-wind, frae the weel-watered wavings o' Elibank's whisperin' woods.

NORTH.

No such imitative melodies in Homer! The sentence is like a sigh.

SHEPHERD.

'Twas nae faute o' mine, sir, for ma mouth got fou o' double-Ws—and I had to whiff and whistle them oot. But hush and list, sir—list and hush! For

that finest, faintest, amidst evanescent music—merry, or mournful, just as we may be disposed to think and feel it—but now it is merry—dear me! it's clean gone—there—there it is heard again—like the dying tone o' the smarest chord o' the harp o' an angel happy in the heart o' the highest heavens—and what may it be—since our ears are too dull to hear seraphic string or strain—but the hymn, to us amidst hushed by the altitude—although still poorin' and poorin' out like a torrent—o' the lyrical Laverock, wha, at the first patterin' o' the spring-shower upon the braird about his nest, had shot, wi' short, fast-repeated soarings, a-singing up the sky, as if in the delirium o' his delight he wou'd hae forsaken the earth for ever—but wha, noo that he has reached at last the pinnacle o' his aerial ambition, wull sune be heard descendin', as if he were naething but a sang—and then seem a musical speck in the sky—till again ring a' the lower regions wi' his still loud, but far tenderer strains—for soarin' he pours, but sinken' he breathes his voice, till it ceases suddenly in a flutter and a murmur over the head o' his brooding mate—lifted lovingly up wi' its large soft een to welcome her lover-husband to their blessed nest!

Critical Physiognomy.

I hate your phrenology : no help it lends
To tell why our critic so oft cuts his friends,
Cuts down our pretensions, cuts up all our books—
Phrenology knows not, 'tis told in his looks.
Tis not that his bumps are unusually big,
For Spurzheim in eagerness tore off his wig—
Tis not that he's saturnine, sanguine, or yellow—
Tis his features denote a sharp, hatchet-faced fellow!

Account of the late Polish Conspiracy.—Soon after the death of the Emperor Alexander, in December, 1825, and the meeting at Petersburg which followed it, a Russian conspiracy was discovered, which was said to have ramifications in Poland. Two hundred persons were arrested in the kingdom of Poland, and in the provinces of Lithuania. A mixed commission of Russians and Poles was appointed to investigate the matter. After a secret inquiry, which lasted a twelvemonth, the commission made its report in January, 1827, by which it appeared that a political society, unknown to the police, had existed in Poland ever since 1821, having for its object the independence of the country from all foreign rule. The Emperor Nicholas, however, declared the proceedings of the court of inquiry illegal; and in fact it is said that that tribunal had not been scrupulous about the means of obtaining revelations. The emperor and king remanded the whole affair to be tried by the proper tribunal, namely, the Diet, or Polish Senate. After another period of nearly two years, the Diet, with only one dissentient voice, acquitted the prisoners, eight in number. After a considerable delay, the sentence was promulgated in March, 1829, accompanied, however, by an expression of sovereign disapprobation towards the court.

In Lithuania, or that part of Poland which is incorporated with the Russian empire, eighteen individuals were tried, seventeen of whom were condemned to imprisonment or other punishments, and one, (Prince Jablonowsky,) who was sentenced to transportation to Siberia, obtained his pardon by revealing all the details concerning the patriotic society.

In the Great Duchy of Posen, which is annexed to Prussia, several individuals were also tried on similar grounds, and one of them, General Uminski, was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

A great number of individuals, some of the first families, have been affected more or less by the depositions before the courts, and have become, therefore, suspected to the police.

We find nothing mentioned about any ramifications of this society in Galicia, and the other districts of Poland annexed to the crown of Austria.

During the consulate of Napoleon, in 1803, when he was residing at Brussels, he was accosted by a soldier covered with rags, who, after the usual military salute, said, "Good morning, General." The Consul looked at him with surprise, and demanded, "Whence come you, my bold fellow?"—"I come," he said, "to inquire, if these clothes (showing his tatters) are fit for a soldier who has served his country for thirty-six years." Napoleon reflected an instant, and then, with that kindness and tact so peculiar to him, said, "I will give you new apparel, though I do it with regret."—"With regret, General!" "Yes, with regret, for in covering you with new garments, I shall hide an honourable scar which I perceive on your breast." Napoleon ordered him to be equipped, and settled on him a pension of one hundred crowns.

The French newspapers which, in 1815, were subject to the censor, announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry into Paris in the following ingenious manner:—9th March, the Anthrophagus has quitted his den—10th, the Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan—11th, the Tiger has arrived at Gap—12th, the Monster slept at Grenoble—13th, the Tyrant has passed through Lyons—14th, the Usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen en masse and surrounded him on all sides—18th, Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital; he has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers—19th, Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris—20th, Napoleon will, tomorrow, be under our ramparts—21st, the Emperor is at Fontainebleau—22d, His Imperial and Royal Majesty, yesterday evening, arrived at the Tuilleries, amidst the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects.

The Rothschild Poems.—Gold will buy nobility; but millions will neither purchase the nobility of the soul nor the gift of poetry. The higher, therefore, is the gratification which the world must derive from the notice given, in a German periodical, that Cotta of Tubingen, the Murray and Boydell of Germany in one person,) is about to publish the "Poems of the Brothers Rothschild." Such a work will create no little sensation in all the boudoirs, as well as exchanges of the civilized world.

Great Musical Society.—Holland is indebted to A. Vermulen for the establishment of an association whose object it is to promote the cultivation and improvement of the theory and practice of music, especially in the provinces. In every town, where there are as many as twenty members, they constitute themselves into a kind of auxiliary society; and the general board of directors, who sit alternately at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, forms the rallying point of these several branches. The great aim of this association is to render music a national pursuit among their fellow-countrymen, and, for this purpose, it watches over the maturing of juvenile talent; and encourages competition for the various prizes which it distributes. In one or more of the towns, where auxiliary branches exist, musical festivals are held once a year, and it must be some extraordinary emergency which prevents any one of the members from assisting at it. At its last sitting the society conferred a prize of five and twenty pounds on a composer, who had set a piece of Dutch poetry to music, the subject of which had been left to his own selection.

A Specimen of Ink Lithography. Designed, drawn and painted by R. Martin. London, 1830.—This is to us a very curious and indeed interesting work, and has shaken some of our opinions as to the capabilities of lithography. It is professedly a specimen—lithography itself is but of yesterday, and this ink lithography is literally so. We are not well informed as to the process, but shall inquire further. We believe the drawing is made on the stone with a camel's-hair point, and are informed that three or four times as many impressions may be taken as from a copper-plate—ten, and indeed fifteen thousand were named. There is not a trace in it of that soft indeterminate line which has made us fearful of lithography—indeed, the minute precision of the more delicate parts of the plate, make us anxious to see something more than a specimen, and to have the judgment of practical and informed men on the capabilities of the art. We recommend artists to see this work, and to consider with unprejudiced minds, not merely what Mr. Martin has done, but what may be done.

Thorwaldsen.—Thorwaldsen, travelling to Stuttgart, overtook on the road a poor German, heavily laden with a knapsack; on seeing the carriage pass, the man called to the coachman to stop, and entreated to be taken up; but the driver, giving an insolent reply, would have continued his way, when the sculptor himself ordered the coachman to stop, say-

ing he would make room for him inside; he accordingly requested the tired pedestrian to come in and take a seat. They soon entered into familiar conversation, in the course of which the stranger said he was a painter, and, hearing that the great Thorwaldsen was shortly expected at Stuttgart, he had started from—on foot, resolving to see an artist whose works had made such noise in Europe. "And pray, Sir," said he, "as you say you have just left Rome, have you seen, or do you know Thorwaldsen personally?"—"Yes," replied the Sculptor, "I have the good fortune to be very intimate with him, and promise, on our arrival at Stuttgart to present you to him." At this assurance the German's joy knew no bounds; he grasped him by the hand, and a silent tear bespoke his gratitude. The benevolent old man felt sensibly moved at the unsophisticated zeal of the young artist, and unable to sustain his incognito any longer—"My dear good friend," he exclaimed, "I will not keep you longer in suspense—I am Thorwaldsen."

Railways.—Within five years three railways have been made in Austria by private companies. The largest of them will be that between the Moldau (a river) and the Danube. Its length already extends to 13,400 cords (a measure equal to six German feet). There can be no better proof how much industry and trade are improving in that country. In no other part of Germany have such roads yet been constructed.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following letter from Dr. Siebold, written the day after his arrival at Batavia, leaves no doubt of the liberation of that interesting voyager, and of the preservation of the valuable collections of all kinds which he had formed during his residence in Japan. It is addressed to Baron van der Capellen, the late Governor of the Dutch East Indies, the principal promoter of the voyage of Dr. Siebold:

Batavia, January 28, 1830.

"At last, after the severe trial which I had to undergo during the last year of my residence in Japan, I returned yesterday to Batavia with the collections and literary labours which I had got together in that country during a space of six years and a half. These interesting collections have been saved, because I gave up to that suspicious government all the duplicates of my literary labours, and other objects which might have excited its jealousy; believing, therefore, that it had got possession of every thing of the kind I possessed, it liberated me, pronouncing at the same time a sentence of banishment against me.

"I passed thirteen months, confined to my lodgings at Desima; a melancholy period, during which I employed myself in writing, and perhaps did a number of good things. The Japanese government probably considered all these as scientific researches, and, in a political view, our government has rather gained than lost by it. The imperial astronomer Takahasi-Sakoo-Salmon, is as yet the only person who has been spared; he died in prison. Several of my friends are still kept in confinement, but they will probably escape with banishment to a distant island; my intimate friend and my pupil have been set at liberty.

"I hope in a few weeks to set out for Europe, and your Excellency may be assured that my researches in Japan will satisfy the expectations of the learned world."

"A slight indisposition and my numerous avocations since my arrival here, prevent me from writing at such length as I could have wished. I have the honour to be, &c.

D. VON SIEBOLD.

The Dutch papers, we observe, have recently announced Dr. S.'s safe arrival in Europe.

The Voyage of Discovery of Capt. Dumont d'Urville in the Astralée during the years 1829, 30, & 31, one of the principal objects of which was to ascertain the truth of the reported discovery of the wrecks of La Perouse's expedition, is about to be published in five divisions, in royal 8vo. The History of the Voyage will form 5 vols. Botany, 1 vol. Zoology, 5 vols. Entomology, 1 vol. Hydrography, 1 vol. The Atlas of the historical part will contain 340 plates and 5 maps,

of the zoological 300 plates in large folio coloured, of the historical 80 coloured plates, of the entomological 12 plates. This voyage will add prodigiously to our knowledge of the islands of the Pacific. Captain d'Urville was quite unsuccessful in his first attempts to discover any traces of La Perouse's expedition, and it was only on his passage into Bebar's Town in Van Diemen's Land, in December, 1827, that he first heard of Captain Dillon's discoveries at Vanikoro. In consequence, he again set sail for that island on the 5th of January, 1828, and arrived there at the end of February, and very soon obtained unquestionable proofs that the frigates of M. La Perouse had been wrecked on the breakers which surround that island. After erecting a simple monument to the manes of that unfortunate navigator and his companions, he finally quitted the island on the 17th of March. It appears that the expedition which was sent out in search of La Perouse, under D'Entrecasteaux, in 1792, saw the top of this island, but at 15 leagues distance to windward, and named it *La Recherche*, after one of the vessels. The latitude and longitude given by the two navigators leave no doubt whatever of its identity. The merit of the discovery, however, as well as the reward bestowed by Charles X., are justly due to Captain Dillon.

Captain d'Urville is the officer who commanded the French frigate which accompanied the two American vessels that brought over Charles X. and his family and attendants to England.

M. Graberg de Hemso, Swedish Consul at Tripoli, has given some very interesting accounts of two of the Barbary states, viz: Tripoli and Algiers, in several numbers of the *Atalapha* of Florence. The last paper which appeared in the Number for April, contains a well-written statistical description of the last-mentioned Regency, and a critical catalogue of the travellers who have written on the same subject. Among other things therein stated, we observe that a method of mutual instruction, similar to those of Lancaster and Bell, has been long practised in that barbarous region. After adverting to the low state of science and general information—"The elementary schools, however," adds Mr. G. "are very numerous in Algiers, as well as in the other towns of the Regency, and boys of five years and upwards are taught for a trifling remuneration to read and write through a method which resembles those of Bell and Lancaster, and which was probably the archetype of the latter, having been established in this country from time immemorial. There are also similar schools for girls, who are taught by matrons to read and write as well as the other qualifications essential to housekeeping." Mr. G. forgets, or is probably not aware, that Dr. Bell's method

was derived from India, where it had been practised from time immemorial.

The taste for reading has wonderfully increased in Italy since the peace, notwithstanding the restrictions on the press. This is attested by the numerous and successful speculations of booksellers in almost every state of Italy, who publish libraries or collections of works in a cheap form. One of these is the *Biblioteca Popolare*, published by Pomba of Turin, of which one volume appears every week at the low price of ten cents! It reckons 10,000 subscribers, chiefly among the tradesmen and mechanics of the Sardinian monarchy. The publishers have provided themselves with improved presses from England, and have made an arrangement with the Government to have the successive numbers of their work sent all over Piedmont by the mail at a trifling charge every Monday. The collection consists of histories, travels, treatises upon natural science and arts, and other useful works, mostly reprints of former Italian authors. The whole series will contain at least one hundred volumes.

The justly celebrated regiment, the 42nd, which is stationed at present at Gibraltar, has set an example which we trust will be adopted throughout the British army, in the formation of a library, for the use of the officers. It has only been in existence since February last, and already contains 700 volumes of standard works, besides several periodicals. The besetting sin of the British soldier, drunkenness, (the parent of many others) produced, in a great measure, by the leisure time which he has on his hands, the only effectual cure for which, is to enable the men to improve their minds and to fill up their spare time with advantage to themselves. It is but justice to add, that the officers have done every thing in their power to ensure the stability of the library by donations of money and books. The entrance money was six days' pay of whatever rank, and sixpence monthly.

A bronze medal has just been struck in Paris, in commemoration of the late glorious events there. It is well executed, and large numbers have already been purchased by the French, in order to send to their friends in England. The obverse represents Liberty holding a laurel branch in the right hand, and a torch in the left. The cap of liberty and various other patriotic emblems are ranged on their side. Over the heap are the words, "All Mankind are Brothers;" and underneath, "Peace and Liberty." On the reverse is a wreath, which encircles the words, "Paris, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, MDCCCXXX." The wreath is bordered with the words, "The French people to the English Nation."

A few Presmen of London have formed a committee to get up petitions, and put into execution other means of causing a tax to be placed on machinery, with a view to discourage "so ruinous a system," as they call it. A committee to reform earthquakes, and to amend the manners of the rude winds of heaven would be just as rational, and would prove as effectual in the end. What is the press, and what are types, but machinery which have superseded amenseness? If justice were done to these foolish persons upon the same principle as they seem desirous of doing justice to others, these would not be a single man of them employed.

In the third Number of the *Revue Française* for the present year, (of which as is well known, the new French minister of the Interior, M. Guizot, was the editor) there is a very remarkable article on the state of constitutional liberty in Sweden, giving an account of the proceedings of the last Diet, from 1825 to 1830, from the time of its assembling till its dissolution. If we were to form our opinion of the Swedish government from the facts there disclosed, we should be disposed to entertain some doubts whether the country has gained much by the revolution in 1809, which placed a foreign dynasty upon the throne. At all events it must be admitted that an "legitimate" monarch could have shown more skill and dexterity in warding off the attacks on the royal power and prerogative made by the popular party, than King Charles John. The liberty of the press, it appears, exists only at the pleasure of the crown; and the facility with which the only opposition journal that existed in the country was suppressed by the ministry, and the large majority in the Diet by which that conduct was approved, form strong contrasts to the results of the recent attempts to abolish the liberty of the press in another country.

Fourteen Sermons on the History of our Saviour. By the Rev. W. Norris, Rector of Warlington Hanu.

The Philosophy of sleep. By Mr. Mackintosh, is nearly ready.

The Useful Knowledge Society, will shortly publish as a part of their "Library," *The History of the Church*, and *A Treatise on the Study of the Mathematics*. We rather question the propriety of their undertaking the former of these subjects.

Dr. Mertens, the celebrated naturalist, who accompanied the Russian expedition round the world under Captain Lutke, is preparing a series of publications on the various collections of natural history which he formed during that expedition. He will soon begin with the first number of the *Fauna*.

It appears by an extract from a letter written by Baron Humboldt and published in Scotland, that the above enterprising traveller has visited the gold mines which abound in the North of Russia. He says, "We spent a month in visiting the gold mines of Borissouk, and were astonished at the *pepitas* (water-worn masses) of gold from two to three pounds, and even from eighteen to twenty pounds, found a few inches below the turf, where they had lain unknown for ages. The gold annually procured from the whole of the washings amounts to six thousand kilograms. Now it should be borne in mind that this estimate relates but to two districts, and yet it exceeds that of any two similar mines in South America.—With the auriferous sand are found grains of cinabar, native copper, and a variety of precious stones."

The Royal Society, so severely handled by Mr. Babbage, seems likely to meet with a second castigation from Sir James Smith, who announces a work with the title, '*On the Proceedings of the Royal Society*,' as connected with the decline of science in England, together with arguments proving that before the Society can regain confidence at home or respect from abroad, a reform of its conduct, and a remodelling of its charter was indispensable."

It is not a little remarkable, that we have not one really operative, workmanlike, bard left in the present day. All our poets have either become (shame that we should say it!) prosey; or else, most ingloriously so. Sir Walter Scott shows no symptoms of return to rhyme—Campbell has given us nothing for years—Moore is writing the *Life of Byron* and the *History of Ireland*—Southey employs his plastic pen in every kind of composition but verse—Wordsworth and Coleridge say nothing at all—and Miss Landon and Edwin Atherstone are respectively busied in the production of prose romances.

It is but too melancholy a truth, that there is not a philosopher in the British islands, at this moment, who bears the lowest title that is given to the lowest benefactor of the nation, or the humblest servant of the crown; who enjoys a pension or other allowance capable of supporting him and his family in the lowest circumstances; or who enjoys the favour of his sovereign or the friendship of his ministers.

A Geographical and Topographical work on the Canadas and the other British North American Provinces, with extensive maps, by Lieut. Col. Bouchette, the Surveyor-General of Lower Canadas, is, we understand, now in the press, and the maps under the hands of eminent engravers.

A Manual of the Rudiments of Theology, containing an Abridgement of Bishop Tomline's Theology; with an Analysis of Paley's Evidences, Pearson on the Creed, and Burnet on the Articles. For the use of students. By the Rev. J. B. Smith, B.A. head master of Hornsea Grammar School, and Rector of Solby and Bamburgh. In 12mo.

The Rev. Henry Tattam and William Osborne, announce an *Egyptian Lexicon*, containing all the words preserved in all the accessible manuscripts and published works in the dialect of ancient Egypt, with their signification in Greek, Latin, and English.

Professor Frederick Adelung has recently published at St. Petersburg, *An Historical and Literary Essay on the Sanscrit Language* (in German), arranged under the following heads:—1. Name of the language. 2. Meaning of the name. 3. Origin of the language. 4. Antiquity of the language. 5. Works on the language in general. 6. Dictionaries. 7. Grammars. 8. Treatises on particular parts of the Grammar. 9. Chrestomathia. 10. Sanscrit Proverbs. 11. Calligraphy. 12. Comparison with other languages. 13. Monuments of the language and literature. 14. Catalogue of Sanscrit works known in the original or by translations.

M. von Hammer has lately published a *History of the raising the first siege of Vienna by the Turks*, compiled from various narratives of both Turks and Christians hitherto unpublished, and published in celebration of the 300th anniversary of that event. This, no doubt, must be regarded as an episode of the author's great *History of the Ottoman Empire*. The sixth volume of that work, bringing it down to the year 1699, has been recently published.

The number of books published in France during the year 1830, was 7823, and that of engravings and lithographic prints was 840. In the months of August and September last, it is said, that in consequence of the excitement of politics, not half the usual number of new works was published in Paris.

A new religious periodical has been announced at Paris under the title of *Annals of Christian Philosophy*, the object of which is to collect and publish all the proofs and discoveries which human science, and particularly history, antiquities, astronomy, geology, natural history, botany, physics, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, medicine, and jurisprudence, contain in favour of Christianity. It will appear in monthly numbers in large 8vo.

The 6th and last volume of the Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, from 1794 to 1805, has just appeared.

We have seen a report in some of the public papers, that Russia had shown the good sense to adapt the new stile in its calendar. We regret to state that this is not true, and that Russia still perseveres in the observance of what we must now consider a barbarous rule of reckoning time.

In the year 1829, no less than two acknowledgments on the part of the Commissioners of the British navy were made to the American naval officers, in consequence of the humane and generous conduct of the latter to the crews of two British vessels in distress.

We are sorry to hear that the dreadful Cholera Morbus is making rapid strides in the Southern part of Russia. We perceive that the Imperial Government has offered a reward of upwards of a thousand pounds for the best practical essay on this disease. It is curious that in the list of nations to which this invitation is addressed, France is omitted.

The Biography of Lord Rodney is nearly ready. The admiral's son-in-law, General Mundy, has prepared it from family papers, correspondence, &c.

The Rev. W. S. Gilly will soon publish Waldensian Researches, during a second visit to the Waldenses.

Professor Jameson is preparing a new edition of Wilson's American Ornithology, which will be published in Constable's Miscellany.

Sir Wm. Jardine, Author of "Illustrations of Ornithology," has ready for publication, an edition of Wilson's American Ornithology; with the continuation, by C. Lucien Bonaparte.

The Emperor of Russia has assigned ten thousand roubles per annum for the continuation of the researches necessary to ascertain the exact measure of the degree. M. Struve is charged with superintending this work, which will last for ten years. Two officers have been sent to Finland to make observations in conjunction with those of M. Struve.

The Lords of Admiralty have directed a trial to be made on board the *Excellent*, of an instrument invented by Captain Simmons, R. A., for concentrating the fire of a broadside.—A similar invention, by the carpenter of the *Hussar*, has, we understand, received a very favorable report from Commander Smith, who was appointed to prove its merits.

A new telegraphic system is going to be established in France, which may be employed by the public the same way as the post-office. The result will be of great importance to the commercial world, as it has been ascertained that a letter containing several lines, can be conveyed many leagues in a few moments, at an expense of only twenty francs.

Sir Walter Scott is engaged on a continuation of *Tales of a Grandfather*. The Hon. Baronet has also announced a new Romance, which is to be called *Robert of Paris*.

Captain Basil Hall is preparing for the press, *Fragments of Voyages and Travels in all parts of the World; a work designed for young people*. It will appear in three small vols.

Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq. announces a Poem on the French Revolution, 1830, illustrated by wood cuts, from designs by George Cruikshank.

A new edition of Colonel Montague's Ornithological Dictionary, edited by Mr. Rennie, is announced for publication.

The first volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, will be Captain Sherer's *Life of the Duke of Wellington*. The second, a work entitled *The French Revolution in 1830*, by T. B. Macauley, Esq., M. P.

Captain Fitzclarence, it is reported, will sail early in the spring on a voyage to survey the Eastern Archipelago.

A translation from the French of *Le Place's Exposition of the System of the World* is expected to appear shortly. The translation is executed, and many illustrative notes added, by the Rev. H. Harte, F. T. C. D. M. R. L. A.

The author of "Anastasia," Mr. Hope, has a new work, nearly printed, *On the Origin and Prospects of Man*.

Four volumes of Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell are printed. Sir Walter Scott and Lord Stowell have contributed much information to the editor.

Knowledge for the People; or, the Plain Why and Because, is announced by the editor of "Laconics."

The Rev. T. F. Didkin announces the Sunday Library, or the Protestant's Manual for the Sabbath day, a selection of Sermons from eminent Divines of the Church of England.

Mr. Dawson Turner is preparing for publication the Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq.

Captain Abercromby Trant is preparing a Narrative of a Journey through Greece in 1830.

The Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge propose to publish, four times in the year, a sixpenny pamphlet, to be called *THE POOR MAN'S COMPANION*. It will be replete with matter of a kind likely to be practically useful to the poor; such as directions for saving fuel, training animals, &c. &c.

Attempts in Verse, by John Jones, an old servant, with some account of the author, and an introductory essay on the lives and works of uneducated poets, by Dr. Southey, is shortly expected. This is a work quite in Southey's own way, and will, no doubt, be interesting.

An *Encyclopædia of the Authorised Version of the Bible*, intended to present a medium between the extensive work of Calmet with Taylor's Fragments, and the smaller compendiums of Brown, Jones, Gurney, &c.

The celebrated French painter, M. Gros, is at present painting (by order) a very large picture representing the events of the 28th July—it is intended for the Pantheon. The last picture which M. Gros painted for that church, was the *Coronation of Charles X.*

M. Cloquet has just finished his great work, *Anatomie du Homme*, with lithographic figures, in 50 folio numbers, containing 350 plates, which must be regarded as one of the most complete productions of the kind that has appeared in any country.

Captain Kotzebue has recently published at Weimar, in 2 vols. 8vo. an account of his last *Voyage round the World*, from 1823 to 1826. To the second volume is attached an account of the zoological discoveries made during this voyage, by Professor Eschscholtz, of Dorpat.

Mr. Corkindale has a volume of poetry in the press, to be called *Lays of Genius*.

Communion with God, or a Guide to the Devotional, by Robert Philip: Also, by the same author, A second edition of *Christian Experiences, or a Guide to the Perplexed: Catechism to Sunday School Teachers*, by John Morison: are announced by Westly and Davis.

A Mr. Falconer has lately endeavoured to shew the world that a certain Mr. Wray, never heard of before that we are aware of, was the author of the famous *Letters of Junius*.

Dr. Julius Mulligan intends to add one to the numerous works on the same subject, by publishing *Memoirs in Gross*.

A statue to Shakespeare, long contemplated, seems, at length, to be actually resolved upon.

The Shah of Persia has published a work under this title: "The poems of him before whom the world humbly kneel to adore him."

Two new newspapers are soon about to start; their titles respectively are *The Albion*, and *The London Constitutional Journal*. It is given out that the latter will be edited by an English baron. What the rank of the editor has to do with the quality of the article he proposes to furnish, we shall, perhaps, better learn by examination than by speculation.

Robert Dawson, Esq. late Chief Agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, has announced his intention of publishing a work upon that country, to be called *Australis and Emigration*.

Mr. D. Turnbull has announced *The French Revolution of 1830, and the Scenes by which it was accompanied*.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie has nearly ready for publication, the *Romantic Annals of France*, from the time of Charlemagne to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth inclusive; forming the new series of the *Romance of History*.

The second volume of Moore's Byron is quite finished, and will immediately appear.

The *Adventures of Finati*, the Guide of Mr. William Banks in the course of his Eastern Journeys and Discoveries, have been arranged for publication by that gentleman.

The *Gentleman in Black*, illustrated by George Cruikshank, will soon make his appearance.

The Author of "The Templars" has a new work in the press, entitled *Arthur of Brittany*.

Dr. R. Wheatley has a work nearly ready, entitled the *Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature*.

John Abercrombie, M. D. announces inquiries on the Intellectual Powers.

Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Sir James Edward Smith, M. D. are preparing.

Mr. Northcote is employed upon the *Life of Titian*, with anecdotes of the distinguished persons of his time.

Otto Van Kotzebue, a Captain in the Russian navy, advertises a *New Voyage round the World*.

The authoress of the *Hungarian Tales*, has nearly ready a *Historical Romance*, entitled *The Tuileries*, connected with the period of the French Revolution.

Mr. Carne's new work, the *Exiles of Palestine*, a tale of the Holy Land, is written from actual observation.

The author of *Pandurang Hari*, or *Memoirs of a Hindoo*, has in the press a work, entitled *The Visier's Son*.

A *Life of the Marquis of Londonderry* is preparing for the press.

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